HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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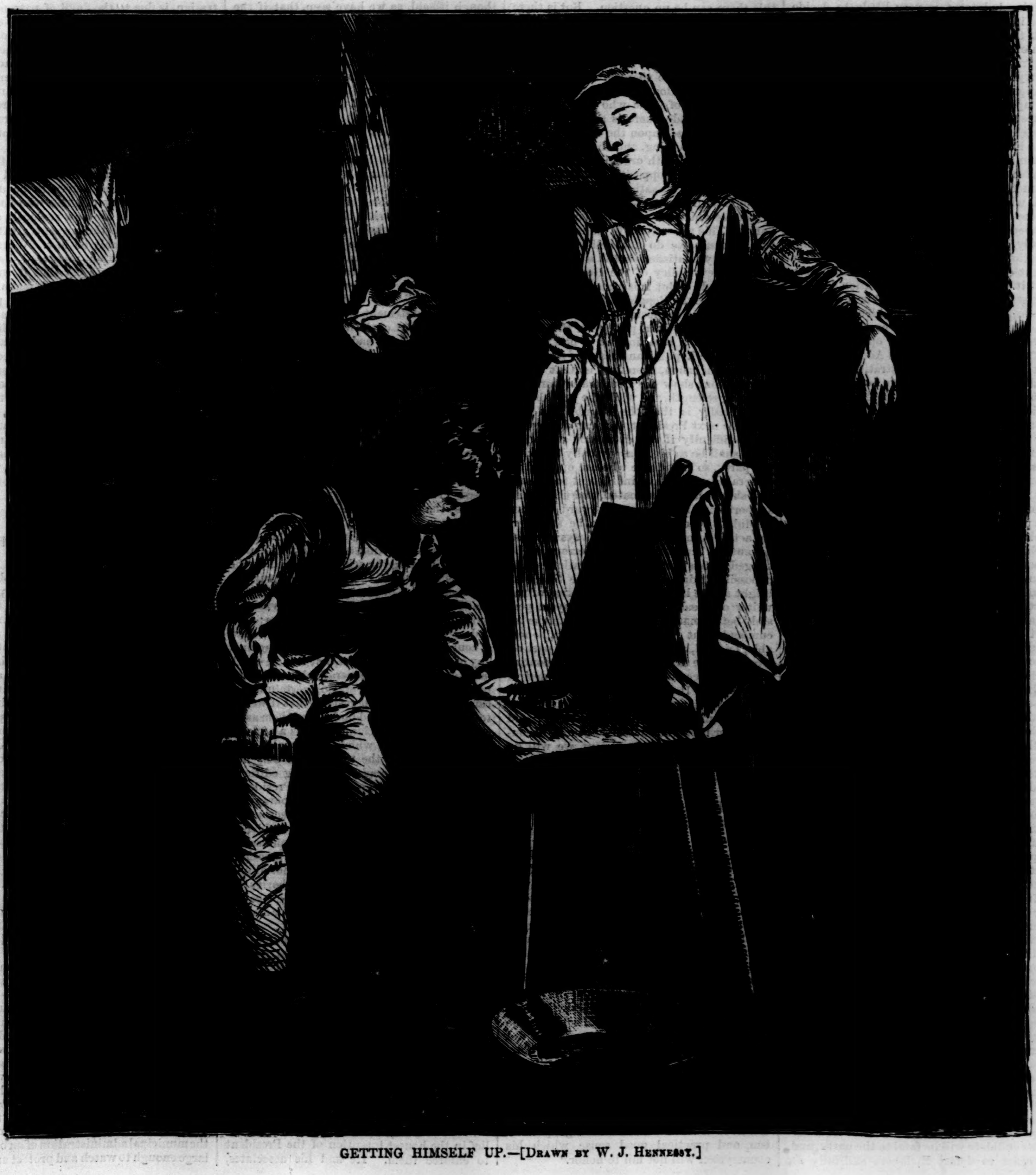
GETTING HIMSELF UP.

The hero of this pleasant picture is evidently no relation of the boy who roars in the old nursery ditty, with which juvenile readers of the past generation were familiar:

> "You scrub me as hard as ever you can,
> And that I know to my sorrow;
> I'll never be scrubbed when I am a man—
> I wish I was one to-morrow!"

This little chap is something of a dandy in the rough. He is going out to make New-Year's calls on the young misses of his acquaintance, and desires to make a favorable impression on their susceptible hearts. Perhaps the thought of some youthful rival makes him doubly solicitous in his toilet. He means that no boy of his age shall cut him out; and, judging by the expression of his face, he has but little anxiety on this score since giving the last touch to the curly hair he surveys with so much satisfaction in the glass. No fashionable exquisite, dressed in the height of style, could contemplate his tailor's work with half the honest pleasure that beams from our little hero's face.

Right, little man! There is no more pleasant sight in the world than a bright-faced boy or girl, neatly dressed, and showing by their cheeks and hands that they know one of the chief uses of water, and are not afraid of it. The mother in our picture has the right to be proud of her boy, and she evidently has the good sense to encourage the pride (which is very different from vanity) which induces him to "get himself up" so smartly for his round of holiday visits. He deserves all the credit and admiration which his handsome face and neat dress are likely to win from the fair young misses who are to favor him with their smiles. Let all our readers wish him a Happy New-Year!



GETTING HIMSELF UP.—[Drawn by W. J. Hennessy.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

Average Weekly Circulation for the last Three Months, 160,000 Copies.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *sent out gratuitously, contains the concluding chapters of* WILKIE COLLINS'S *thrilling and fascinating story of* "MISS OR MRS. ?" *with splendid illustrations; the continuation of* GEORGE ELIOT'S *novel,* "MIDDLEMARCH;" *and other attractive features.*

☞ *The Publishers desire to call attention to the series of Literary and Pictorial* SUPPLEMENTS *issued gratuitously with* HARPER'S BAZAR, *in which appear the most attractive Stories, Poems, and Essays, by the most eminent writers of England and America, with splendid illustrations from the hands of well-known Masters of Design. As a Journal of* FAMILY READING, *combining the most attractive forms of literary, artistic, and social entertainment with practical instruction and information respecting Fashions, Dress, Household Matters, etc., the* BAZAR *presents unsurpassable attractions.*

PRESIDENT-MAKING.

IN the midst of the ardor of "President-making" in the Republican party, it is to be hoped that the necessity of Republican supremacy to the best interests of the country will not be forgotten. If an Administration is successful, able, and satisfactory, the popular judgment is very likely to decide that it ought to be continued, and it manifests that opinion by favoring the renomination of its chief. On the other hand, if there be strong objection to the chief, the constant misrepresentation, suspicion, derision, and captious criticism to which he is subject, react upon the Administration for which he is responsible, and upon the party which brought him into power.

In England, for instance, a member of Parliament who should perpetually oppose Mr. GLADSTONE, sneering at his capacity, his character, his motives, and his measures, and whose words were constantly quoted by the Tory opposition as the most effective weapons against the Prime Minister, could hardly be said to be supporting the Administration of the liberal party, although he might carefully guard himself by declaring that it was not the Administration but the minister that he opposed. For every Administration is necessarily identified with its responsible head. It would certainly have been very difficult to oppose General JACKSON and to support his Administration. But to oppose an Administration is to discredit a party, unless it can be shown that it betrays the principles of the party; in which case the party must be held to the responsibility of having selected men who do not represent it.

It does not follow, of course, that the offenses of the head of an Administration should be concealed, that measures should not be criticised, nor that an incompetent or improper President should be supported, lest the party lose power. We have often enough declared by works our faith in the value of such criticism. Friendly and stringent criticism is invaluable to any party, or cause, or man. But its usefulness is very much determined by the method. It is not to be expected, indeed, that to secure the success of a party its honorable supporters will connive at its faults or conceal the offenses of its chief. But it is to be expected that those who sincerely believe the dominance of a certain party to be essential to the national welfare will not lightly or captiously criticise its head, nor presume every thing against him. It is easy to see how it is possible in a daily paper to cover an honest man with a suspicion of dishonesty, even without directly accusing him, and by incessant perversion of facts, by coloring and concealing, to do the work of his most envenomed opponents. When a paper has pronounced strongly in favor of a certain course, it becomes a point of pride to carry it; and a journal or a man may very easily wound an important public interest in the heated pursuit of what is really—even if it be not so apprehended—a private end.

If a Republican newspaper is hostile to the chief of a Republican Administration, therefore, the manly course of opposition is to show that he has betrayed the principles of the party, or that his policy is unwise and injurious to the country, or that his personal character is such as to unfit him for his position. If, however, the paper has merely a personal preference for some other man as the chief of an Administration, it is honorably bound, in plainly expressing that preference, not to injure the party nor to misrepresent its official head. It is impossible to undo the result of the sincere effort of a year against a certain course by a ceremonial acquiescence for a month or two in another policy. If, for instance, a party paper is persuaded that the nomination of a certain candidate will be fatal to the party, and, in order to defeat it, labors skillfully for many months to instill profound distrust of that candidate in the public mind, not openly asserting that it will not support him if he should be nominated, but daily, directly and indirectly, showing its conviction both of his unfitness, of the consequent impropriety of his nomination, and of the impossibility of an election should it be made—it is very clear that the support of such a paper, if the nomination were made, would be utterly valueless. The opposition papers could find nothing so effective for their purpose as answering its remarks day by day with its former articles, which expressed its real opinion, not of the wisdom of the nomination, but of the unfitness of the candidate. A paper, therefore, which, in the discussion of a nomination, destroys confidence in a candidate, can not restore that confidence by afterward supporting him, unless it should confess that it had been wholly mistaken. What is called the wisdom or the wish of the party, as shown in a convention, could not change its own opinion which it had constantly declared.

There is a Republican opposition to the renomination of General GRANT, as there was to that of Mr. LINCOLN. It is based upon various considerations, and the Republicans who support it properly maintain that until the Convention has pronounced the name of the candidate for 1872 every member of the party has an equal right to his preference, and to his argument for that preference. Of this there can be no question. But is there not also an honorable obligation upon all who really believe Republican ascendency to be indispensable to the common welfare so to differ about men as not to wound the cause? And while there is a distinct Republican opposition to the renomination upon the part of some who will probably support it if made, there is another opposition which is based upon the conviction that parties are dissolving, and that the present elements within both organizations are heterogeneous. This opposition looks to a new party, in which dissatisfied Democrats will combine with dissatisfied Republicans upon principles which are now peculiar to neither party. This view seems to us to be premature, because we do not believe that the country is yet satisfied that it is safe to commit the new policy of the Government to hostile hands. But it is a movement which chiefly harms the Republican party, because, although some Democratic leaders favor it, they do so only as a policy for the whole party, not as a coalition for a new party, which is the Republican theory of it.

The conclusion, therefore, is, that while the elections show the Democratic party to be losing strength, and while the probability undoubtedly is that the Republicans will elect the next President, they can do so with great difficulty if the discussion of candidates shall be so bitter as virtually to divide the party, so that those who are opposed to General GRANT will be indifferent to his success should he be nominated, and those who support him be lukewarm toward another candidate who may prove to be stronger. An actual Administration is always at a disadvantage, because undeniable errors can be alleged against every Administration, while a possible Administration can be tinted as bright as the hues of the imagination of the writer or speaker. There is always a possibly better man for every office than the incumbent; but if the incumbent be honorable, faithful, and efficient, it is the part of wisdom to be satisfied, so long as his continuance in office does not hazard other desirable results. It is this consideration which we believe disposes the Republican party to the renomination of the President; and whenever it can be shown that he is dishonorable, unfaithful, or inefficient, we will do what we can to correct that disposition.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AND THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

WHEN the Commission employed by the President to frame rules for the reform of the civil service assembled last summer, the New York *Tribune* declared that the only way to reform the present system was "to abolish patronage;" "to throw open offices to competition;" "to give the place to the best man, and let him stay in it as long as he discharges its duties faithfully;" "to make promotions;" to disregard politics; not to appoint as a reward for party service, and not to tax incumbents for campaign expenses. It added, speaking of the law under which the new rules were to be framed: "Probably the framers of the recent Civil Service bill did not contemplate such a radical and wholesome reform as this; but the law, though somewhat vague, seems to authorize it. Nothing less than this will do us much substantial good; and if it should be carried out by the present Commission, General GRANT will have shown a courage, patriotism, and practical good sense which his countrymen will not fail to honor."

A scheme "of radical and wholesome reform," which embraces every point here mentioned by the *Tribune*, and more, has been adopted by the President as his rule of action. It abolishes patronage; throws open offices to competition; subjects candidates to a searching examination; gives the place to the best man; secures it to him during good conduct in the way that every private place of the same kind is secured; makes promotions; disregards a candidate's politics; does not appoint him for services to the party; does not tax him for campaign expenses, nor ask for his support. The only point upon which the scheme of the President differs from the suggestions of the *Tribune* is in the method of securing the tenure to good conduct. The *Tribune* would probably have provided that officers should be removed only upon proved cause, while the scheme, by destroying improper motives to remove, gives the officer in the public service precisely the same tenure, dependent upon fidelity, which he has in any private service; and more than that can not justly be asked.

The views which it expressed were, of course, not original with the *Tribune*. They were those of all who had thought much upon the subject, and the conditions of a reformed system have been long evident. But the scheme to destroy the present practice, although it embodies the points declared by the *Tribune* to be essential to that end, fails to command its sympathy or support. Although it said, as we have seen, that if the President would do what he has now formally declared his intention to do, he would be justly honored by the country, it evidently never believed that he would do it, and it is clearly resolved that he shall have no credit even for the intention. When the commission was first organized, the *Tribune* editorially announced that "after all that has been said and done in and out of Congress, there appears to be little interest felt in the expected reform, and little fear on the part of Congressmen that it will seriously interfere with their prerogatives." The tone of this is unmistakable. It was intended to convey the impression that nothing was to be done, that the whole movement was merely throwing a tub to the whale. Before the rules were known, when a Washington paper, which the *Tribune* called "pretentious," stated that the Commission was "a downright failure," the *Tribune* conspicuously printed the statement as a special dispatch, adding, as a part of the dispatch, an allusion to something which had appeared in this paper for that week. But as the dispatch was dated in Washington on Wednesday evening, and as *Harper's Weekly* does not reach Washington until Thursday morning, it is evident that part of what purported to be a dispatch from Washington was not sent from that city.

So, in its issue for December 28, the *Tribune* said, "THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON protests against some features of the proposed civil service reform, but specially against the popular faith in competitive examinations. His article in the *Independent*," etc. The reader would infer from this statement that Mr. HIGGINSON had written an article criticising the scheme adopted by the President. But if the reader will turn to the *Independent* of that week, he will find that Mr. HIGGINSON'S article was evidently written before he had seen the rules; that it does not criticise the scheme at all; that, of course, therefore, it does not protest against any of its features (!); but that it is an excellent essay upon the general subject of competitive examinations, stating certain objections to them, and suggesting that if we are to try them, we should undertake them as an experiment, not proclaim them as a panacea —a suggestion in which all sensible men will agree. But the reader will also find in the same *Independent* a leading editorial article judiciously approving the President's scheme, and a minor editorial paragraph stating that Mr. HIGGINSON'S objections to a competitive examination have evidently been carefully considered by the Commission: articles to which the *Tribune*, which misrepresents Mr. HIGGINSON'S essay, does not allude. Meanwhile we have the best authority for knowing that instead of protesting against the President's scheme, as the *Tribune* asserts, Mr. HIGGINSON warmly approves it.

Again, in speaking of the serenade to Mr. MURPHY, the *Tribune* declares that the ex-Collector, who, as it alleges, used his office for the benefit of the friends of the Administration, is "a zealous champion of the President's civil service reform," and that Mr. CURTIS, a member of the Civil Service Board, "claps his hands applaudingly, and says, 'How the good work of civil service reform moves on! it is already as good as accomplished.'" The lively imagination of the *Tribune* again disdains the truth. Mr. CURTIS has done no more than advocate a reform of the civil service, assist in preparing regulations for that purpose, and declare his belief in the honest intention of the President to enforce them. He and his associates, however, probably apprehend the peculiar difficulties that beset the reform, and knowing the kind of hostile criticism to which every word and act of the President are exposed, they are not likely to underrate those difficulties.

The substance of all the *Tribune's* objections is that if the President were really honest in the matter, he would have begun before, and that a President who made Mr. MURPHY Collector can not desire a reform of the civil service. The *Nation* also, which urges the same objection, very properly declines to be satisfied with any mere profession of faith in the President's intention.

Obviously nothing but the conduct of the President in enforcing his own rules can be a sufficient answer to such an objection. Nothing is plainer than that no scheme which he might adopt, however carefully guarded, if its execution depended upon himself, would satisfy those who do not trust his good faith. But it does not seem to follow that a reform will not be carried out because it was not earlier begun; nor is it surprising that a President who was not elected as a politician, but who has yielded to the political methods which he found almost inflexibly established, should have been taught by experience their real nature, and should propose to reform them. Thus the dissension that rends the Republican party in the State of New York, and which imbitters the *Tribune* toward the President and his Administration, is due to the devil of patronage. It certainly is not astonishing that a New York Republican should be profoundly convinced that patronage is not a real benefit to a party; and if the President has reached the same conclusion, and his original tendencies upon the subject have been confirmed by observation and experience, he is rather to be approved for beginning a reform at all than derided and distrusted for not beginning it earlier.

Meanwhile, however, we hope that the friends of a reform in the civil service will not suffer themselves to be disheartened because some of those who have most warmly urged it are now zealously engaged in showing why the present great opportunity will probably be lost. When a constitutional objection presented itself last summer, there was a cry that it was folly, because the President could make the reform. Now, when the President proposes to do it, the same objectors exclaim that he doesn't mean it, or that, if he did mean it, he would do it in some other way. The same objectors, we remember, used to accuse members of Congress of favoring the reform in general, and ingeniously opposing every particular method suggested to secure it. So great a reform, indeed, is, like all others, only to be slowly effected, and with many slips and many failures. And those only are its efficient friends who have duly weighed the great difficulties, and who are disposed to cope with them generously, patiently, and hopefully.

A NEW CHARTER FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE first business of the Legislature of New York will probably be the provision of a proper charter for this city. There was never a fairer opportunity for making a good one, and securing its trial, and circumstances justify the belief that it will not be lost. The Republicans have the great majority of the Legislature, and they will therefore bear the responsibility of the work. But there is nothing plainer than that the effort at any illegitimate party advantage will recoil to the great injury of the party. Nothing could be of more service to the party than the passage of a simple and efficient charter, and that which has been prepared by the sub-committee of the Seventy would seem to require very little amendment in details and none in principle. The principle of the Seventy's charter, indeed, is one without which no reform can be made permanent—for the situation in the city is really simple, and is to be dealt with by a few vigorous and comprehensive arrangements.

There is, in the first place, an enormous Democratic majority, composed in large part of unintelligent voters. This majority has literally swamped all opposition. From its nature it was controlled by the most sagacious knaves, so that the better sentiment of its own party had no voice and no influence. Hence arose the absolute and brutal empire of the Ring. The same political conditions and the same tendencies undoubtedly exist now, although the Ring is broken. But the revolution, by uniting honest men, and by its loud demand for a new charter, which the Legislature that it has elected can frame, gives the chance of introducing a permanent check upon the evil tendency. This check lies in the perpetual presence in the municipal administration of an opposition large enough to watch and protest and alarm;

and this opposition is secured by a minority representation. Thus, although the majority may be very great, it will never probably be so large as actually to extinguish the minority, if there be any reasonable plan of electoral distribution by districts. And this is precisely what the Seventy's charter proposes.

The legislative power is given to a Board of Aldermen of not more than forty-five members, who are to be elected in the five Senate districts as now established. Every voter in each district may vote for nine names, which may be all the same or all different, at his pleasure, or divided as he chooses. This secures a fair minority representation in the board. The charter provides several executive departments, at the head of which are five commissioners, one to be appointed by the Mayor, the other four to be elected by the aldermen upon the same general principle of the four votes for one candidate, which secures the minority in the executive departments. The Mayor is to be elected for one year, and may be removed by the Governor for cause, like the sheriffs. There are stringent provisions in regard to appropriations, and for giving ample publicity to all details of administration. To these provisions will, we hope, be added an article providing for the application of the principles of a reformed civil service to municipal government.

By such a charter as this some of the chief advantages of the late revolution can be secured. It is too much to expect that the feeling which inspired the city at the last election should continue with the same depth and intensity. The great gain of such exceptional exaltation, as we have said, is that it offers opportunity for organized security against the evils which have been experienced, and which may again be expected. But the sketch of the proposed charter which has been published shows an admirable comprehension of the great difficulty, and of the method of practically dealing with it. The propositions that have been made virtually to reduce the number of voters, or to give the authority of levying taxes to those who are supposed exclusively to pay them, would have encountered such opposition that the result would probably have been no real advance upon the old order.

The new charter is, of course, opposed by those who object to the work of what they call visionary and impracticable men unused to politics. That form of expression, however, is intended to describe intelligent men who understand something of the laws of society and of human nature, who are familiar with political theories and results every where, and who do not think that political science is exhausted in buying votes with greenbacks and whisky. It is always amusing to see a rascal criticising an honest man as impracticable, or a man who clings to bad theories denouncing better theories as visionary. There are probably a great many people who think that Tweed's Ring had more really valuable political knowledge and practicability than any other body of citizens. And they are precisely the people who always sneered at the folly of thinking that the Ring could be broken. Could they have had their way, every fresh rascality of the Ring would have been received with a shrug, as smart and inevitable. They are people so dirty that they smile at the idea of cleanliness. Happily they have been shown to be the most wretched visionaries, and their theories will not affect the excellence of the proposed charter.

MR. GREELEY'S LATEST LETTER.

Mr. Horace Greeley is the editor in chief of the New York *Tribune*, which is generally considered to be the chief Republican paper in the country. Mr. Greeley's ability and his services to the Republican cause in other years are universally conceded. But while the *Tribune*, as at present conducted, is a more powerful instrument for the disorganization and defeat of the Republican party than the entire Democratic press of the country combined, Mr. Greeley himself, as now appears, writes private letters to the editors of Democratic papers advising them as to the true policy of the Democratic party in 1872, which he thinks should be the nomination of "some man like Gratz Brown, or Trumbull, or General Cox, late Secretary of the Interior."

The reply to any criticism upon the conduct of Mr. Greeley usually is that he is an honest man. It is not necessary to dispute that assertion in order to establish the fact that Mr. Greeley's judgment is not to be trusted. A Republican editor who, while, as we think, doing his utmost to discredit the Administration of his own party, privately advises Democratic leaders how they can most surely defeat the Republican party, does not seem to us to be a Republican editor of sound judgment or of remarkable fidelity to his party friends.

By his letter to the editor of the Lexington (Missouri) *Caucasian*, Mr. Greeley seems to us to take very much the same attitude in regard to the Republican party that Chief Justice Chase did in 1868, when he consented to be a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It is true that in replying to the suggestion that he should be the Democratic candidate in 1872, Mr. Greeley says that "it would place us all in a false position." But the reason he gives is the fact that the Democratic party is composed mostly of free-traders, while he is a protectionist; and he proceeds to suggest the candidate whom they should take in his place, as Mr. Chase might have advised the Tammany leaders who had asked him to stand.

There are those who think that the Republicans who favor the renomination of General Grant seem to suppose that he has a vested right to the nomination. The suggestion is absurd, because those Republicans urge it with no more resolution than his opponents resist it. But whatever the errors and follies of Administration Republicans may be, what is to be thought of those who complain that they are not allowed to have their own preferences in the party, and who are at the same time engaged in advising the Democrats how to defeat the party?

THE WOMEN IN WYOMING.

The message of Governor Campbell, of Wyoming Territory, vetoing the repeal of the law giving the suffrage to women, is a very sensible document. He very properly suggests to the Legislature that the right of a representative body to disfranchise its own constituents can not readily be admitted. If one Legislature should deprive one class of citizens of certain fundamental rights, another Legislature might deprive other classes of other rights. Two years ago the Legislature of Wyoming gave the right of the elective franchise to women. It is not claimed that they have forfeited or failed to take advantage of it. It is a valuable privilege, and certainly it is for the courts to determine whether it can be arbitrarily recalled without violating the obligation of contracts.

The Governor enters somewhat into the general argument upon the subject, and answers with force the assertion that women ought not to vote because they can not fight. He says that in our legislation the right to vote is nowhere made to depend on the ability to do the duty of a soldier; but, on the contrary, a man votes long after passing the legal military age, while men who are declared incapable of bearing arms are not therefore disfranchised. If it should become a principle of the government that only those who are physically or legally able to serve as soldiers should vote, the number of voters in the country would be very seriously diminished, and every soldier who returned disabled from a war for his government would be disfranchised by that government as his reward.

This objection of incapacity to bear arms, when fully stated, is this: that as laws finally depend for their enforcement against opposition upon military power, if a measure should be passed by a majority of which the preponderating element was women, there would be no means of enforcing it against the minority of men. This, however, is a purely theoretical objection; for it is not, upon general considerations, supposable that the mass of women would ever be arrayed in legislation against the mass of men; and, as a matter of fact, at present the majority that passes a law is often actually physically weaker than the minority. It is the moral element of the authority of law which determines the acquiescence of the minority when the majority is only a little larger and not so strong; and that would not be less felt if women were enfranchised.

As for the practical result of the voting of women in Wyoming, Governor Campbell says that "the lessons of the two years' experience fully confirm all that has been claimed by the most ardent advocates of this innovation." The Legislature did not repeal the law over the veto, and it still remains in force.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

A solid volume issued by Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, and containing "speeches, addresses, and letters on industrial and financial questions," by William D. Kelley, is the latest important contribution to the debate upon protection and free trade. Mr. Kelley was in other years a Pennsylvania Democrat, as he is now a Pennsylvania Republican, and the introduction to his work is a valuable and lucid statement of the process of reasoning and observation by which he passed from what he calls "the beautiful abstractions" of free trade to the theory of high protection, of which he is now recognized as one of the ablest champions in Congress and in the country. The tariff debate is always impassioned, and passion never strengthens argument. But in the heat of the arena it is almost impossible to preserve judicial calmness. Mr. Kelley frankly acknowledges it, and owns that some remarks in the colloquial parts of his speeches are to be regretted, but they are so inwrought that they could not well be omitted.

Mr. Kelley's style is simple and direct, and he is an antagonist well equipped. His work is the expression of very positive convictions, illustrated and defended with copious knowledge; a plea for "American" labor and industry. The introduction contains a careful statement of the question down to the latest dates, and based upon the most recent statistics and authorities. He deals with the chief American advocates of free-trade revenue reform—Mr. Wells and Mr. Atkinson—who are also dangerous gentlemen to handle. Undoubtedly the intelligent opinion of the country is coming to regard the Henry Clay system of protection to American industry as a mistaken policy for the interest of that industry, while the obvious necessity of a large immediate revenue, to be raised by indirect taxation, tends to persuade the country that the question is not of instant and pressing importance, but is rather a speculation in political economy. But there has been no recent popular presentation of the argument of protection so complete as that of Mr. Kelley's volume; and those who can not agree with its conclusions can yet admire the skill and the vigorous earnestness with which the argument is conducted.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, not satisfied with the ownership of one of the most beautiful and perfectly arranged printing-offices in the country, has followed out his idea of "the eternal fitness of things" by building a mansion on the corner of Walnut and Twenty-third streets, which, for spaciousness and refined elegance, is pronounced to be one of the best private residences in the world. A man so given to hospitality as is Mr. C. demands the conveniences of such an establishment.

—Dr. M'Cosh says that Princeton College has now 380 students. It has five Fellows, each with a salary of $600 a year, pursuing the higher studies in Princeton, New York, Edinburgh, and Berlin. $120,000 have been subscribed to build a new library. Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, has given $5000 toward increasing the salaries of professors to $3000 per annum.

—Rochefort's occupation, now that he is short of liberty, is that of writing the history of Napoleon III. The title of the book is characteristically insolent: "Histoire du Bas Empire; ou, les Aventures de Robert Macaire."

—The general knowledge of this country possessed by superior Frenchmen is illustrated by the fact that when Minister Washburne informed President Thiers of the fire at Chicago, the French statesman admitted that he didn't know there was such a place.

—Lord Lytton goes to the London clubs frequently, and is a great delight to the Tory circles. He preserves all his early characteristics, and is described as "an antediluvian hawk, with sharp beak, and cold, twinkling eyes."

—The completion of the Grand Central Dépôt has caused some change in the management of Mr. Vanderbilt's roads. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt becomes the chief executive of the Hudson River, New York Central, and Harlem companies, with head-quarters in this city. Mr. E. D. Worcester, treasurer of the late Central road, becomes secretary, *vice* Mr. Augustus Schell, resigned; and Mr. Charles C. Clarke, treasurer of the Hudson River road, becomes treasurer of the consolidated companies. Mr. Henry R. Pierson, formerly State Senator from Brooklyn, is managing director at Albany. Mr. Tillinghast is general superintendent west of Albany, and Mr. Toucey has entire charge of the Grand Central Dépôt and the lines to Albany, including the Albany bridges.

—Mr. S. W. H. Ward, who died in this city on the 29th ult., at the age of fifty-two, was widely known as the inventor of paper collars, and the owner of several patents for their manufacture. By his industry and capacity he built up an extensive business and achieved a handsome competence. He was highly esteemed as a man of strict probity, and his death will be deeply deplored by a large circle of friends.

—Queen Victoria is said to be profoundly grieved at the estrangement that has so long existed between the Prince of Wales and herself. It is said, on very good authority, that she often lies awake in her bed the whole night through until dawn, with her physician seated at the bedside, and that she talks on and on, never ceasing—not, indeed, talking incoherently, but incessantly pouring out the stream of talk. George III., before the worst of his malady showed itself, would talk on and on for twenty-four hours together, until sheer exhaustion choked his voice. *Absit omen*, however! All England wishes the Queen well, and respects, pities her.

—The Rev. Dr. Maunsell Van Rensselaer, D.D., late president of De Veaux College, has been elected president of Hobart College, Geneva. Dr. Van Rensselaer has long occupied a high position in Western New York as a gentleman, clergyman, and educator.

—On Thursday evening, the 28th ult., Mr. Wendell Phillips delivered his lecture on "Street Life in Europe," in the Mercantile Library course of this city. Mr. Phillips is now sixty years of age. It is thirty-four years since he entered public life, and made his first famous antislavery speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, at a meeting called for the purpose of expressing public condemnation of the murder of Lovejoy, who fell in Alton, Illinois, on the 7th of November, 1837, in defense of the freedom of the press. Dr. Channing, who had been chiefly instrumental in calling the meeting, often referred to young Phillips's speech as "morally sublime." From that time to the present Mr. Phillips has been the most scholarly, if not the most successful, of American agitators. Certainly he is one of the most polished speakers the country has produced.

—Hon. Bellamy Storer has voluntarily retired from the bench of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, after seventeen years of service. Judge S. was born in Maine in 1798, graduated at Bowdoin College, and removed to Cincinnati as soon as he came of age. From 1835 to 1837 he was a representative in Congress, and in 1844 a Presidential elector. Since then he has been on the bench, and has won reputation as an able and upright judge.

—Ex-Secretary Seward, health permitting, is said to contemplate a tour next summer to Northern Europe, including the extreme portions of Norway and Sweden.

—General Joseph E. Johnston is said to be engaged on a work giving a history of his own campaigns during the war. The late General Robert E. Lee not only contemplated, but had arranged with publishers in this city for a work of his own, giving his version of the story, but the destruction of the Confederate records led him to abandon it.

—Mr. T. C. De Leon has accepted the position of editor of the Mobile *Register*, which, under the direction of Colonel John Forsyth, has maintained very high rank in the journalism of the South. Mr. De Leon is favorably known to the South as an editor and gentleman, and will be warmly welcomed to his new position.

—The Duke d'Aumale, who for the hour seems the most formidable rival of M. Thiers for the Presidency or sovereignty of France, is now forty-nine years of age, and the richest of all the Orleans princes, if not one of the wealthiest men in France. He inherited the immense landed estates of the Duke of Bourbon, who, in 1830, was found dead one morning in his bedroom, suspended by a silk handkerchief from a nail in the wall. Whether he had committed suicide or was murdered has never been settled. The wealth thus inherited by the Duke d'Aumale, then only nine years old, was carefully invested by his father, Louis Philippe, in England and the United States, and at twenty-one the young man found himself one of the richest men in France. He has one son, now seventeen years of age.

—Alvah Crocker, who has been nominated to succeed Governor Washburn in Congress from Massachusetts, is a member of the large paper manufacturing firms of A. Crocker & Co. and Crocker, Burbank, & Co., of Fitchburg. Northern Massachusetts is probably indebted more to him than to any other man for the development of the railroad and manufacturing interests of that section of the State.

—Lord Ellenborough, recently deceased, was some years ago the subject of not a little talk in the upper circles of the Old World. His wife, a very handsome woman, was in 1830 detected in an intrigue with Prince Schwartzenburg, then in London. A divorce ensued, and she disappeared from society. It was said by some that she had married a Continental innkeeper, by others that she had committed suicide. Some years later it was discovered that she had become the wife of the chief of a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, and had adopted their dress and way of life. She has frequently aided her countrymen against the thieving gangs of the Nubian desert. The last heard of her was that she was in command of quite a large band, convoying several Englishmen through a dangerous part of the desert, equipped with gun and spear like any Arab chief.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On and after the 1st of January, 1872, defaced and mutilated notes and fractional currency, instead of being subject on redemption to a discount for mutilation, will be redeemable at their full value in new notes, provided that three-fifths of the original proportion of such notes are presented in one piece. The most liberal facilities for redemption of mutilated notes and fractional currency are promised by the Treasury Department.

Mr. Tweed surrendered himself on the 29th ult. at the sheriff's office, and offered his son, Richard Tweed, as one of his bondsmen in place of Terence Farley, on whose acceptance the latter was forthwith discharged. Mr. Tweed had previously sent to Mayor Hall his resignation as Commissioner of Public Works. It was accepted, and Mr. George Van Nort, a gentleman of large experience and high standing, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

General Schofield has made a very able report on the situation in Arizona. He says, in effect, that the whites are as brutal as the savages; that in war times, when a large number of troops are in the Territory, the whites make much money feeding them; that in time of peace the Indians underbid the whites, and trade is restricted; that the Camp Grant massacre was a cold-blooded butchery, intended by the whites to incite the Indians to war and bring back the troops; and that he thinks the present peace a lasting one.

FOREIGN NEWS.

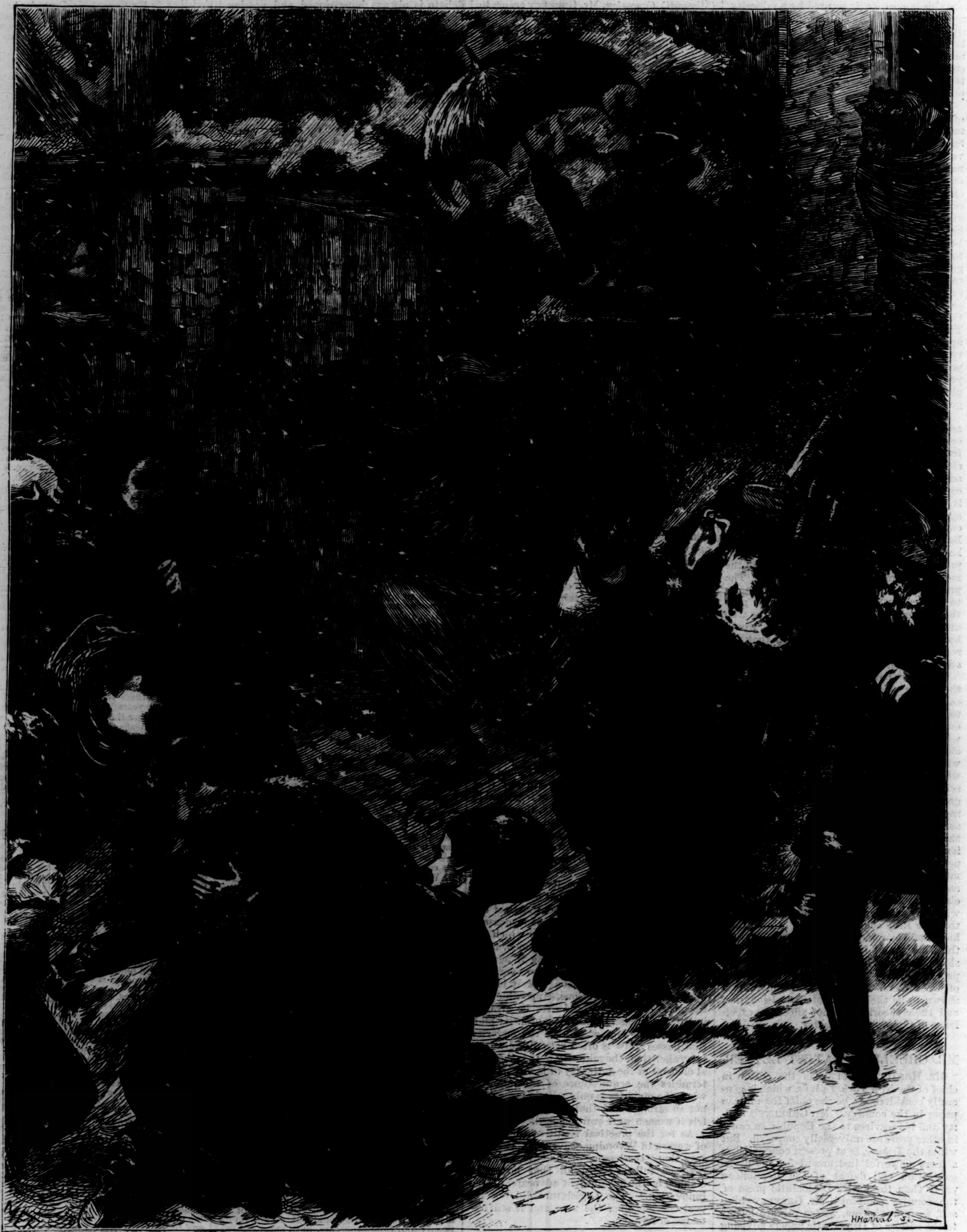
Captain-General Valmaseda, of Cuba, has recently issued a proclamation of the most ferocious character. He begins by declaring that the offer of pardon to the insurgents can not last forever, and therefore gives notice that every insurgent captured after the 15th of January will be shot, and those surrendering after that date will be sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. The negro men are to be treated the same as the whites. All negro women captured will be delivered to their owners, and will be compelled to wear a chain for four years; and all white women captured in the woods after the 15th of January will be banished from the country. The chiefs of insurgent bands will be allowed to surrender until the 15th of January under the conditions hitherto granted.

It is reported that the Spanish government has superseded Valmaseda, and will send General Concha in his place.

Queen Victoria has written a letter addressed to the British public, thanking them for the sympathy shown her during her late time of trouble, and for the joy they manifested at the announcement of the prince's recovery. These manifestations, her Majesty remarks, are not new to her, for she met the same sympathy when a similar illness removed "the main-stay of her life—the best, wisest, and kindest husband that ever lived."

Great Britain's annexation of the African diamond fields has occasioned much excitement among the colonists, and a protest by Mr. Brand, President of the Free States, has been issued. Gold in large quantities has been discovered in the Transvaal Republic, and the diamond fields are being deserted for the newly discovered gold fields. Fortune-hunters are arriving in great numbers at Cape Town.

A Russian ukase has been published ordering six men in each thousand to be drawn for military service.



THE SNOW BATTLE.

THE snow has come of which we thought
In those bleak days when Jack Frost caught
  Our fingers in his vice,
And locked the waters hard and fast,
And o'er the land a dark spell cast,
  And fringed the eaves with ice.

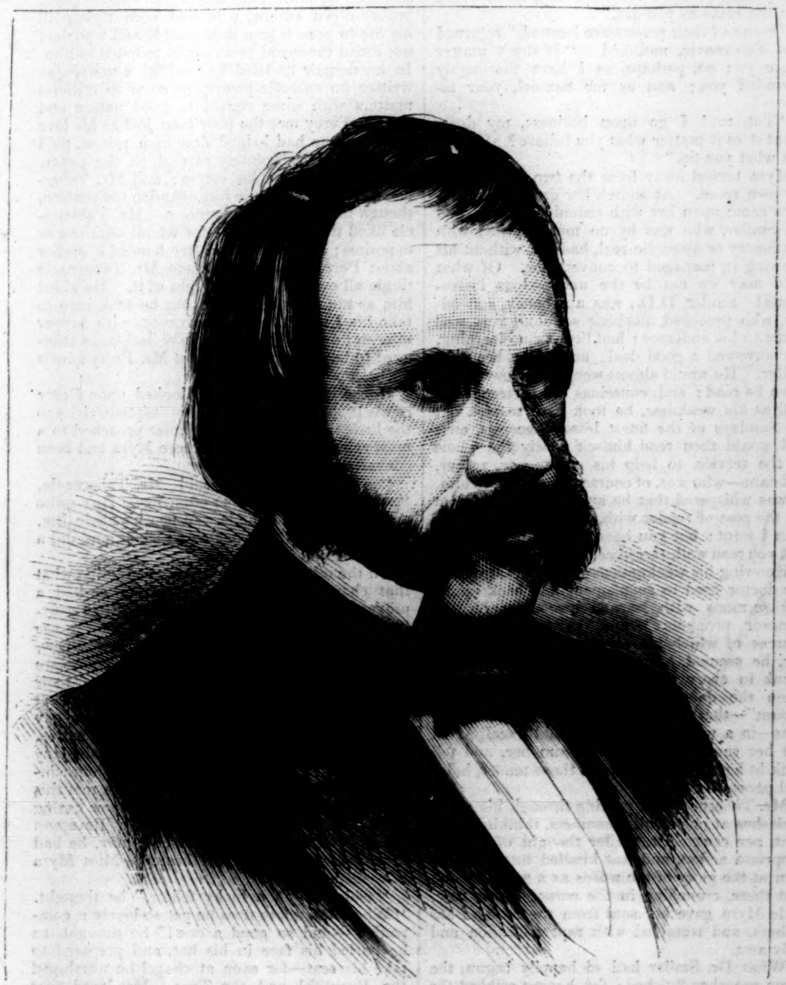
We often said, "Wait till the snow
Comes tumbling down, and then we'll show
  Old Jack some real good fun;"
For his ideas of mirth and sport
Are somewhat limited—in short,
  His sport and spite are one.

But no more talk. Bring hats and cloaks,
And worsted wrappers for the throats.
  Tramp out! the snow invites,
Crisp, bright, and reaching far away;
A battle royal we'll have this day
  Shall shame the ancient knights.

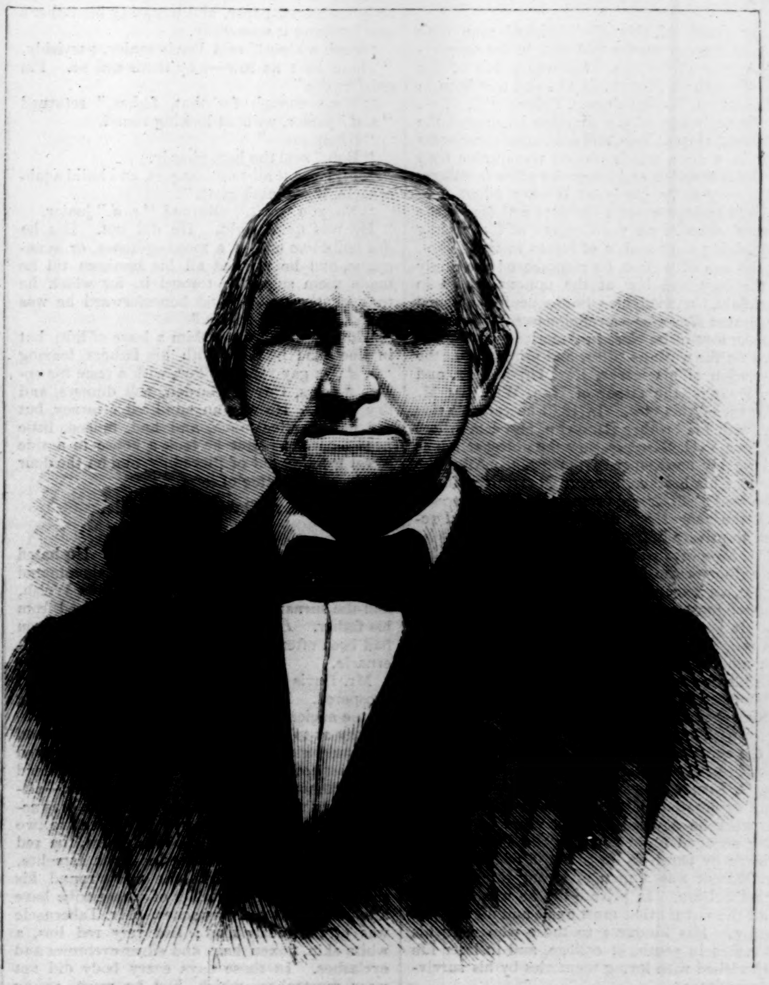
But who may tell the deeds we did,
How heroes stumbled, ran, and slid,
  And hurled the dazzling ball!
How each encouraged each with cries,
How screams of laughter shook the skies
  At some bold champion's fall!

How cheeks grew red and eyes grew bright
With the excitement of the fight,
  Till weary grew each hand?
Then peace was signed, and ceased the fray,
And for my share of that great day
  Let this brief record stand:

The softest balls I tossed at May;
But somehow those which went Tom's way
  Were hard—perhaps they hurt;
For human nature's still the same,
And why did he in that round game
  Go partners, but to flirt?



ATTORNEY-GENERAL GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.—[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

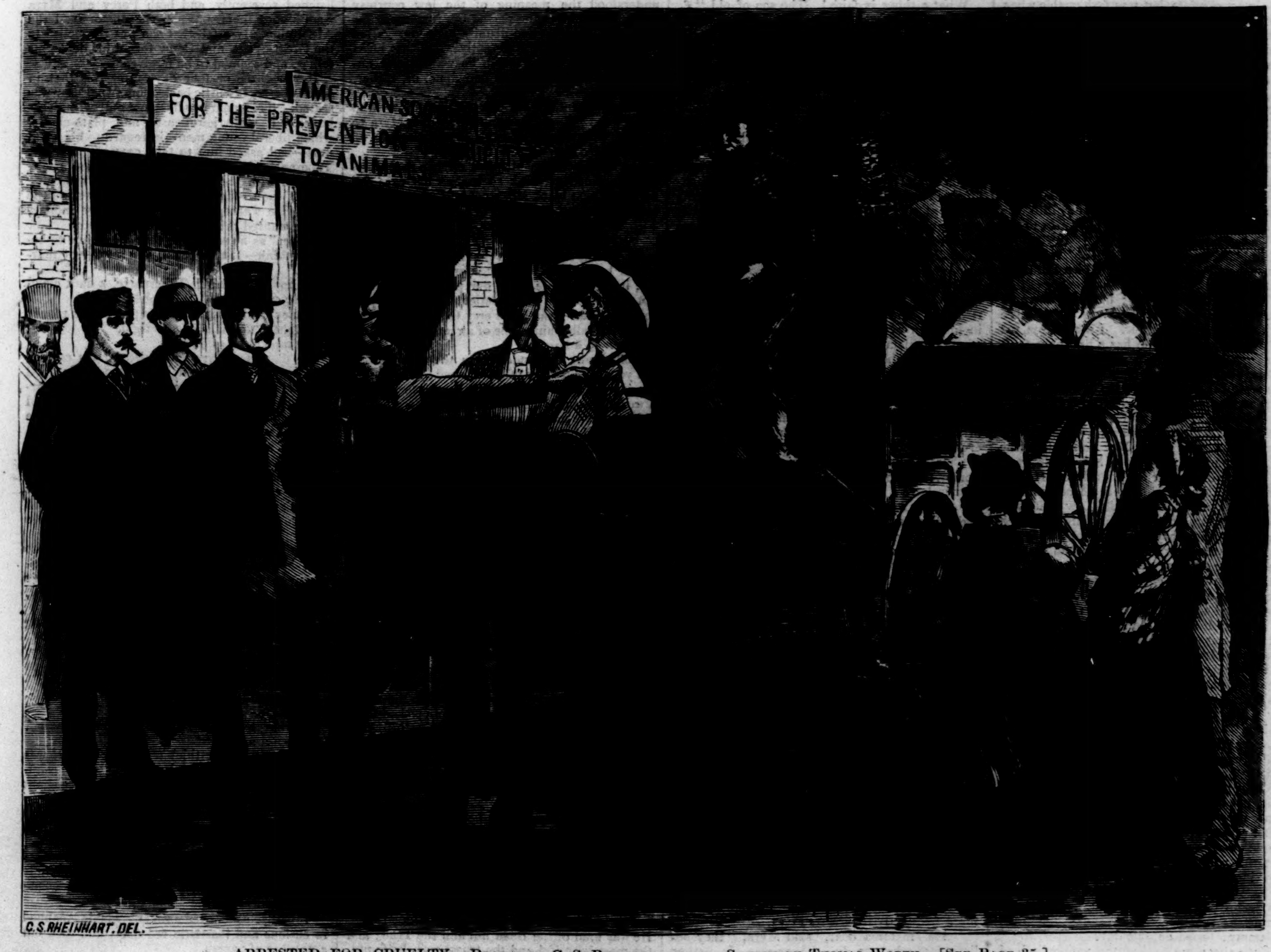


THE LATE SIDNEY E. MORSE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GURNEY & SON.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILLIAMS.

THE new Attorney-General of the United States, Hon. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. AKERMAN, is a gentleman of fine culture, versatile talent, and high standing in American politics. He is a native of Columbia County, in this State, and now in the prime of life, not yet quite fifty-two years old.

The public career of Mr. WILLIAMS has been passed mainly in the West, where he found a ready field for the display of his abilities as a jurist and statesman. He was a judge in Iowa from 1847 to 1852. The following year he was made Chief Justice of Oregon; and in 1865 he was elected to the Senate from that State. His course on the bench and in the Senate has been marked by sound judgment and unquestioned probity.



ARRESTED FOR CRUELTY.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART, FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 35.]

THE LATE SIDNEY E. MORSE.

The death of this distinguished man took place in this city on the 23d ult., in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was a son of the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D., and was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, February 7, 1794. At the early age of eleven years he entered the Freshman class at Yale, and graduated three years later in a class which proved remarkable both for the distinction and longevity of its members.

He very early displayed literary talent, and while in college wrote a series of articles for the Boston *Sentinel* on the dangers of too rapidly multiplying the number of States in the Union. At the age of sixteen he commenced the study of theology and law at the famous school in Litchfield, Connecticut. Subsequently he issued the Boston *Recorder*—a religious weekly journal, and the first of its class in America—having entered on the work as editor and proprietor at the suggestion of his father, Rev. Dr. Morse, and Mr. Evarts, the father of Hon. William M. Evarts, of this city. In 1823 he came to this city, with his brother Richard, and established the New York *Observer*, now the oldest religious and weekly newspaper in the State. After the death of his brother, Sidney Morse continued to be senior editor and proprietor of the *Observer* until the year 1858, when he sold out and retired to private life.

Mr. Morse was best known to the public as the author of the famous "Morse's Geography" (1820), an excellent work, which has been the basis of most school geographies since published. It is still a standard text-book in American schools. Mr. Morse also held a high position among inventors. In 1817, in connection with his brother, Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, he invented the flexible piston-pipe; and in 1839 he illustrated his geography with maps printed on the common press by the cerographic art, the secret of which has never been divulged. He also invented (with his son, G. Livingston Morse) the bathometer, for rapid exploration of the depths of the sea. To this work he devoted the last years of his life, being engaged in an essay on the subject when stricken by paralysis on the 15th of December. Mr. Morse was a man of strong intellect and varied culture. In private life he was a model of all the virtues that most exalt and dignify humanity. His kindness to those who were his associates in youth, in college, and in later life is cherished with loving memories by his surviving associates.

MR. TABERNACLE'S DAUGHTER.

I.

Old Levy Samuel Davis, of Clothiers Alley, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, Little Britain, was as "downey a cove"—to use a slang that seems almost obsolete, but was fashionable when Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist"—as you could find in the three kingdoms. He rose early, and he went to bed late; and he lived in the times when money was to be made.

He did not confine himself to the sale of garments, old or new, although the nimble penny had an attraction for him; but now and then Levy S. Davis—old "*£ s. d.*," as they called him—ventured into buying rare and curious old silver: crucifixes and altar plate he was especially fond of: and, accompanied by a sweating and puffing Anglo-Saxon servant, carrying Heaven knows how many ounces of old plate in a canvas bag, Levy would venture far into the lands of the Philistines, and sell his wares to the West End silversmiths.

"God bless me—what fine work!" cried Mr. Borax, the eminent jeweler. "Where did you get it from, Mr. Samuels?"

"That'z mi buziness, Sir; but I know you'll buy it. God bless me! you know a fine piece o' work when you sees it, Sir. I always sez, sez I, 'If there *is* a man who has a fine nose for a piece of good work, Muster Borax is the man.' And, Sir, Davis ish mi name."

The end of it was that old "*£ s. d.*" sold that for 25*s.* an ounce that he had given only 5*s.* for; while the crucifix, upon which Mr. Davis gloated with peculiar pleasure, passed from Mr. Davis to Mr. Borax, and from Mr. Borax to some great nobleman's house; and Mr. Davis grew rich. Where did he get these works of art? It was in the old time, and ships from beyond seas—especially from Spain and the Low Countries—brought rare treasures, which would now fetch ten times the price they then fetched.

As Mr. Davis grew old, he who had assisted at the spoiling of many churches bethought himself that he would enrich his own; so he scraped more and more, and took larger interest, and saved even candles' ends, till his neighbors wondered at his parsimony. Even his favorite son was mulcted of some part of his education; and Mr. Samuel Davis junior was taken from University College, London, and put into a lawyer's office. As this lawyer was under Mr. Davis's thumb—he had foolishly been joint security for a defaulting client—young "*s. d.*" had his articles presented him gratis, upon paying for the stamps only; and old "*£ s. d.*" chuckled with pride as he thought that his son would be "a gentleman by act of Parliament."

"S'help me Benjamin!" interjected "*s. d.*," who in his hot youth had a wicked wit, "it's the on'y way we can be."

"O'd yer tongue—o'd yer tongue," cried the old man. "We can buy 'em up—buy 'em up."

But this was little consolation to him. His money increased marvelously, but his trouble as well. His priest came and read him the holy books and the penitential psalms, and his heart was smitten.

"Sammy!" cried he, one day.

"Wot's the row?" asked the young limb of the law, who was practicing engrossing on some blue-lined draft-paper, and irritating his father's soul by using it wastefully.

"Such a bhoy!" said Davis senior, peevishly. "There ain't no row—o'ny there will be. I'm goin' to die."

"Time enough for that, father," returned "*s. d.*" junior, without looking round.

"S'help me—"

"Bob," said the boy, piously.

"I'll leave it all to shtrangers, and build a tabernacle, if you ain't good."

"No, you won't," returned "*s. d.*" junior.

He was quite right. He did not. But he *did* build one end of a meeting-house, or synagogue, and he worried all his brethren till he made them subscribe toward it, for which he took all the credit; and henceforward he was called "Old Tabernacle."

This act of faith gave him a lease of life; but in due time he slept with his fathers, leaving "*s. d.*," a gay young fellow, with a taste for opera, flowers, Covent Garden, fish dinners, and dry wines. He was an admitted attorney, but did not practice much, and had, indeed, little need for work. But he took a house in a side street running out of Piccadilly, and on the door he placed the name of—

Mr. Davis Tabernacle,
SOLICITOR.

He thought the name a good one. He hated the name and tribe of Levy, and abominated Samuels; but Davis, he presumed, was Welsh, and the surname, he asserted, he inherited from his father. *He* was *old* Tabernacle, and his son had been often in his lifetime called *young* Tabernacle.

Mr. Davis Tabernacle, it is needless to say, prospered. He was not suspected of belonging to the ancient people of whom he was so unworthy as to be ashamed; and, although he had but one clerk, he was full of business. He moved in society of a peculiar sort: plenty of lords and ladies, honorables, and so on, did he know—after a manner; and he, as we have said, was accepted as a Christian attorney. There are two or three sorts of Jews: the mealy Jew, the red or sanguine Jew, and the blue-black Israelite, who always has a dark blue mark round his shaven chin, and the ladies of whose tribe have a tendency to wear mustaches. Mr. Tabernacle was of the mealy kind; had very red lips, a white skin, flaxen hair, and silver eyebrows and eyelashes. In those days every body did not wear mustaches—which, had he worn, young Tabernacle would undoubtedly have dyed; and our solicitor's early education at that great university, which was then profanely called "Stinko'-malee," prevented him from tripping into Anglo-Judaic archaisms in his speech. A Welshman he was, from the Welsh Tabernacles, to all people except his wife, his daughter, and his own people.

What a thing is faith! The son of old "*£. s. d.*" was ashamed of his people; but he yet married from among them, and Mrs. Tabernacle, though by no means indifferent to the charms of society, was devoted to the religion of her people. So was her lamented father-in-law, as we have seen; who, although only five feet one inch in height, had, equally with a giant, a soul—and one, as he felt, to be saved. Hence he spoiled the Egyptians with an incredible devotion; but his unworthy son, though he too spoiled the Egyptians, worked on the Jewish Sabbath, and frequently went to church—to fashionable churches where he might meet with his clients at their devotions. It is with grief that we explain that Mr. Tabernacle did *not* go there from religious purposes. He even affected to sleep during the sermon; but he was accompanied by his daughter Myra.

Myra was a beauty, and, better than a beauty, a really good girl. Mr. Tabernacle had married early, and was a well-preserved—handsome in his own eyes—well-dressed, and prosperous young gentleman (act of Parliament, Geo.—, cap.—) when his daughter, with the vigorous adolescence of her race, was a full-grown woman of eighteen. The attorney was very fond of her, dotingly fond of her, indeed; and Myra, who was a fine brunette—a true mixture of mealy Mr. Tabernacle and his raven-haired, black-eyed wife—accompanied him every where, even to church, where she sat under the Reverend Dr. Smiler, the fashionable preacher of the day. Some women have a penchant toward theology. Myra's mother was a learned Jewess, and held theologic discourses with her rabbis; and had demolished Christianity so often that Myra began to be excited about it, and read and re-read until she began to believe. This curious change—at once so awful and so painful to her that she hardly knew what to do—she kept quietly to herself, saying nothing to her mother, and very little to her father.

"Are Christians good men, papa?" she said, one day.

"Uncommonly good, my dear—for business!" he said. "I would rather deal with them than with our own people! Bah!" He snapped his fingers at them, for he had lately been set at defiance by one of them. "I don't care how little I see of them!"

"Samuel!" said his wife, in a warning voice.

"Well, I'll tell the truth," said Mr. Tabernacle. "They are good. They've treated me well, anyhow; and I always tell Myra Cavendish the truth."

He had given his daughter that fine name because he loved her from the first. Love of offspring is very strong with men and women of his race; and somehow the baby had grown up with the second fine name always sticking to her. She was called "Miss Cavendish" by the servants more frequently than Miss Myra.

"And, mamma dear," said Myra, "they believe just what we do. There was Dr. Smiler expounding Malachi the other day, and he said just the same as you did."

"Some of their priests are learned," returned Mrs. Tabernacle, mollified. "It don't matter where you go, perhaps, as I have thoroughly grounded you; and as for Samuel, your father—"

"Tut, tut! I go upon business, my dear. What does it matter what you believe? It matters what you do."

Myra turned away from the two, and sought her own room. At church her growing convictions came upon her with redoubled force; and Dr. Smiler, who was by no means gifted with missionary or apostolic zeal, had yet, without his knowing it, managed to convert her. Of what good may we not be the unconscious instruments! Smiler, D.D., was a spooney, soft fellow, who preached touching sermons, very well suited to his audience; had little or no learning, but borrowed a good deal; and was a beautiful reader. He would almost weep at his own tones when he read; and, conscious of his strength as well as his weakness, he took care to pick out the Sundays of the finest lessons, gospels, etc., and would then read himself nearly the whole of the service, to help his curate—or, rather, assistant—who was, of course, a good foil to him. It was whispered that he answered an applicant for the post of reader with, "You're exactly the man I want; but you have a magnificent voice, and you read well, *therefore* you won't do for me."

Knowing his weakness as well as his strength, the doctor used to supplement and back up his soft sermons with learned discourses on the "minor prophets;" and, as he drew from sources of which his congregation knew nothing, he seemed a prodigy of learning. Myra drank in every word; and, upon one Sunday, when the doctor read the "Sermon on the Mount"—that most beautiful of all written lessons—in a way that no one could excel, Myra felt her soul go, as it were, from her, and fell back in her pew, a convert to those tender, holy, and persuasive words.

Mr. Tabernacle sat peering through his white eyelashes at one of his customers, thinking upon cent. per cent. Dr. Smiler thought of the appropriate action, and was kindled into enthusiasm at the glory of the words as a mere lesson; and there, crouching in the corner of her pew, little Myra gave her soul from the faith of her fathers, and trembled with rapt adoration and holy awe.

What Dr. Smiler had so happily begun, the same preacher finished; for, having cribbed the ideas of some learned commentator on Isaiah, he made an excursus, leaving the minor prophets to take care of themselves: and so expounded Isaiah lii.—while Mr. Tabernacle was snoring—that the scales seemed to fall from the eyes of Myra, and she was forever converted.

Oh, if Dr. Smiler—who was so well pleased with himself that morning—could have seen and understood the meaning of the low courtesy Myra gave him as he passed by, rustling in his silk gown, to bless and dismiss his congregation from the altar, how differently would his heart have swelled! Poor man, he was utterly unconscious of the work he had done, or, rather, completed.

"How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good tidings," murmured humble Myra to herself, with a pang of pain, as she thought of her mother.

Dr. Smiler, as he stripped off his sacerdotal robes, seemed to think so too, as his eyes fell upon his neat black silk stockings, shapely legs, and patent-leather pumps.

II.

There was somebody in that fashionable chapel whom both father and daughter desired to see; for, in modern life, even our prayer-goings are not quite pure. This gentleman—for the person was male—was Mr. Percy Gower—or Gore, as people called him—one of an intellectual race, and heir to a barony.

Collaterally descended from the poet Gower, the young fellow was of good breed on both sides for some generations; but had the misfortune, in a worldly point, of good families generally—he did not value money as the world values it. He had a vast love for what is beautiful, and a taste which was quite unexceptionable, but very general. He not only loved fine horses and well-built carriages, but knew and appreciated a good yacht, a fine picture, and a well-bound book. If he loved a good cigar, he also desired a sound and even curiously fine bottle of wine. The unfortunate young fellow—who, like the heroes of the noble historian of "Paul Clifford," was a worshiper of the Beautiful—fell also at the feet of the True and the Good. If he built a shooting-box, it was a gem; if he purchased a gun, it was admirable in its make; all his volumes were bound by Rivière; his clothes were made by Hill; his cabinets were from Gillow; his diamonds from Storr & Mortimer; and his wines were not bought from Messrs. Gilby.

So, again, his pictures were by Landseer or Millais—and he bought very few of the other Academicians'; and his horses were picked from the very best studs. He wanted but little here below, but he wanted that little good. Unfortunately, he inherited this taste from a father who desired considerably more than he did, and had left Percy very little to pay for his wants.

The day on which Percy met with Mr. Tabernacle he thought should be marked with a white stone. He had never seen such a good-natured solicitor. All solicitors, so far as he knew, were more or less money-lenders; and Mr. Tabernacle was the most reasonable and free of all.

Among Percy's expensive habits was one very selfish indulgence, which cost him a good deal. He was fond of the Beautiful and the True; and the most beautiful and the truest was, he found, a noble action. He had found some poor, broken-down author, who had been trying all his life to preach to a deaf world, and who had not found the world at all ready to listen to him. In his despair he tried to establish a newspaper written on æsthetic principles, so as to criticise matters with some regard to good nature and truth. Percy met the poor man just as his love for the True had lodged *him* in a prison, paid his debts, and absolutely carried on the paper. It did not improve his estate; and Mr. Tabernacle very wisely made him abandon the venture, though he still aided the author. Mr. Tabernacle liked the young man—for we all admire our opposites; and there was a free-handed liberality about Percy Gower that made Mr. Tabernacle tingle all over when he thought of it. He aided him as much as he could; but he took care to take his I O U for every advance, with proper interest; and, by judicious depreciation, he managed to buy up a great many of Mr. Percy's little bills.

Hence he not unnaturally looked upon Percy as his property; and hence his frequent visits to the little chapel where Dr. Smiler preached to a most select audience, and where Myra had been converted.

"I wonder, I do," said Mr. Tabernacle, "what he comes here so often for. He's quite a good young man, he is. When his uncle dies, now—" Then Tabernacle was silent, and did a sum of mental arithmetic.

On the other hand, Percy was pondering what that charming young lady—who never had a prayer-book, and was always indebted to a gray-headed gentleman in the next pew for the use of his—could do in little Tabernacle's pew. Young gentlemen who borrow money do not care much for the domestic relationships of their bankers; and there was a rumor among the set who knew him that Mr. Tabernacle was a gay bachelor, very familiar with the various theatres, and on very intimate terms with certain lady artistes whose portraits appear in the shop windows. Moreover, Mr. Percy had once met this charming young lady who sat in the pew gazing with such rapt admiration on the Reverend Smiler, and had danced with her; nay, he had heard her name from his hostess—Miss Myra Cavendish.

"Old Tabby's a lucky fellow," he thought. "Where the dooce does he get so lovely a companion—and so good a one!" he thought, as he buried his face in his hat, and prepared to take his seat—for even at chapel he worshiped the Beautiful and the True. He loved that which was lovely, and Myra's face was indeed full of sweetness and goodness.

"I'll ask him to-morrow," said Percy, as the Reverend Smiler, in his persuasive tones, rose and began with,

"When the wicked man—"

And a very fine elocutional exercise Smiler made of it. He won the hearts of those who listened reverently, and both Percy and Myra were among them. When the doctor read the Absolution, Myra felt that she was reconciled to the Great Spirit, and Percy forgot his debts, his follies, and seemed to be forgiven.

It was three or four days after this that in Mr. Tabernacle's little back-room Mr. Percy was seated. This room was lined not only with deed-boxes, but with jewel-cases and plate-chests, which liberal young men—in regard to his goodness—had asked him to take care of; and Mr. Tabernacle, in his shiny cane-bottomed chair, listened, with the points of his fingers tapping against each other, to Mr. Percy Gower's little plea. He wanted to raise some more money, but he wanted this to pay some old scores.

"For," as he said, "he thought it time to begin to think—just to begin, you know—of marrying."

"Umph!" said Mr. Tabernacle, a dark cloud settling on his face. "Umph!"

Money-lenders do say "Umph!" when money is "tight;" and it is always tight.

"Umph!" he said again.

His daughter Myra had insisted upon coming to town with him, and upon spending a good deal of money for dresses for mamma and herself. She was in the front-room, waiting; and the green baize door was not, though Tabernacle did not know it, quite shut.

Percy sat still. He had heard the dreadful monosyllable before—"Umph!"

"Sh-stay a bit," said Tabernacle, turning pale, and for once relapsing into a pronunciation not recognized by University College. "You said you thought about settling, Mr. Percy. Have you your eye on any one?"

The lover of the Beautiful and True said he had. He had, indeed, fixed his eye rather tightly—since young gentlemen of his condition are particularly eager, when they see the Beautiful, etc., to try to possess it.

"Well, ye-es," returned Percy, wondering what it had to do with Tabernacle.

"Umph!" said the lawyer, speaking harshly, and turning a very nasty color. "You must think of another settlement, Mr. Percy Gower."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said the gentleman, rising.

"What I say, Sir. Don't disturb yourself. Sit down a moment."

Tabernacle spoke thick and quickly. He was evidently in a rage. Percy was quite calm. The lover of the Beautiful tapped his elegant boot—made by the best maker, of the best leather—with some assurance; and, looking rather amused than angry, awaited his solicitor's convenience. For being a lover of the Beautiful, he seemed to have had arithmetic left out of his composition, and had some idea that he had only to tap another vein of his fortune, and he would again discover gold in abundance.

Tabernacle unlocked a tin box, richly japanned in curious and inartistic red dabs, and took out a number of papers.

"Look at that, Sir," he said. The solicitor exhibited a bill for £100 from Mr. Banbock's, the eminent jeweler, who is always selling off in consequence of increasing his wonderful stock. "That is for a ring obtained some weeks ago."

"Here it is," said Percy, looking fondly at it. "A very fine stone."

"And a very fine price, Mr. Gower, Sir," said Tabernacle, with a triumphant grin. "I bought that bill from Mr. Banbock—for a consideration. He did not like to wait for *your* money."

Mr. Percy half rose from his seat, and turned crimson.

"Who authorized you to tamper with my tradesmen?" he asked, haughtily.

"Why, I'm your best friend," sniggered Tabernacle. "Go there to-morrow, and they will trusht you again. *But not after that.*"

"What do you mean?"

"That you are not worth a penny, Mr. Gower, Sir—you are up to the hilts; and that, when your uncle dies, which may not be for long years yet—"

"I hope so," said Percy, piously.

"Well, that's about the cruelest thing to your creditors you ever said—and to yourself too. Think of the interest."

Percy was silent. He felt that what Tabernacle said was true, and yet that he dared not desire the death of his uncle, whose continued lease of life was, however, very unpleasant to him.

"Surely," he said, after a pause, "you can not be in earnest, Mr. Tabernacle? I know you take a great deal of *interest* in my affairs."

"As to that," said the lawyer, feeling the word, though Percy had not intended it, "it's very little principal I get, Mr. Gower, Sir. You were quite right when you said you were about to settle; but you must settle your debts first, or marry a fortune, or be a beggar. Who is she—tell me?"

The little money-lender was quite enraged.

Myra peeped through the crack of the door, and saw the indignant face of Percy staring in great rage, and heard him declaim against the insult.

"Insult or no insult, Mr. Gower, Sir," said the money-lender, "you're in my debt. Every penny you have got, or will have for years, won't pay me. I could send you to prison to-morrow, Mr. Gower, Sir. I could. I've bought up all your little bills—you have one or two out, you know—and all your debts."

"What right had you, Sir?"

"The right that money has to employ itself how it likes. I had my purpose, Sir. Who is the lady?"

"What the devil's that to you?"

"A good deal. Don't go. Sit still, Mr. Gower, Sir, and listen. Is she rich?"

"I don't know that she has any property," said Percy, laughing at the solicitor's eagerness.

"Then she has none. If she had any, you would soon have heard. Is the day fixed?"

Tabernacle leaned forward, with his sharp, pale countenance looking still sharper, his eyes blinking and glistening under his white eyelashes, and a world of power and insolence in his tone.

If young heirs knew that their creditors looked upon them as their personal property, very likely their pride would make them less profuse and profligate.

"Mr. Tabernacle, if I were not obliged to you by former kindness—which certainly I begin now to suspect—I should throw you out of window. As it is, I will humor you. I have not even proposed to the young lady. I—"

"All right, Mr. Gower, Sir," cried Tabernacle, radiant in a moment—"all right, Sir. Then there's no fear: the pet plan of my heart will not be defeated. Oh, Mr. Gower, Sir, how you have flurried me!"

The little mealy man sat down, and fanned himself with a handkerchief. Percy, utterly bewildered, fell to his seat. Myra, listening to her father's harsh, insulting tones, and recognizing the young man, whom she had already half loved—for she too had a taste for the Beautiful—thrilled with indignation at her father's rudeness, and with shame when she knew his true occupation.

"Mr. Gower, Sir," said Tabernacle—a great drop of perspiration running down the side of his nose, and dropping on his blotting-pad—"Mr. Gower, I like you; more than that, I love you—by—" he struck the pad with his ruler—"I do. You are so different from *us!* 'Scuse me, Sir, but I put the pot on you—I did, by Moses!"

Nature resumed her sway. Mr. Davis Tabernacle swore by his patriarch, and was at ease.

"I don't mind telling you, Sir"—this was in answer to Mr. Percy Gower's smile—"that I bought up all your debts for a purpose."

Percy started.

"It was a good purpose, Mr. Gower, Sir!" said the little man, with a whine. "I wanted to set you free—I did, by Heaven!"

Percy, at this strange confession, acted on the impulse of the moment.

"Generous man!" he said, grasping his solicitor's hand.

"But it was for a purpose. I will be honest, Sir. You owe upward of thirty thousand pounds, more or less. I have bought all these to give you, to set you free upon your rightful lands—fine lands: I've seen them all. You will be like a little king, Sir: but on one condition."

Percy started.

Could there be such real generosity! Could a West End solicitor unite the fabulous characters of Mr. Ralph Nickleby and the Brothers Cheeryble! But the question was put but for a moment. The soft, insinuating, mean tone of Mr. Tabernacle made every nerve of Percy tingle, and caused Myra—who, in spite of herself, could not but listen—to be suffused with blushes.

Percy drew himself up, and asked, haughtily, "Upon what condition?"

The answer came in an eager whisper.

"That you marry my daughter!"

Myra heard it, and sank upon her knees in shame.

Percy stared. He did not even know, nor had cared to inquire, if his solicitor had a daughter.

"You shall have all your bills, and twenty thou' into the bargain—you shall, so help me Heaven! She's as good as gold—and gold you shall have with her. Your uncle can't last long, and then you and she will be a lord and lady, and I'll come and see you some time. 'Tisn't any thing so rare. Lord Demimonde married the daughter of old Sounds, the fish-monger, and got only twenty thou'. The Marquis of—"

"Stop, Mr. Tabernacle," said Percy. "I don't know your daughter, and I never shall, for I love another. I can not marry a woman I don't love, not even for a hundred thousand pounds; and if the young lady—whom I must mention with respect, since she is unknown—knows of this shameful bargain with a man chained with many debts, tell her that I would rather go to prison than accept her hand, or do her the injury of wedding her to a husband who can not love her."

"Very well—very well, Mr. Gower, Sir."

"As for yourself, I am—I suppose I ought to be—obliged by your offer; but I am not obliged by your threat. You can at once commence an action for the recovery of your claims. My family solicitor will see to that. I dare say I can endure poverty; but, according to your own showing, it will not be for long."

The white eyebrows and eyelashes of Mr. Tabernacle looked whiter than ever as his client spoke. When he had finished, he dashed his knife into his blotting-pad, and cried out:

"Stay, Mr. Gower, if you please—just stay a moment. So you reject my daughter?"

"I—" returned Percy.

But before he could finish the sentence the door opened, and Myra stood between them.

"Spare yourself the trouble, Mr. Gower," she said, very calmly and very softly. "I reject *you.* I have heard all. I admire and honor your behavior, and like you all the more because you are true, even to one to whom you are not pledged. Thank God that I have been offered to an honorable man!"

"Are you—are you—" cried Percy, utterly bewildered.

"Let me say all I have to say—for I am weak and wounded—and then let me go. I forbid"—she stamped her foot here, and her eyes flashed fire on her father—"I forbid my father to make you the victim of my refusal. I beg him to wound me even more than he has, but not *you;* and I give you to understand, Sir, that I had no more knowledge of this shameful offer than I had that my father dealt in money—as Jews have done for centuries. Speak, father, and tell him this is true."

"It is true, Mr. Percy Gower, Sir," said Tabernacle, disconsolately.

His little game seemed "up" for the present. Generally, he could make men pliable as wax by money. This one had failed him.

"And now, good-by. Forget that you have seen my humiliation; forget my father's base proposition; and think at least that among our people there is one who would not stoop to a mean action. Let me take your hand. I like your true, frank loyalty, though—"

Her eyes fell as they met his, and filled with tears. He was her *beau ideal*—the one man she could have loved. She raised his hand to kiss it in her humility—when, suddenly, she found him at her feet.

"Miss Cavendish," he said—"dear Myra, forgive me. I did not know, really—I am half bewildered—"

He did not say more, as she raised him up, and with glad surprise looked at him with eyes so full of joy that he could not mistake their import.

He drew her to him, and kissed her lips, murmuring,

"Myra darling, you love me, and I adore you!"

"Hallo!" cried the bewildered Tabernacle; "what's up now? I say, Mr. Percy Gower, Sir!"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Tabernacle; but allow me to say that I accept your offer."

"Then it's all right, after all—and I didn't put the pot on for nothing!"

Mr. Tabernacle jumped up from his chair, and whirled, dancing, into the next room, through the green baize door.

Percy, seeing a bright brass bolt on his side, cleverly bolted him out.

"My darling," he said, running to Myra, "my heart is almost too full to speak. I love you so much—oh, so much more than I did before this morning! Will you take me now I am penniless?"

"Percy," she murmured, "I would marry you were you the poorest of the poor. But you will not be so always. You will raise me. Did you not know me?"

"Not a bit, my dear one. I thought your name was Cavendish."

"So it is—Myra Cavendish."

"And Tabernacle too!" said Percy, slyly looking at her, with his wide blue eyes full of love.

"But I hope it won't be so long, darling," whispered Myra, in a voice heard only by her lover. His imperious eyes had seemed to demand that confession.

Percy Gower put a great red seal, manufactured by four red lips, upon the contract, and felt that Myra was his wife indeed.

"I say, Mr. Percy Gower, Sir," said Tabernacle, coming in through another door, "you might have kicked me out, you know, safely. Lord Arable is just dead; and, by jingo! you could have paid me off when you liked, and—"

"Hush, father!" said Myra.

"But you won't go from your bargain, I know. You're an honorable man, Sir; and as soon as you like you can have the money, and make that young woman Lady Arable."

"But," said Percy, looking down in his kindly, noble, haughty, *air-vainqueur* way, with which he extinguished the solicitor, "she will be Mr. Tabernacle's daughter still!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME portion of every year is always considered by our wise commentators on the weather as the most "remarkable"—in some point of view—"ever known," or "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," or "on record." Sometimes it is extraordinary heat or cold, sometimes unusual wet or dry weather, or sudden changes, or peculiarities unexpected in a certain season. One of the "remarkable" features of the old year was its December. There never *was* such a strange December, it was said by weather reporters. The early advent of cold weather, the sudden and violent changes, seemed—as things of this sort are very apt to seem at the time—extraordinary. Certainly the week before Christmas brought some startling and uncomfortable variations of temperature. First, bitter cold, coming to a climax about the middle of the week; then a heavy fall of snow, succeeded by the most dreary, dismal, drizzling rain that ever fell the day before any Christmas—for Saturday was, for all practical purposes, the day before that festival. Alas for those who, dreading the severity of previous days, had postponed the purchase of Christmas gifts! It was a fearful time for shopping; the "slush" rendered the streets almost impassable. True, there were no crowds of eager juveniles and generous elders gazing into shop windows and thronging about toy-covered counters. Elegant gifts were artistically arranged in vain, and lazy clerks looked anxiously for customers through the dismal morning. When afternoon brought no change for the better, people rushed despairingly into the gloomy streets, forded the floods, sought the nearest shops, and found that it was not too wet for Santa Claus to travel around as briskly as ever. In spite of the weather every one began to grow cheerful. Every body's spirits rose higher as, when the dark day was turning into darker night, friends and strangers met on the street, in cars, on the ferry-boat, wet and drabbled, to be sure, but laden with Christmas toys for the little folks at home. Then came a mild and sunny Sabbath, and a most genial Christmas-day; trees were hung with pretty gifts, stockings were stuffed as full as ever, and it was a "merry Christmas" to all in our great city.

On June 11, 1872, a Russian exposition is to open in the city of Moscow. This date has been chosen as being the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great. Although specially Russian in character, other nations have been invited to participate in this exposition; yet as applications must be made before January 13, and no articles will be received after June 2, the time is short for foreigners to send in many articles. The Grand Duke Alexis is the honorary president of the exposition, and other members of the imperial family are its patrons.

A world's fair will be held at Vienna in 1873. This will be the first exhibition of the kind in Austria, and promises to be the largest that has ever yet been seen. The park set apart for it is immense, and the principal building alone is four thousand six hundred and fifty feet long.

Some anonymous individual thus sums up the peculiar social characteristics of some prominent cities: "In Boston society every body snubs every body else, in New York society every body gossips about every body else, in Philadelphia society every body attends to the morals of every body else, in Baltimore society every body fraternizes with every body else, and in Chicago society just at present every body is borrowing from every body else. Boston, therefore, is aristocratic, New York and Philadelphia democratic, Baltimore patriarchal, and Chicago communistic."

A few years ago a General Theological Library was founded in Boston. Although it has now but ten thousand volumes, it is steadily growing. This institution is not sectarian in its character, being open to persons of all denominations. According to the by-laws, those who reside in Boston, or within ten miles of the city, may keep books taken out for two weeks; but those who reside at a greater distance may retain them a month. The books are all on religious or moral subjects, and in the purchase of works, and in other matters, the interests of all denominations are considered. A reading-room is connected with the library.

The abuses arising from the system of the secret police in Russia are many. A high functionary of the "third department of the imperial chancellery," or secret police, who has enjoyed the special favor of the emperor himself, is reported to have put out of the way ten members of his family who stood between him and a legacy of considerable amount. In order to do this he had only to use his power as a member of the secret police. Some were banished to the mines, others died suddenly, and no inquiry could take place, as the judicial officials never venture to question the proceedings of "the third department." At length one of the heirs to the property, who had escaped, disclosed the whole affair to Count Schouvaloff, the head of the department. The count refused to interfere; upon which the heir, who is a man of great influence at court, appealed to the emperor. It is said that the culprit will be tried by a secret tribunal, and that the persons who were banished have already returned. The whole matter, however, is involved in the strictest secrecy, as several members of the high Russian aristocracy are stated to be implicated in it.

The "catch" of sardines this last year is reported to be small. From July to November this little fish is caught by fishermen on the western coast of France in great abundance. Women are employed to cut off the heads, to wash and salt them. They are then dipped for a few moments into boiling oil, arranged in various-sized boxes, which are filled up with olive-oil, the labels put on, and the boxes packed in cases, each case generally containing one hundred tins.

Slang phrases, expressive, but not elegant, obtain a curious popularity for a time, and then disappear mysteriously. Just at present perhaps the most popular phrases of this kind are, "What are you going to do about it?" (the origin of which is well known), "You know how it is yourself," and "How is that for high?" It is most singular to notice how these trite phrases are circulated from mouth to mouth. In England the most popular phrase at present is, "Would it surprise you to learn?" This expression was continually used in the celebrated Tichborne case by Sir Roundel Palmer, who repeated it so often that it became a standing joke. As most popular English phrases find their way into this country, we may expect that in due time this one will be imported.

In consequence of the accident at the Metropolitan Gas-Works the Saturday before Christmas, it was calculated that about thirteen thousand householders were compelled to burn candles or oil at their holiday festivals.

The Paris Town Council make a saving, they think, of 3000 francs a night by lighting only 16,000 of the 24,000 city lamps. In summer they hope to save 45,000 francs. Paris was formerly so brilliantly lighted that the suppression of 8000 lamps may not be dangerous or uncomfortable. But a great city must be well lighted to be safe.

Thirty-fourth Street presented a curious aspect the night after the gas explosion—the south side brilliantly illuminated, the north side cold and dark and gloomy. The city below that street was ablaze with gas; above, shrouded in darkness.

A singular death recently occurred from diphtheritic poison contracted by a bite from a child suffering from diphtheria. A little girl, daughter of a station-agent on the Boston and Maine Railroad, was very ill with diphtheria. The father for some reason—perhaps to examine the throat—put his hand on her mouth, when the child seized it, and bit it just enough to break the skin. The virus from the teeth penetrated the wound, and was diffused through the system. His body became much swollen, and after a week's illness he died.

The pioneer Methodist, Peter Cartwright, uttered many wise and odd and witty sayings. He was often much annoyed at one sister, more noisy than pious, who would go off on a high key at every opportunity. At an animated class-meeting one day she broke out with, "If I had one more feather in the wing of my faith, I could fly away and be with the Saviour."

"Stick in the feather, O Lord! and let her go," fervently responded Brother Cartwright.

A Russian street vagrant, named Mierovich, has been discovered to be possessed of a miraculous tenor voice, and has just been admitted into the St. Petersburg Conservatory at the instance of Madame Pauline Lucca.

Some trace has been discovered of the mysterious woman through whose instrumentality the body of the unfortunate Alice Bowlsby was taken to the Hudson River Railroad Dépôt. She was one of Dr. Rosenzweig's patients who happened not to die under his hands. The ticket for Chicago which she purchased has been traced to Albany, and it is supposed that she fled to Canada.

The new steamboat law recently introduced into Congress requires that all boilers be subjected to the hydrostatic test before use, and allowed to carry three-fourths the test. The bill abolishes the low-water indicators, locked-up safety-gauges, and recording gauges as contrivances tending to make engineers negligent. The number and kind of life-boats, life-preservers, and life apparatus for each class of vessels are prescribed. There are also severe restrictions upon carrying inflammable articles. Crude petroleum, camphene, benzine, nitro-glycerine, and similar articles are prohibited on passenger steamers.

The earliest place in which the mushroom is mentioned is, we believe, in Robert Southwell's "Spiritual Poems," published in 1595, where he says:

"He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly *mushrumps* leave to grow."

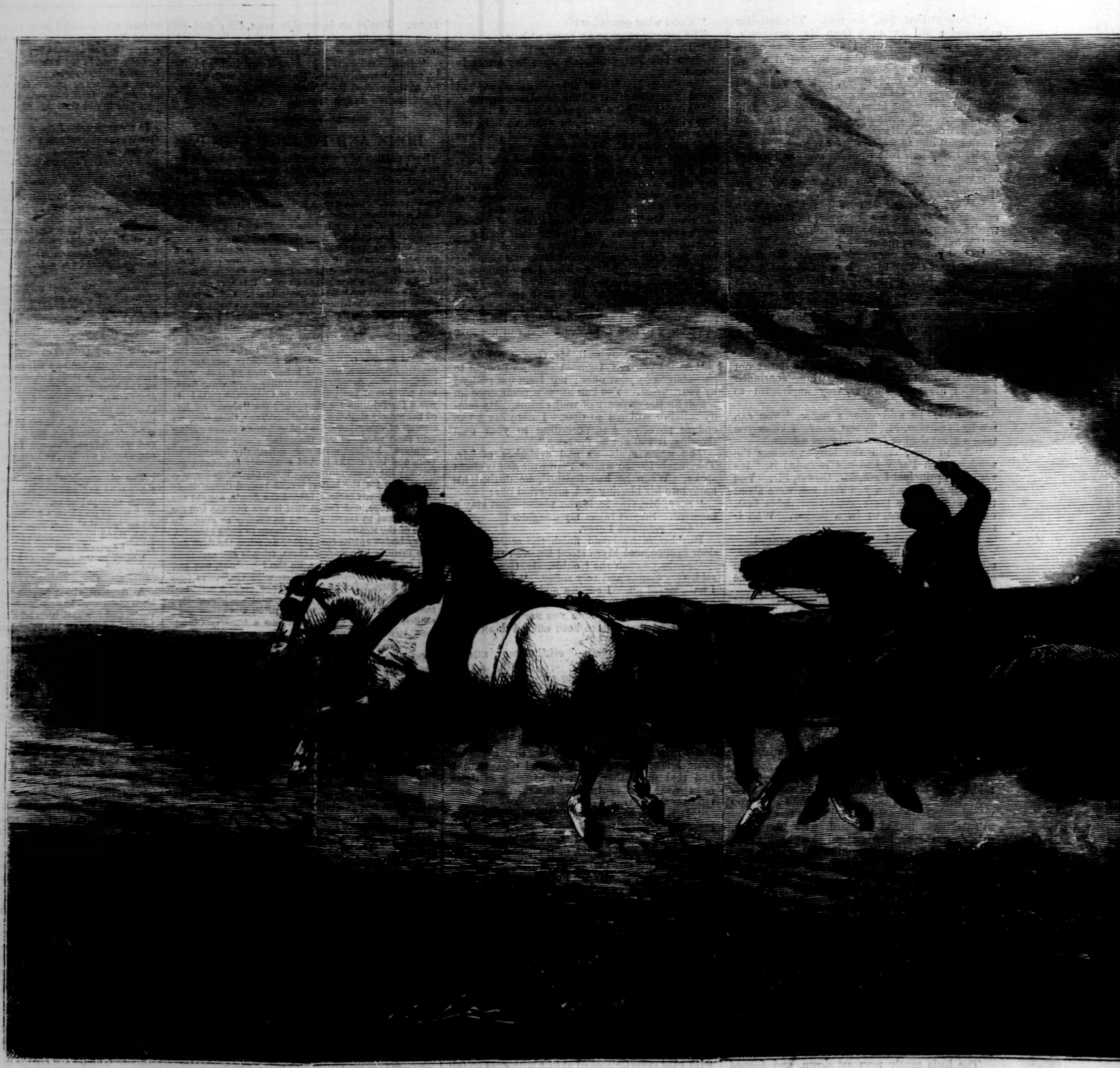
The etymology, though seemingly far-fetched, has been ascribed to the Welsh language, after this fashion—*maes*, a "field," and *chum*, "a thing which bulges out."

"Scragg" is a famous old blood-hound belonging to the Duke of Abercorn. Being desirous to secure his likeness, his owner sent him to the studio of Sir Edwin Landseer, under the charge of a keeper who was the only one who had the least control over him. No sooner had the wild hound entered the studio than he took refuge under a sofa, growling and snarling at all who approached, nor could his keeper appease him in the least. At length Sir Edwin, drawing near, spoke to the savage beast in terms of conciliation, betraying no symptoms of fear, but gradually raising his voice, all the while keeping his eye steadily fixed on that of the hound. Slowly, and at first with evident reluctance, did old Scragg begin to crawl from beneath the sofa, and at last dragged himself, like a serpent, to the very feet of Sir Edwin, who, talking to him all the while almost in a whisper, managed to hit off his likeness in a very short space of time. Strange to say, the animal, subdued during the whole of the sitting, turned savage as soon as he had passed out of the studio.

Professor Silliman has been analyzing—in a strictly professional way—some of the so-called brandy sold at the bars in our country. His sample—not an unusual one—contained 583 grains of solid matter, made up of alum, iron, sulphuric acid, oil of some kind, burned sugar, tannic acid, Guinea-pepper, lead, and copper! What a dose for the stomach of a human being!

The plan of international exchange of seeds has been of great service to the Agricultural Department, and through it to the whole country. An arrangement has been made with the colonial government of Jamaica by which a donation of three thousand plants of the cinchonas, embracing all valuable varieties, will be made to the Agricultural Department. This acquisition will encourage experiments in the culture of this valuable plant in those sections of the South where there is a reasonable prospect of its growing successfully.

The *Scientific American* suggests, as one means of protection against forest fires, artificial breaks in the continuity of forests. This would aid somewhat in preventing the progress of a conflagration, especially if the cleared spaces were brought under cultivation. In extraordinary dry weather a fire might probably cross three or four miles of cultivated land, but in most seasons this could hardly occur. If, in placing the public lands in market, alternate sections of sufficient width were first sold, the intervening ones being reserved, the tendency would be to ultimately break up the forest regions in just the way indicated.



"THE ROAD TO GRETNA GREEN."—[Fr

"THE ROAD TO GRETNA GREEN."

Gretna Green is a small village of Scotland, in the county of Dumfries, not a long distance from the English border. Its name will be immortal in the world of romance for its fame as the place where an immense number of runaway marriages were formerly celebrated. The ceremony consisted in an admission before witnesses by the parties that they were husband and wife, that being sufficient, according to the law of Scotland, to constitute a valid marriage. The certificate was signed by the officiating functionary—of late years a blacksmith, who earned more in a week by this irregular means than by his trade in a year—after which it was signed by two witnesses, and the union of the runaways became legal and indissoluble, except by recourse to the divorce courts. When the parties were English, the marriage service of the Church of England was sometimes used, generally to allay the awakening apprehensions of the bride.

The number of clandestine marriages celebrated at Gretna Green and two or three other border villages averaged nearly 500 a year. The abuses growing out of this irregular practice became so glaring that in 1856 such marriages were by act of Parliament declared invalid. For one runaway match that was justified by circumstances, there were 500 mercenary and ill-assorted marriages made by adventurers to be repented of at leisure.

The picture herewith given, let us believe, illustrates a story of true love. It suggests a whole novel of romance and misadventure—a stern parent, a bold lover, yielding maiden, and a daring elopement. Let the reader frame from his own fancy a story into which the painted adventure will fit. The picture itself tells us plainly enough of the lovers' desperate attachment, of their anxiety at this the crisis of their fate, of the hired carriage, the bribed postilion, the hot haste, the fear of pursuit. Personally, they seem made for each other—of their reckless devotion we can have no doubt—then why should they be separated? All our sympathies go with them; we are quite prepared to hate the marplots who would keep them asunder; but, happily, no trace of pursuers appears to be discernible, and very soon the friendly shades of evening will hide them from observation. Tear along, then, ye happy pair, to your blissful goal; and perhaps to some of us, your grandchildren, ye will have to relate the success of your daring escapade!

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

A HARD TIME FOR MADAME PRATOLUNGO.

Ought I to have been prepared for the calamity which had now fallen on my sisters and myself? If I had looked my own experience of my poor father fairly in the face, would it not have been plain to me that the habits of a life were not likely to be altered at the end of a life? Surely, if I had exerted my intelligence, I might have foreseen that the longer his reformation lasted, the nearer he was to a relapse, and the more obviously probable it became that he would fail to fulfill the hopeful expectations which I had cherished of his conduct in the future? I grant it all. But where are the pattern people who can exert their intelligence, when their intelligence points to one conclusion, and their interests to another? Ah, my dear ladies and gentlemen, there is such a fine, strong foundation of stupidity at the bottom of our common humanity—if we only knew it!

I could feel no hesitation—as soon as I had recovered myself—about what it was my duty to do. My duty was to leave Dimchurch in time to catch the fast mail-train from London to the Continent, at eight o'clock that night.

And leave Lucilla?

Yes! not even Lucilla's interests—dearly as I loved her, alarmed as I felt about her—were as sacred as the interests which called me to my father's bedside. I had some hours to spare before it would be necessary for me to leave her. All I could do was to employ those hours in taking the strictest precautions I could think of to protect her in my absence. I could not be long parted from her. One way or the other, the miserable doubt whether my father would live or die would, at his age, soon be over.

I sent for her to see me in my room, and showed her my letter.

She was honestly grieved when she read it. For a moment—when she spoke her few words of sympathy—the painful constraint in her manner toward me passed away. It returned again when I announced my intention of starting for France that day, and expressed the regret I felt at being obliged to defer our visit to Ramsgate for the present. She not only answered restrainedly (forming, as I fancied, some thought at the moment in her own mind)—she left me with a commonplace excuse. "You must have much to think of in this sad affliction: I won't intrude on you any longer. If you want me, you know where to find me." With no more than those words, she walked out of the room.

I never remember, at any other time, such a sense of helplessness and confusion as came over me when she had closed the door. I set to work to pack up the few things I wanted for the journey, feeling instinctively that if I did not occupy myself in doing something, I should break down altogether. Accustomed, in all the other emergencies of my life, to decide rapidly, I was not even clear enough in my mind to see the facts as they were. As to resolving on any thing, I was about as capable of doing that as the baby in Mrs. Finch's arms.

The effort of packing aided me to rally a little—but did no more toward restoring me to my customary tone of mind.

I sat down helplessly, when I had done, feeling the serious necessity of clearing matters up between Lucilla and myself before I went away, and still as ignorant as ever how to do it. To my indescribable disgust, I actually felt tears beginning to find their way into my eyes! I had just enough of Pratolungo's widow left in me to feel heartily ashamed of myself. Past vicissitudes and dangers, in the days of my republican life with my husband, had made me a sturdy walker—with a gypsy relish (like my little Jicks) for the open air. I snatched up my hat, and went out to see what exercise would do for me.

I tried the garden. No! the garden was (for some inscrutable reason) not big enough. I had still some hours to spare. I tried the hills next.

Turning toward the left, and passing the church, I heard through the open windows the
boom-boom of Reverend Finc
the village children. Thank
of my way, at any rate! I
hurrying on as fast as I coul
movement cleared my mind
an hour of hard walking, I r
ry, feeling like my old self a

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still left in me. Or perha
enervating influence in my af
me feel more sensitively tha
the relations between Lucilla
ing, by this time, resolved to
planation, before I left her
rectory, I shrank, even yet,
possible repulse by speaking
Taking a leaf out of poor O
what I wanted to say to her

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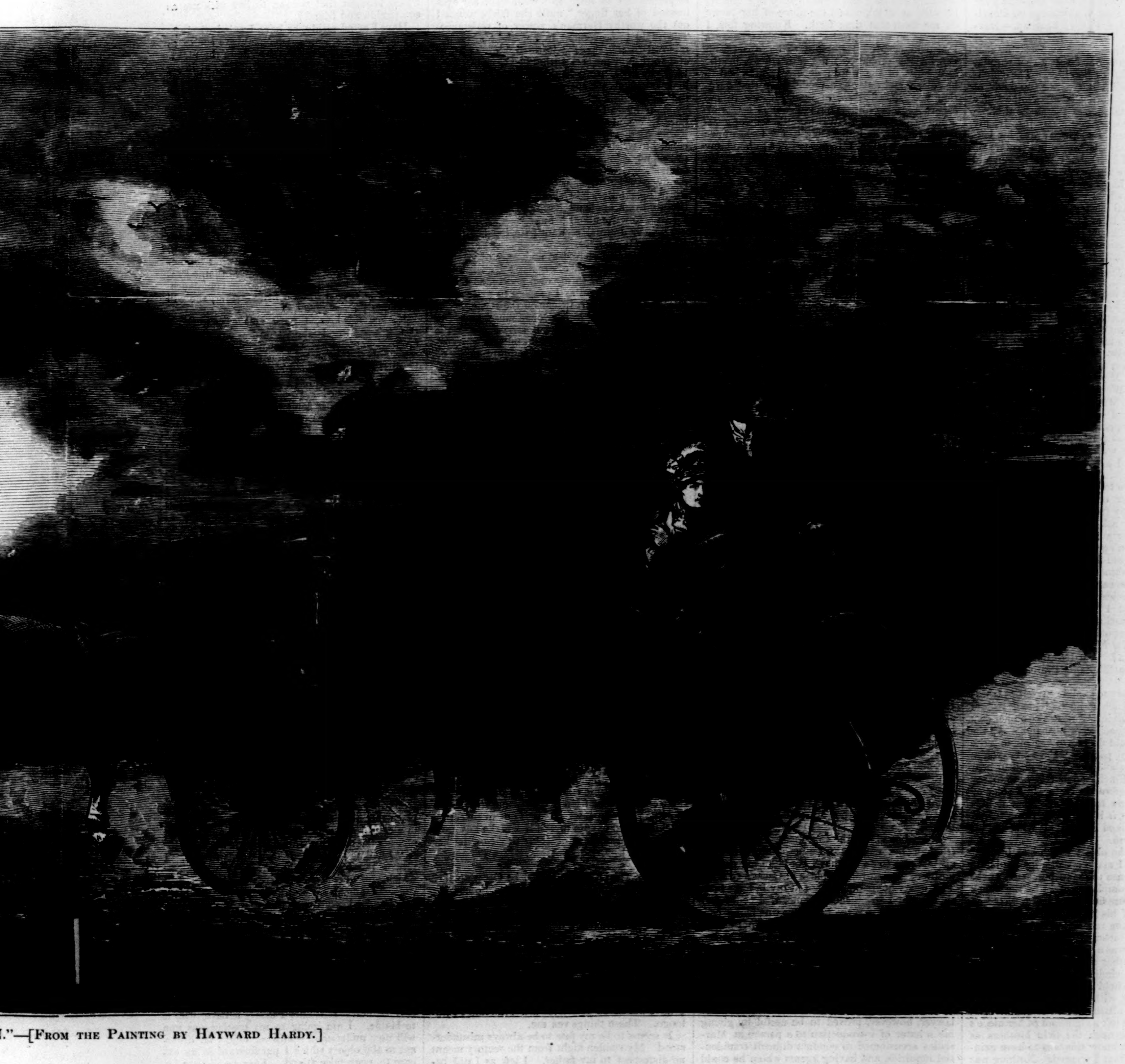
swered it.

I went to the kitchen. Z
I knocked at the door of he
was no answer: the bedroom
looked in. Awkward as it
myself obliged either to give
with my own hand, or to de
her, after all.

I could *not* prevail on mys
So I went to her room with n
ed at the door.

Here again there was no
once more—with the same r
There was no one in the room
ble at the foot of the bed, th
dressed to me. The writing
But Lucilla had written her
in the usual way, to show th
the letter to her nurse. A lo
heart as I took it up. The



I."—[From the Painting by Hayward Hardy.]

erend Finch's voice catechising
n. Thank Heaven, he was out
y rate! I mounted the hills,
t as I could. The air and the
l my mind. After more than
alking, I returned to the recto-
old self again.
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Or perhaps there was some
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resolved to come to a plain ex-
I left her unprotected at the
even yet, from confronting a
y speaking to her personally.
of poor Oscar's book, I wrote
say to her in a note.
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itchen. Zillah was not there.
door of her bedroom. There
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l, or to decide on speaking to

ail on myself to speak to her.
oom with my note, and knock-

e was no reply. I knocked
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n the room. On the little ta-
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e writing was in Zillah's hand.
ritten her name in the corner,
o show that she had dictated
rse. A load was lifted off my
up. The same idea (I con-

cluded) had occurred to her which had occurred to me. She too had shrunk from the embarrassment of a personal explanation. She too had written—and was keeping out of the way until her letter had spoken for her, and had united us again as friends before I left the house.

With these pleasant anticipations I opened the letter. Judge what I felt when I found what it really contained.

"Dear Madame Pratolungo,—You will agree with me that it is very important, after what Herr Grosse has said about the recovery of my sight, that my visit to Ramsgate should not be delayed. As you are unable, through circumstances which I sincerely regret, to accompany me to the sea-side, I have determined to go to London to my aunt, Miss Batchford, and to ask her to be my companion instead of you. I have had experience enough of her sincere affection for me to be quite sure that she will gladly take the charge of me off your hands. As no time is to be lost, I start for London without waiting for your return from your walk to wish you good-by. You so thoroughly understand the necessity of dispensing with formal farewells, in cases of emergency, that I am sure you will not feel offended at my taking leave of you in this way. With best wishes for your father's recovery, believe me,

Yours very truly,

"Lucilla.

"P.S.—You need be under no apprehension about me. Zillah goes with me as far as London; and I shall communicate with Herr Grosse when I arrive at my aunt's house."

But for one sentence in it I should most assuredly have answered this cruel letter by instantly resigning my situation as Lucilla's companion.

The sentence to which I refer contained the words which cast in my teeth the excuses that I had made for Oscar's absence. The sarcastic reference to my recent connection with a case of emergency, and to my experience of the necessity of dispensing with formal farewells, removed my last lingering doubts of Nugent's treachery. I now felt not suspicion only, but positive conviction that he had communicated with her in his brother's name, and that he had contrived (by some means at which it was impossible for me to guess) so to work on Lucilla's mind—so to excite that indwelling distrust which her blindness had rooted in her character—as to destroy her confidence in me for the time being.

Arriving at this conclusion, I could still feel compassionately and generously toward Lucilla. Far from blaming my poor deluded sister-friend for her cruel departure and her yet crueler letter, I laid the whole fault on the shoulders of Nugent. Full as my mind was of my own troubles, I could still think of the danger that threatened Lucilla, and of the wrong that Oscar had suffered. I could still feel the old glow of my resolution to bring them together again, and still remember (and determined to pay) the debt I owed to Nugent Dubourg.

In the turn things had taken, and with the short time still at my disposal, what was I to do next? Assuming that Miss Batchford would accompany her niece to Ramsgate, how could I put the necessary obstacle in Nugent's way, if he attempted to communicate with Lucilla at the sea-side, in my absence?

It was impossible for me to decide this, unless I first knew whether Miss Batchford, as a member of the family, was to be confidentially informed of the sad position in which Oscar and Lucilla now stood toward each other.

The person to consult in this difficulty was the rector. As head of the household, and in my absence, the responsibility evidently rested with Reverend Finch.

I went round at once to the other side of the house. If Mr. Finch had returned to the rectory, after the catechising was over, well and good. If not, I should be obliged to inquire in the village, and seek him at the cottages of his parishioners. His magnificent voice relieved me from all anxiety on this head. The *boom-boom* which I had last heard in the church, I now heard again in the study.

When I entered the room Mr. Finch was on his legs, highly excited, haranguing Mrs. Finch and the baby, ensconced as usual in a corner. My appearance on the scene diverted his flow of language, for the moment, so that it all poured itself out on my unlucky self. (If you recollect that the rector and Lucilla's aunt had been, from time immemorial, on the worst of terms, you will be prepared for what is coming. If you have forgotten this, look back at my sixth chapter and refresh your memory.)

"The very person I was going to send for!" said the Pope of Dimchurch. "Don't excite Mrs. Finch! Don't speak to Mrs. Finch! You shall hear why directly. Address yourself exclusively to Me. Be calm, Madame Pratolungo! you don't know what has happened. I am here to tell you."

I ventured to stop him, mentioning that Lucilla's letter had informed me of his daughter's sudden departure for her aunt's house. Mr. Finch waved away my answer with his hand, as something too infinitely unimportant to be worthy of a moment's notice.

"Yes! yes! yes!" he said. "You have a superficial acquaintance with the facts. But you are far from being aware of what my daughter's sudden removal of herself from my roof really means. Now don't be frightened, Madame Pratolungo! and don't excite Mrs. Finch!—How are you, my dear? how is the child? Both well. Thanks to an overruling Providence, both well.—Now, Madame Pratolungo, attend to this. My daughter's flight—I say flight advisedly: it is nothing less—my daughter's flight from my house means (I entreat you to be calm!)—means Another Blow dealt at me by the family of my first wife. Dealt at me," repeated Mr. Finch, heating himself with the recollection of his old feud with the Batchfords—"dealt at me by Miss Batchford (by Lucilla's aunt, Madame Pratolungo) through my unoffending second wife and my innocent child.—Are you sure you are well, my dear? are you sure the infant is well? Thank Providence!—Concentrate your attention, Madame Pratolungo! Your attention is wandering. Prompted by Miss Batchford, my daughter has left my roof. Ramsgate is a mere excuse. And how has she left it? Not only without first seeing Me—I am Nobody!—but without showing the slightest sympathy for Mrs. Finch's maternal situation. Attired in her traveling costume, my daughter precipitately entered (or to use my wife's graphic expression, '*bounced into*') the nursery, while Mrs. Finch was administering maternal sustenance to the infant. Under circumstances which might have touched the heart of a bandit or a savage, my unnatural daughter (remind me, Mrs. Finch; we will have a little Shakspeare to-night; I will read 'King Lear')—my unnatural daughter announced without one word of preparation that a domestic affliction would prevent you from accompanying her to Ramsgate. Grieved, dear Madame Pratolungo to hear it. Cast your burden on Providence.—Bear up, Mrs. Finch; bear up.—Having startled my wife with this harrowing news, my daughter next shocked her by declaring that she was going to leave her father's roof without waiting to bid her father good-by. The catching of a train, you will observe, was (no doubt at Miss Batchford's instigation) of more importance than the parental embrace or the pastoral blessing. Leaving a message of apology for Me, my heartless child (I use Mrs. Finch's graphic language again—you have fair, very fair powers of expression, Mrs. Finch)—my heartless child 'bounced out' of the nursery to catch her train; having, for all she knew or cared, administered a shock to my wife which might have soured the fountain of maternal sustenance at its source. *There* is where the Blow falls, Madame Pratolungo! How do I know that acid disturbance is not being communicated at this moment, instead of wholesome nourishment, between mother and child?—I shall prepare you an alkaline draught, Mrs. Finch, to be taken after meals. Don't speak; don't move! Give me your pulse.—I hold Miss Batchford accountable, Madame Pratolungo, for whatever happens—my daughter is a mere instrument in the hands of my first wife's family.—Give me your pulse, Mrs. Finch. I don't like your pulse. Come up stairs directly. A recumbent position and another warm bath—under Providence, Madame Pratolungo!—may parry the Blow.—Would you kindly open the door, and pick up Mrs. Finch's handkerchief? Never mind the novel—the handkerchief."

I seized my first opportunity of speaking again, while Mr. Finch was conducting his wife (with his arm round her waist) to the door—putting the question which I had been waiting to ask in this cautious form:

"Do you propose to communicate, Sir, either with your daughter or with Miss Batchford, while Lucilla is away from the rectory? My object in venturing to ask—"

Before I could state my object Mr. Finch turned round (turning Mrs. Finch with him) and surveyed me from head to foot with a look of indignant astonishment.

"Is it possible you can see this double Wreck," said Mr. Finch, indicating his wife and child, "and suppose that I would communicate, or sanction communication of any sort, with the persons who are responsible for it?—My dear! Can you account for Madame Pratolungo's extraordinary question? Am I to understand (do *you* understand) that Madame Pratolungo is insulting me?"

It was useless to try to explain myself. It was useless for Mrs. Finch (who had made several abortive efforts to put in a word or two on her own part) to attempt to pacify her husband. All the poor damp lady could do was to beg me to write to her from foreign parts. "I'm sorry you're in trouble; and I should really be glad to hear from you." Mrs. Finch had barely time to say those kind words before the rector, in a voice of thunder, desired me to look at "that double Wreck, and respect *it* if I did not respect *him*"—and with that walked himself, his wife, and his baby out of the room.

Having gained the object which had brought me into the study, I made no attempt to detain him. The little sense the man possessed at the best of times was completely upset by the shock which Lucilla's abrupt departure had inflicted on his high opinion of his own importance. That he would end in being reconciled to his daughter—before her next subscription to the household expenses fell due—was a matter of downright certainty. But, until that time came, I felt equally sure that he would vindicate his outraged dignity by declining to hold any communication, in person or in writing, with Ramsgate. During the short term of my absence from England Miss Batchford would be left as ignorant of her niece's perilous position between the twin brothers as Lucilla herself. To know this was to have gained the information that I wanted. Nothing was left but to set my brains to work at once and act on it.

How was I to act on it?

On the spur of the moment I could see but one way. If Grosse pronounced Lucilla's recovery to be complete before I returned from abroad, the best thing I could do would be to place Miss Batchford in a position to reveal the truth in my place, without running any risk of a premature discovery—in other words, without letting the old lady into the secret before the time arrived at which it could be safely divulged.

This apparently intricate difficulty was easily overcome by writing two letters (before I went away) instead of one.

The first letter I addressed to Lucilla. Without any reference to her behavior to me, I stated, in the fullest detail and with all needful delicacy, her position between Oscar and Nugent; and referred her for proof of the truth of my assertions to her relatives at the rectory. "I leave it entirely to your discretion" (I added) "to write me an answer or not. Put the warning which I now give you to the proof; and if you wonder why it has been so long delayed, apply to Herr Grosse, on whom the whole responsibility rests." There I ended; being resolved, after the wrong that Lucilla had inflicted on me, to leave my justification to facts. I confess I was too deeply wounded by her conduct—though I *did* lay all the blame of it on Nugent—to care to say a word in my own defense.

This letter sealed, I wrote next to Lucilla's aunt.

It was not an easy matter to address Miss Batchford. The contempt with which she regarded Mr. Finch's opinions in politics and religion was more than matched by the strong aversion which she felt for my republican opinions. I have already mentioned, far back in these pages, that a dispute on politics between the Tory old lady and myself ended in a quarrel between us which closed the doors of her house on me from that time forth. Knowing this, I ventured on writing to her nevertheless, because I also knew Miss Batchford to be (apart from her furious prejudices) a gentlewoman in the best sense of the word; devotedly attached to her niece, and quite as capable, when that devotion was appealed to, of doing justice to me (apart from *my* furious prejudices) as I was of doing justice to her. Writing in a tone of unaffected respect, and appealing to her forbearance to encourage mine, I requested her to hand my letter to Lucilla on the day when the surgeon reported that all further necessity for his attendance had ceased. In the interval before this happened, I entreated Miss Batchford, in her niece's interests, to consider my letter as a strictly private communication; adding that my sufficient reason for venturing to make this condition would be found in my letter to Lucilla, which I authorized her aunt to read as soon as the time had arrived for opening it.

By this means I had, as I firmly believed, taken the only possible way of preventing Nugent Dubourg from doing any serious mischief in my absence.

Whatever his uncontrolled infatuation for Lucilla might lead him to do next, he could proceed to no serious extremities until Grosse pronounced her recovery to be complete. On the day when Grosse did that, she would receive my letter, and would discover for herself the abominable deception which had been practiced on her. As to attempting to find Nugent, no idea of doing this entered my mind. Wherever he might be, at home or abroad, it would be equally useless to appeal to his honor again. It would be degrading myself to speak to him or to trust him. To expose him to Lucilla the moment it became possible was the one thing to be done.

I was ready with my letters, one inclosed in the other, when good Mr. Gootheridge (with whom I had arranged previously) called to drive me to Brighton in his light cart. The chaise which he had for hire had been already used to make the same journey by Lucilla and the nurse, and had not yet been returned to the inn. I reached my train before the hour of starting, and arrived in London with a sufficient margin of time to spare.

Resolved to make sure that no possible mischance could occur, I drove to Miss Batchford's house, and saw the cabman give my letter into the servant's hands.

It was a bitter moment when I found myself pulling down my veil in the fear that Lucilla might be at the window and see me! Nobody was visible but the man who answered the door. If pen, ink, and paper had been within my reach at the moment, I think I should have written to her on my own account, after all! As it was, I could only forgive her the injury she had done me. From the bottom of my heart I forgave her, and longed for the blessed time which should unite us again. In the mean while, having done every thing that I could to guard and help her, I was now free to give to Oscar all the thoughts that I could spare from my poor, misguided father.

Being bound for the Continent, I determined (though the chances were a hundred to one against me) to do all that I could, in my painful position, to discover the place of Oscar's retreat. The weary hours of suspense at my father's bedside would be lightened to me, if I could feel that the search for the lost man was being carried on at my instigation, and that from day to day there was a bare possibility of my hearing of him, if there was no more.

The office of the lawyer whom I had consulted during my previous visit to London lay in my way to the terminus. I drove there next, and was fortunate enough to find him still at business.

No tidings had yet been heard of Oscar. The lawyer, however, proved to be useful by giving me a letter of introduction to a person at Marseilles accustomed to conduct difficult confidential inquiries, and having agents whom he could employ in all the great cities of Europe. A man of Oscar's startling personal appearance would be surely more or less easy to trace, if the right machinery to do it could be only set at work. My savings would suffice for this purpose to a certain extent—and to that extent I resolved that they should be used when I reached my journey's end.

It was a troubled sea on the channel passage that night. I remained on deck, accepting any inconvenience rather than descend into the atmosphere of the cabin. As I looked out to sea on one side and on the other, the dark waste of tossing waters seemed to be the fit and dreary type of the dark prospect that was before me. On the trackless path that we were plowing a faint, misty moonlight shed its doubtful ray, like the doubtful light of hope faintly flickering on my mind when I thought of the coming time!

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

THE STORY OF LUCILLA: TOLD BY HERSELF.

IN my description of what Lucilla said and did on the occasion when the surgeon was teaching her to use her sight it will be remembered that she is represented as having been particularly anxious to be allowed to try how she could write.

The motive at the bottom of this was the motive which is always at the bottom of a woman's conduct when she loves. Her one ambition is to present herself to advantage, even in the most trifling matters, before the man on whom her heart is fixed. Lucilla's one ambition with Oscar was this and no more.

Conscious that her handwriting—thus far, painfully and incompletely guided by her sense of touch—must present itself in sadly unfavorable contrast to the handwriting of other women who could see, she persisted in petitioning Grosse to permit her to learn to "write with her eyes instead of her finger," until she fairly wearied out the worthy German's power of resistance. The rapid improvement in her sight after her removal to the sea-side justified him (as I was afterward informed) in letting her have her way. Little by little, using her eyes for a longer and longer time on each succeeding day, she mastered the serious difficulty of teaching herself to write by sight instead of by touch. Beginning with lines in copy-books, she got on to writing easy words to dictation. From that, again, she advanced to writing notes; and from writing notes to keeping a journal—this last at the suggestion of her aunt, who had lived in the days before penny postage, when people kept journals and wrote long letters: in short, when people had time to think of themselves, and, more wonderful still, to write about it too.

Lucilla's Journal at Ramsgate lies before me as I trace these lines.

I had planned at first to make use of it, so as to continue the course of my narrative without a check, still writing in my own person, as I have written thus far, and as I propose to write again at the time when I reappear on the scene.

But on thinking over it once more, and after reading the Journal again, it strikes me as the wiser proceeding to let Lucilla tell the story of her life at Ramsgate herself, adding notes of my own occasionally where they appear to be required. Variety, freshness, and reality—I believe I shall secure them all three by following this plan. Why is History in general (I know there are brilliant exceptions to the rule) such dull reading? Because it is the narrative of events written at second-hand. Now I will be any thing else you please except dull. You may say I have been dull already? As I am an honest woman, I don't agree with you. There are some people who bring dull minds to their reading, and then blame the writer for it. I say no more.

Consider it arranged, then. During my absence on the Continent Lucilla shall tell the story of events at Ramsgate. (And I will sprinkle a few notes over it here and there, signed P.)

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL.

East Cliff, Ramsgate, August 28.—A fortnight to-day since my aunt and I arrived at this place. I sent Zillah back to the rectory from London. Her rheumatic infirmities trouble her tenfold, poor old soul, in the moist air of the sea-side.

How has my writing got on for the last week? I am becoming a little better satisfied with it. I use my pen more easily; my hand is less like the hand of a backward child than it was. I shall be able to write as well as other ladies do when I am Oscar's wife.

[*Note.*—She is easily satisfied, poor dear. Her improved handwriting is sadly crooked. Some of the letters embrace each other at close quarters like dear friends, and some start asunder like bitter enemies. This is not to reflect on Lucilla, but to excuse myself if I make any mistakes in transcribing the Journal. Now let her go on.—P.]

Oscar's wife! When shall I be Oscar's wife? I have not so much as seen him yet. Something—I am afraid a difficulty with his brother—still keeps him on the Continent. The tone in which he writes continues to have a certain reserve in it which disquiets and puzzles me. Am I quite as happy as I expected to be when I recovered my sight? Not yet!

It is not Oscar's fault if I am out of spirits every now and then. It is my own fault. I have offended my father; and I sometimes fear I have not acted justly toward Madame Pratolungo. These things vex me.

It seems to be my fate to be always misunderstood. My sudden flight from the rectory meant no disrespect to my father. I left as I did because I was quite incapable of facing the woman whom I had once dearly loved—thinking of her as I think now. It is so unendurable to feel that your confidence is lost in a person whom you once trusted without limit, and to go on meeting that person every hour in the day with a smooth face, as if nothing had happened! The impulse to escape more meetings (when I discovered that she had left the house for a walk) was irresistible. I should do it again, if I was in the same position again. I have hinted at this in writing to my father; telling him that something unpleasant had happened between Madame Pratolungo and me, and that I went away so suddenly on that account alone. No use! He has not answered my letter. I have written since to my step-mother. Mrs. Finch's reply has informed me of the unjust manner in which he speaks of my aunt. Without the slightest reason for it, he is even more deeply offended with Miss Batchford than he is with me!

Sad as this estrangement is, there is one consolation, so far as I am concerned: it will not last. My father and I are sure, sooner or later, to come to an understanding together. When I return to the rectory I shall make my peace with him, and we shall get on again as smoothly as ever.

But how will it end between Madame Pratolungo and me?

She has not answered the letter I wrote to her. (I begin to wish I had never written it, or at least some of it—the latter part of it, I mean.) I have heard absolutely nothing of her since she has been abroad. I don't know when she will return, or if she will ever return, to live at Dimchurch again. Oh, what would I not give to have this dreadful mystery cleared up! to know whether I ought to fall down on my knees before her and beg her pardon, or whether I ought to count among the saddest days of my life the day which brought that woman to live with me as companion and friend?

Have I acted rashly, or have I acted wisely?

There is the question which always comes to me and torments me when I wake in the night. Let me look again (for the fiftieth time at least) at Oscar's letter.

[*Note.*—I copy the letter. Other eyes than hers ought to see it in this place. It is Nugent, of course, who here writes in Oscar's character and in Oscar's name. You will observe that his good resolutions, when he left me, held out as far as Paris, and then gave way, as follows.—P.]

"MY OWN DEAREST,—I have reached Paris, and have found my first opportunity of writing to you since I left Browndown. Madame Pratolungo has no doubt told you that a sudden necessity has called me to my brother. I have not yet reached the place at which I am to meet him. Before I meet him, let me tell you what the necessity which parted us really is. Madame Pratolungo no longer possesses my confidence. When you have read on a little farther, she will no longer possess yours.

"Alas, my love, I must amaze you, shock you, grieve you—I who would lay down my life for your happiness! Let me write it in the fewest words. I have made a terrible discovery. Lucilla, you have trusted Madame Pratolungo as your friend. Trust her no longer. She is your enemy, and mine!

"I suspected her some time since. My worst suspicions have been confirmed.

"Long ere this I ought to have told you what I tell you now. But I shrink from distressing you. To see a sad look on your dear face breaks my heart. It is only when I am away from you—when I fear the consequences if you are not warned of your danger—that I can summon the courage to tear off the mask from that woman's false face, and show her to you as she really is. It is impossible for me to enter into details in the space of a letter; I reserve all particulars until we meet again, and until I can produce what you have a right to ask for—proof that I am speaking the truth.

"In the mean while I beg you to look back into your own thoughts, to recall your own words, on the day when Madame Pratolungo offended you in the rectory garden. On that occasion the truth escaped the Frenchwoman's lips—and she knew it!

"Do you remember what you said after she had followed you to Browndown?—I mean after she had declared that you would have fallen in love with my brother if you had met him first, and after Nugent (at her instigation no doubt) had taken advantage of your blindness to make you believe that you were speaking to *me*. When you were smarting under the insult, and when you had found out the trick, what did you say?

"You said these—or nearly these—words:

"'She hated you from the first, Oscar—she took up with your brother directly he came here. Don't marry me at Dimchurch! Find out some place that they don't know of! They are both in a conspiracy together against you and against me. Take care of them! take care of them!'

"Lucilla, I echo your own words to you! I return the warning—the prophetic warning—which you unconsciously gave me in that past time. I am afraid my unhappy brother loves you—and I know for certain that Madame Pratolungo feels the interest in *him* which she has never felt in *me*. What you said, I say. They are in a conspiracy together against us. Take care of them! take care of them!

"When we meet again I shall be prepared to defeat the conspiracy. Till that time comes, as you value your happiness and mine, don't let Madame Pratolungo suspect that you have discovered her. It is she, I firmly believe, who is to blame. I am going to my brother—as you will now understand—with an object far different to the object which I put forward as an excuse to your false friend. Fear no dispute between Nugent and me. I know him. I firmly believe I shall find that he has been tempted and misled. I answer—now that no evil influences are at work on him—for his acting like an honorable man, and deserving your pardon and mine. The excuse I have made to Madame Pratolungo will prevent her from interfering between us. That was my one object in making it.

"Keep me correctly informed of your movements and of hers. I inclose an address to which you can write with the certainty that your letters will be forwarded.

"On my side, I promise to write constantly. Once more, don't trust a living creature about you with the secret which this letter reveals! Expect me back at the earliest possible moment to free you—with a husband's authority—from the woman who has so cruelly deceived us.

"Yours, with the truest affection, the fondest love,
OSCAR."

[*Note.*—It is quite needless for me to dwell here on the devilish cunning—I can use no other phrase—which inspired this abominable letter. Look back to the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters, and you will see how skillfully what I said in a moment of foolish irritation, and what Lucilla said when she too had lost her temper, is turned to account to poison her mind against me. We are made innocently to supply our enemy with the foundation on which he builds his plot. For the rest, the letter explains itself. Nugent still persists in personating his brother. He guesses easily at the excuse I should make to Lucilla for his absence; and he gets over the difficulty of appearing to have confided his errand to a woman whom he distrusts by declaring that he felt it necessary to deceive me as to what the nature of that errand really was. As the Journal proceeds you will see how dextrously he works the machinery which his letter has set in motion. All I need add here, in the way of explanation, is that the delay in his arrival at Ramsgate, of which Lucilla complains, was caused by nothing but his own hesitation. His sense of honor—as I know from discoveries made at a later time—was not entirely lost yet. The lower he sank, the harder his better nature struggled to raise him. Nothing, positively nothing, but his own remorse need have kept him at Paris (it is needless to say that he never stirred farther, and never discovered the place of his brother's retreat) after Lucilla had informed him by letter that I had gone abroad, and that she was at Ramsgate with her aunt. I have done: let Lucilla go on again.—P.]

I have read Oscar's letter once more.

He is the soul of honor; he is incapable of deceiving me. I remember saying what he tells me I said, and thinking it too—for the moment only—when I was beside myself with rage. Still, may it not be possible that appearances have misled Oscar? Oh, Madame Pratolungo! I had such a high opinion of you, I loved you so dearly—*can* you have been unworthy of the admiration and affection that you once inspired in me?

I quite agree with Oscar that his brother is not to blame. It is sad and shocking that Mr. Nugent Dubourg should have allowed himself to fall in love with me. But I can not help pitying him. Poor disfigured man, I hope he will get a good wife! How he must have suffered!

It is impossible to endure any longer my present state of suspense. Oscar must and shall satisfy me about Madame Pratolungo—with his own lips. I shall write to him by this post, and insist on his coming to Ramsgate.

August 29.—I wrote to him yesterday, to the address in Paris. My letter will be delivered tomorrow. Where is he? when will he get it?

[*Note.*—That innocent letter did its fatal mischief. It ended the struggle against himself which had kept Nugent Dubourg in Paris. On the morning when he received it he started for England. Here is the entry in Lucilla's journal.—P.]

August 31.—A telegram for me at breakfast-time. I am too happy to keep my hand steady; I am writing horribly. It doesn't matter: nothing matters but my telegram. (Oh, what a noble creature the man was who invented telegrams!) Oscar is on his way to Ramsgate!

ARRESTED FOR CRUELTY.

Mr. Bergh and his associates of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are doing a good work in this city. They have forced down the opposition and ridicule with which their efforts were at first met, and made their society a terror to the miscreants who ill treat the dumb animals committed to their charge. Formerly it was almost at the risk of getting a beating himself that a gentleman interfered to save an overloaded cart-horse from a driver's brutality; but now the most depraved and abusive are cowed at once by the mere mention of Mr. Bergh's name.

This is a great triumph for humanity. Scenes of brutal treatment have ceased to be as frequent as they were a few years ago, when the most familiar sight in our streets was a human brute beating his horse. But continual vigilance is still required to prevent the occurrence of such incidents as the one depicted by our artist in the illustration on page 29, which represents an actual scene.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the most useful aids to those engaged in scientific research are well-digested catalogues of all the books and memoirs bearing upon the subjects of their inquiry. Nearly all branches of science have such indexes, which, indeed, are indispensable works of reference. Among the most important of such works is one undertaken several years ago by the Royal Society of London, and mainly, according to the preface of the first volume, in consequence of a suggestion to that effect made by Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution. This is intended to contain a list of all scientific papers or articles published in private serials or the transactions of societies, from the earliest period of logical research down to the present date, the names of authors being arranged in alphabetical sequence, with the titles under each in chronological order. Of this gigantic work five volumes, each as large as a volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," have already been published, and the sixth and last is now in press, and will appear in the course of the coming year.

A correspondent of the *Association Scientifique de France* takes the ground that the phenomena of the quaternary period are inexplicable on the ordinary principles assumed by geologists, and that the only proper cause that can be assigned for them is a change in the position of the poles, the northern of which, during this period, according to the writer, was somewhere in the vicinity of the Desert of Sahara.

Among the various organizations established for the promotion of national industry and welfare, one of the most important is the German Fishery Association, recently organized, with its head-quarters at Berlin. This is directed by some of the most eminent naturalists in the country, assisted by men of practical experience in fish-culture and other allied pursuits; and it has already done a great deal toward accomplishing the mission for which it was established. Many inquiries have been initiated in reference to the proper mode of the culture of oysters, mussels, crabs, and other marine invertebrates, as also in regard to the hatching and rearing of edible fish, both fresh-water and marine. Its transactions embrace original memoirs, and translations from Scandinavian authorities whose experience is considered of value to other parts of Europe.

We have no association precisely similar to this in the United States, although the harmonious co-operation of the Fishery Commissioners of the several States of the Union, which has been so frequently exhibited, perhaps answers the purpose to a certain degree. We have, however, nothing in the way of official reports in America that at all correspond in thoroughness and extent to those of the German association—documents emanating from the Department of Fisheries in Canada coming nearest to them. In view of the fact that the United States has vast interests in this direction, covering such an extended field of operations, with so great a variety of resources, we trust that some similar effort may be made to give completeness and thoroughness to the inquiries connected with this subject.

The expedition for the explorations in Asia Minor, of which mention has been made in the daily papers from time to time, was at Smyrna on the 23d of September last, and embraced Professors Curtius, Stark, Adler, of New York, and a German military officer. The gun-boat *Meteor* had been placed at their service in order that they might touch at various points, and penetrate thence into the interior, as well as visit the various islands. After spending several days in examining the result of certain excavations made at Ephesus under the auspices of the Dilettanti Society of London, the party proceeded to Sardis.

Preparations continue to be made on the part of the Russian government, assisted by its scientific men, for the great polar expeditions of 1872 and 1873. Among the points to which special attention is to be directed are, in the region to the west of Nova Zembla, first, the determination of the cold and warm currents between the Murmanian coast and Nova Zembla; second, to decide the southern limit of the polar ice, and to take measurements of the deep seas; third, to ascertain the extension of the Gulf Stream, and what becomes of it when it meets the polar ice; fourth, to learn especially the distribution of the Gulf Stream along the coast of Nova Zembla; fifth, to fix accurately the extension of certain parts of the coast of Northwestern Nova Zembla. To the east and northeast the points to be inquired into are, first, the expansion of the Kara Sea, and all that portion of the sea nearest to it on the east; second, to penetrate northeasterly to the limit of the polar ice; third, at least to make an effort to get as far as possible to the east, and to explore the regions along the mouths of the Siberian rivers; fourth, to make accurate geographic determinations along the least-known portions of the Siberian coast; fifth, to prosecute studies in regard to the hunting ventures of the Norwegians and Russians in Nova Zembla. These two regions of country will be intrusted to two different sailing vessels respectively, each provided with a competent commander, a specialist in physical geography, and a zoologist. The experience gained by these expeditions during 1872 is to be utilized still further in a much more extended and more completely equipped exploration in 1873, in which the same persons will take part.

Among other scientific explorations referred to in the "Scientific Intelligence," as promised during the past summer, was one about to be undertaken in the way of deep-sea dredging in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, by Mr. J. F. Whiteaves, in the interest of the Natural History Society of Montreal. We find in a late number of *Nature* a report of his labors from this gentleman, from which it seems that the investigation lasted for a period of five weeks, the first three of which were spent on the schooner *La Canadienne*, and the remaining two on the *Stella Maris*. The area examined included an entire circuit round the island of Anticosti, and extended from Point des Monts (on the north shore of the St. Lawrence) to a spot about half-way between the east end of Anticosti and the Bird Rocks. As these investigations were almost necessarily subordinate to the special duties on which the schooners were engaged, in several cases the same ground was gone over twice.

The bottom at great depths was found to consist of a tough, clayey mud, with occasional large stones on the surface. Temperature observations do not seem to have been made with very precise instruments, but as far as ascertained the mud at this depth was about 37° to 38° F. In the deepest part of the river, on the south shore, the temperature was a little higher. Sand dredged on the north shore in twenty-five fathoms also made the mercury sink to 37° or 38°. The principal explorations were prosecuted in a depth of from 250 to 300 fathoms. The maximum sounding observed by the government surveying parties, however, west of Newfoundland, is 313 fathoms.

Numerous species of marine invertebrates were obtained, of which twenty-four species of mollusca occurred at depths of from 90 to 200 fathoms. Nearly all of these are arctic forms, and eleven of them are new to the continent of America. Three species of brachiopods were found. The close similarity of the deep-sea fauna of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of the quaternary deposits of Norway was thought to be quite noticeable; but many of the characteristic North European invertebrates were not met with. This may, perhaps, have been owing to the comparatively limited extent of the investigations. It was expected that quite a resemblance would be found to exist between the recent fauna of the deeper parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and that of the post-pliocene deposits of Canada. This, however, was not very striking, although somewhat indicated.

A motion was made in the British Parliament, just before its recent adjournment, for the appointment of a committee to report upon the practical effect of the storm-warnings issued by the British Meteorological-office, specifying how many had been verified by the result, and how many the contrary. The return has, we believe, not yet been made, although the general subject has been discussed at considerable length in the London journals. It is well known that under the administration of the government meteorological system of storm-warnings, under Admiral Fitzroy, the attempt was made to indicate the probable approach of gales and storms, with the general direction from which the storm was to be expected. These were announced during the daytime by two large bodies in the shape of a drum and a cone variously adjusted, and at night by means of lights. After Admiral Fitzroy's death, and the reorganization of the system, but one drum was used, and that only raised to show that a serious atmospheric disturbance existed somewhere on or near the British coast. This is exhibited for thirty-six hours after the telegraphic message directing it to be hoisted, and is merely intended to give an intimation to seamen to be on the look-out for approaching bad weather.

At the present time there are 74 drum signals in England and Wales, 32 in Scotland, 12 in Ireland, 3 in the Isle of Man, and 2 in Jersey.

A similar system has quite recently been adopted by the Signal Service branch of the War Department of the United States, under General Myer, as is well known to most of our readers. The day signal here consists of a flag instead of a drum, and is likewise intended only to indicate the probable approach of a storm blowing at the rate of at least thirty miles per hour. The short time during which this system has been in operation has been sufficient to prove its value; and during the late severe gales all over the country much loss of life and property has been prevented by proper attention to the intimations given.

For a considerable time the Signal-office has given telegraphic announcements of the probabilities of the weather; and we learn from an abstract of the report of the Chief Signal Officer, General Myer, that 65 per cent. of these prognostications have been verified by the result; and as the theory of atmospheric disturbances is better understood the percentage of verifications will continually increase.

Mr. Denning, secretary of the Observing Astronomical Society of Bristol, invites the attention of observers of total eclipses of the sun to the fact that there probably exists a hitherto unknown planet which revolves in an orbit interior to that of Mercury, and remarks that such a body, if it does exist, can be well detected during the progress of a total solar eclipse, if the region of sky in the neighborhood of the sun be carefully examined. He calls especial attention to the fact that during the eclipse of August, 1869, a bright object was seen in close proximity to the sun, and that it is not improbable that it is the planet which Lescarbault witnessed in transit March 26, 1859. He therefore urges observers to make a rigorous scrutiny of all objects visible in the neighborhood of the sun at the time of totality, so that this body may be rediscovered, if possible.

According to Petermann, the exploration of Richard Brenner along the west coast lands of the Indian Ocean, originally undertaken for commercial ends, has been unexpectedly successful, and has also furnished important discoveries in geography. This traveler, after an absence of a year and a half, has lately returned to Germany, and as soon as the grasp of malarial fever leaves him sufficiently, he expects to prepare a detailed statement of his adventures for the *Mittheilungen*.

A good deal of attention has been excited among Egyptologists by the comparatively recent discovery in excavations made at Tanis, on the eastern or Pelusiac branch of the Nile, of a trilingual stone, somewhat of the character of the celebrated Rosetta stone, but much more perfect, and believed to be of about two hundred and fifty years greater antiquity. This, which is now deposited in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Cairo, is a perfect stela, about six feet high, two and a half feet broad, and one foot thick, the summit being arched.

The inscriptions cover one entire face and most of one side; hieroglyphics occupy about three-fifths (the upper portion) of the face, and the Greek version the remainder, while the Demotic translation covers scarcely more than two-thirds (the upper part) of the left side. The letters are small, closely crowded, and all perfect and sharply cut, the stone not having been defaced in the slightest degree. In the extent and perfection of the inscriptions, it is, therefore, much superior to the Rosetta stone. Casts of this have been recently taken to supply the museums of London and Berlin, and a third was obtained, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. Lansing, for Monmouth College, Illinois. At the request of Dr. Lansing, and through the liberality of Dr. Wallace, president of the college, this cast of the stone, forming three large slabs, on reaching New York was forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution, in order that a mould might be taken from which to supply copies for the museum of the Institution.

According to Dr. Seyffarth, of Dansville, New York, who has paid particular attention to the Tanis stone, one of the most important results of its critical study is that the idea of Champollion, that every hieroglyphic text consists half of symbolic figures and half of pure letters, like the Hebrew, without any signs for syllables, is erroneous: and that, on the contrary, the hieroglyphic writing is syllabic, each figure expressing the two or three consonants which the name of the figure contains. Thus the owl, which in Coptic is called mulak, expresses the word melek, king—both words containing the same consonants. This idea, suggested by Dr. Seyffarth in 1826 from the study of the Rosetta stone, is, in his opinion, entirely confirmed by the critical study of the Tanis stone.

The Norfolk papers report the occurrence, off the coast of North Carolina, of very large schools of immense blue-fish, averaging twelve pounds each in weight. The steamer *Cygnet* brought in from Currituck Inlet, on the 20th of November, 3000 fish, which were taken in nets, and weighed nearly eighteen tons.

Mr. Diamilla-Müller, of Milan, invites the concurrence of physicists in making a series of simultaneous observations in terrestrial magnetism on the 15th of October, 1872. He remarks that the simultaneous observations of the 20th of August, 1870, have furnished a long and rich series of data in reference to the diurnal variation of the needle, taken as a whole, and over the entire surface of the earth. Among the most important results of this series is that the secular variation of the horizontal needle, on the surface of the globe, increases or diminishes in proportion to the value of the angle formed by the needle with the astronomical meridian; this variation being two minutes per annum near the line of zero, or in declination, and seven minutes where the declination is equal to fourteen degrees; such proportion being exhibited symmetrically on either side of the line of no declination.

The special object of the second series is to ascertain the absolute mean daily declination, for the purpose of determining the secular variation of the isogonal lines—in other words, the increase or diminution of the declination. They will also serve to assist in the construction of magnetic charts, as, with their aid, it will be possible to resolve many pending questions relative to the real position of certain isogonal lines, and to the proportional value of their secular displacement. The general object, as finally summed up by Mr. Müller, is to determine the absolute mean value of the magnetical declination on the 15th of October, 1872, upon the entire surface of the globe, with instruments and according to the tests employed up to this time by the different observatories. The magnetic stations which possess self-registering instruments should take the mean variation of the twenty-four hours reduced to an absolute value. Those who do not possess such instruments should determine directly the absolute magnetic declination at eight o'clock in the morning, and two and six in the afternoon. Directors of observatories are requested to transmit the results of their observations to Mr. Müller at Milan, with the assurance that they will be carefully collated, and the comparative results published in a special report.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road-side. Passing a country tavern, where there were collected together some dozen countrymen, the animal, as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men in the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell that horse. "Yes," said the young man, "but I can not recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears any calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

The Yankee who was "lying at the point of death" whittled it off with his jackknife, and is now recovering.

There is a man in town so bashful that he seldom gets acquainted with the facts.

When may a man be said to be overgrown?—When he is six feet two (*too*) tall.

A "Fast Life"—Married life.

Fruit for Balloonists—Currents in the air.

What kind of rain does a sheep-farmer abhor?—*Murrain.*

A Burst of Eloquence—An exploded idea.

Not a great while since a pedagogue in one of the Eastern States was examining a class of pupils touching their ideas regarding the sea. Of one bright little fellow he asked the question how he would like a seafaring life. "First-rate," was the reply, "except the fishing business." "And why not that?" "Because I don't like *whaling*."

A Poor Place for a Hungry Pig—The *trough* of the sea.

Trees are religious once a year; then they profess *Buddhism*.

Does it hurt a joke to *crack* it?

A fisherman is a generous fellow, inasmuch as he often *re-baits*.

Irony—To ask a hardware merchant the price of *cast-steel soap*.

Step on an orange-peel if you wish to make a quick trip.

An excellent old deacon who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked as he handed her the fowl that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

An oyster leads a placid life until he gets into a stew.

This is the way a Troy reporter congratulated a friend on his marriage:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of life,
Rashly importunate,
Taken a wife."

The "Bump of Destructiveness"—A railway collision.

An exchange, wishing to speak of the "Lost Heir," was surprised to see that the compositor made it the "Lost Hen."

A lady, some time back, at the British Museum, asked if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she; "that's very strange, for they have one at Oxford."

"Are you fond of tongue, Sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it *still*."

A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes. Though I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe any thing thee or others have not seen?" "No, to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see any body that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

A Noisy Piece of Crockery—The cup that cheers.

Can a lover be called a suitor when he don't suit her?

Some "horrid" man says that in the present style of dressing young ladies' hair it is hard to tell which is switch.

An inquisitive lady recently visiting Sing Sing, asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse fare. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure; and when she asked him what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, "Break out."

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

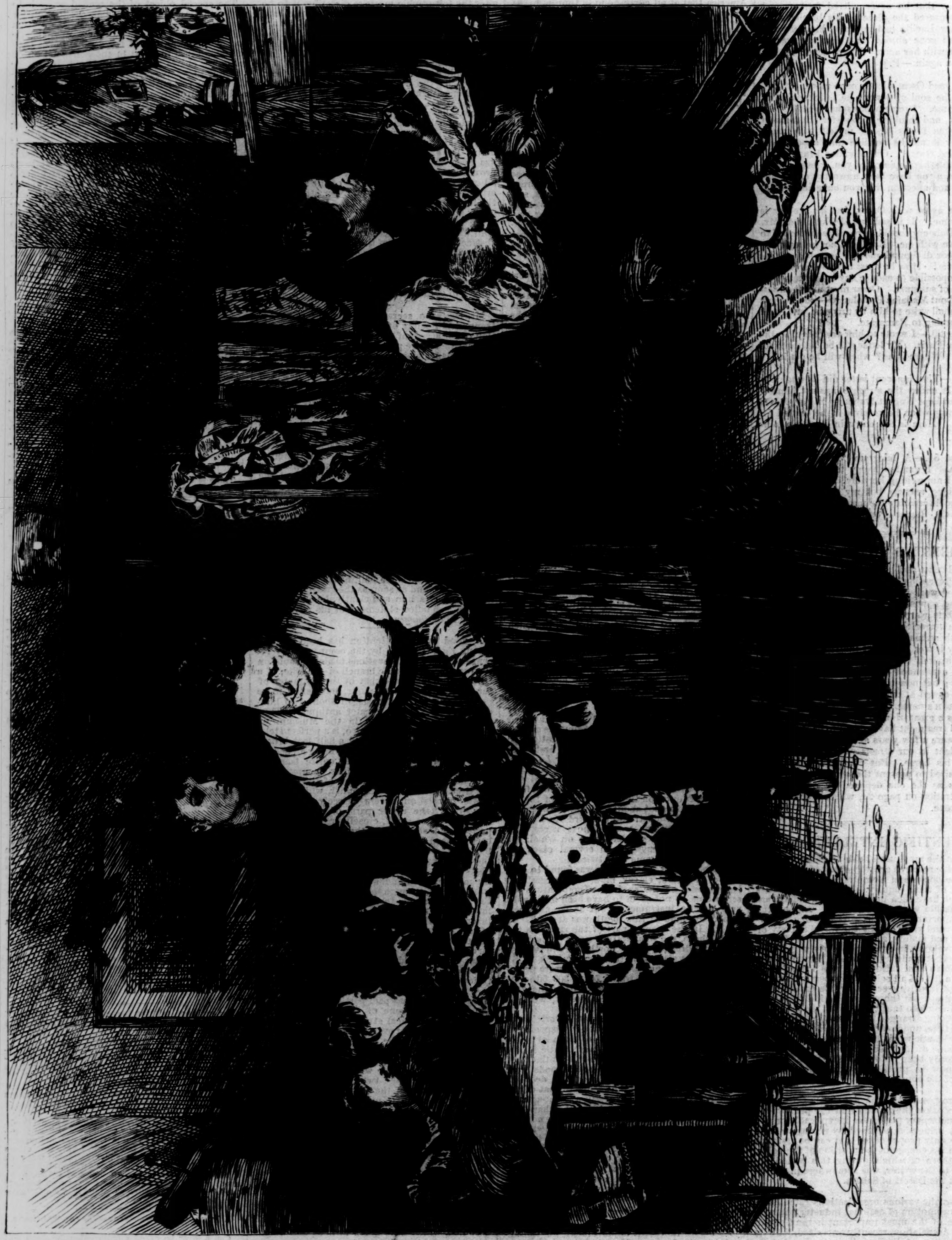
Our illustration on this page refers to one of the many kinds of theatrical entertainment given in the English theatres during the Christmas holidays, and represents a poor fellow who has undertaken to play the clown in a pantomime industriously studying up his part, while his wife is making ready his motley costume.

The clown appears to be an inoffensive, domestic sort of fellow, without much mother-wit to spare. We can imagine him soliloquizing to himself somewhat in this fashion:

"A man must have peculiar natural gifts to make a good clown, and he must be a bit of a literary man too. You're surprised to hear that? Why, he always writes his own part, invents the comic business, and although there's not much elegance about the style, there's a wonderful lot of mental toil put into it. It's made up of stage directions, you see: 'Enter policeman—clown knocks off his head—policeman remonstrates—rally with pantaloon,' and so on. Now it requires a deal of imagination to go on writing year after year, and get variety. But the great secret is to keep things going, and that's where so many fail; they allow the business to flag, and that's fatal. Others, again, repeat themselves; they fancy they do certain things well, and they're always doing it. I remember one clown who ruined himself by seeing ghosts. He thought he saw ghosts better than any one, and the business was always standing still while he knocked his knees together and looked frightened, until the people wouldn't have him at any price. He was acting pantaloon in the provinces when I last heard of him.

"Well, I've had some experience. I made my first appearance just before I married, and my wife was Columbine at the same theatre, which was how we got acquainted. She has given up the Columbine business now, and our eldest daughter has taken to it. She has to attend to the family, you see, and is not quite so light as she was. Our third boy gives very good promise of a pantaloon, which is not the highest walk in life, but each according to his talents is my motto, and the way he crooks his knees is a sight to see.

"Has it ever struck you as a curious thing in human nature that, give it any amount of time for preparation, it always puts it off to the last moment? It is so in our profession, and we are never ready until the bell rings, as I may say, for the curtain to rise. I'm not ready with my part even now, and there's my wife still getting up my costume. Ah! that will bear looking at quite close; no deception there, but first-rate stitching all round the spots and stripes. We have two suits, you see, to carry us through the run of a piece, and while we're soiling one the other's being cleaned, for a dirty clown would never do—oh dear, no!"



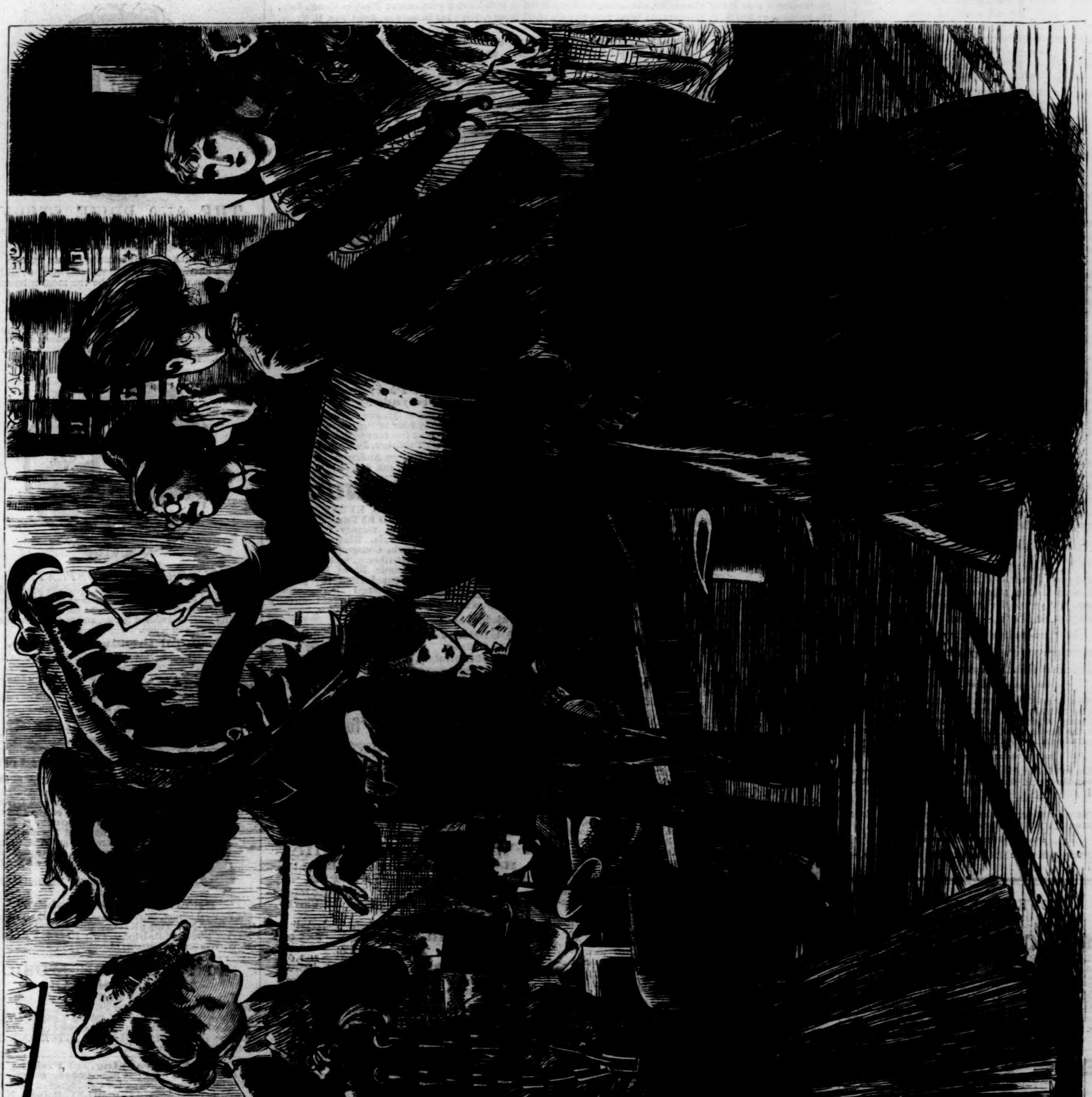
PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL.

ALL youthful play-goers, especially those of the masculine sex, long to penetrate into the inner mysteries of theatrical life; they regard with envy any acquaintance who has visited that mystic region "behind the scenes;" and, in default of such indulgence, they peep curiously at the little door through which the members of the orchestra go in and out, and which leads to what is technically termed the "mezzanine floor;" and they are delighted if, before the green curtain draws up, they catch sight of the legs of a stage carpenter, clad in the trowsers of ordinary life. Elderly people, on the contrary, who by dint of sad experience have lost many of the illusions of their younger days, prefer to preserve those which appertain to the theatre. They want to have faith in the beautiful woodland scenery; they strive to believe in the stage moon; and when the bright light casts a silvery radiance over the ghost's armor, they would rather not be reminded by some precocious youngster at their elbow that it is due to chemistry.

Preach, however, as we may, a great many persons will continue to take a peculiar interest in those special phases of theatrical life to which the public are not ordinarily admitted; so suppose we gratify their curiosity by paying a visit, if not exactly "behind the scenes," at all events in front of the scenes at an unusual hour of the day—namely, at about 11 A.M.

Somehow or other we convince the grim Cerberus who guards the stage-door of the theatre that we have the right of entry. Perhaps we are a personal friend of the manager's, perhaps we supplied the author of the forthcoming burlesque with six of his most excruciating puns, perhaps we are an acquaintance of the pyrotechnist who furnishes the variegated fire which the dragon emits from his hideous jaws—anyhow, we seat ourselves quietly in one of the back rows of the stalls. The fronts of the boxes are all enveloped in large canvas cloths; there is no light except some dingy daylight which struggles in over the back of the gallery, saving the glimmer of an occasional candle which may be seen traveling along the lobbies; and there is not a soul visible except a couple of char-women, who may be dimly perceived sweeping among the dark benches of the pit. Presently, however, some slight movement is perceptible on the stage, two or three carpenters begin to busy themselves with the scenery, somebody lights a gas-rake which hangs over the orchestra, a musician, who, perhaps, represents the whole band on this occasion, begins scraping his fiddle, half a score of ladies and gentlemen, including the manager and the author, take their seats in the stalls or stand at the wings; and then the stage manager, a most energetic gentleman with double glasses on his nose, and his hat on the back of his head (theatrical people will recognize this portrait), makes his appearance, and looks anxiously round



THE NEW BURLESQUE—AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL.

to see that every body is present who is wanted for the rehearsal. The scene is not very exhilarating, for the stage is dimly lighted, and the house is chilly and draughty; but it is worth seeing from the incongruities which it presents. Every body is attired in their ordinary walking dress, and that circumstance alone would make the rhyming and punning absurdities of the extravaganza seem more absurd than usual. Besides this, there are all sorts of interruptions: people make mistakes in their delivery of the text, and are eagerly corrected by the anxious author; or the same gentleman, addressing the lady who plays Prince Hansom Kabbi, says, "Excuse me, Miss De Wilderspin, the point of that joke is completely lost if you deliver it so;" whereupon Miss De Wilderspin pouts her pretty lips, believing her own reading to be the right one. But the incongruities of costume are the funniest of all. Observe the young lady with the fur-trimmed jacket. How the people would stare at her if she walked down Fifth Avenue with those lady-like gilded fetters on her slender wrists! Her companion, too, with sword and shield, would attract no small amount of attention. But the queerest of all the figures is the dragon, with his short double-breasted coat and commonplace trowsers and boots. He really looks a more comic monster in his present guise than he will at night when his scaly armor is complete. At last the rehearsal is over, and the performers, chilly and hungry, go off in search of a well-earned luncheon.

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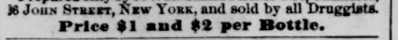

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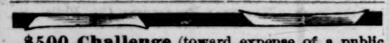

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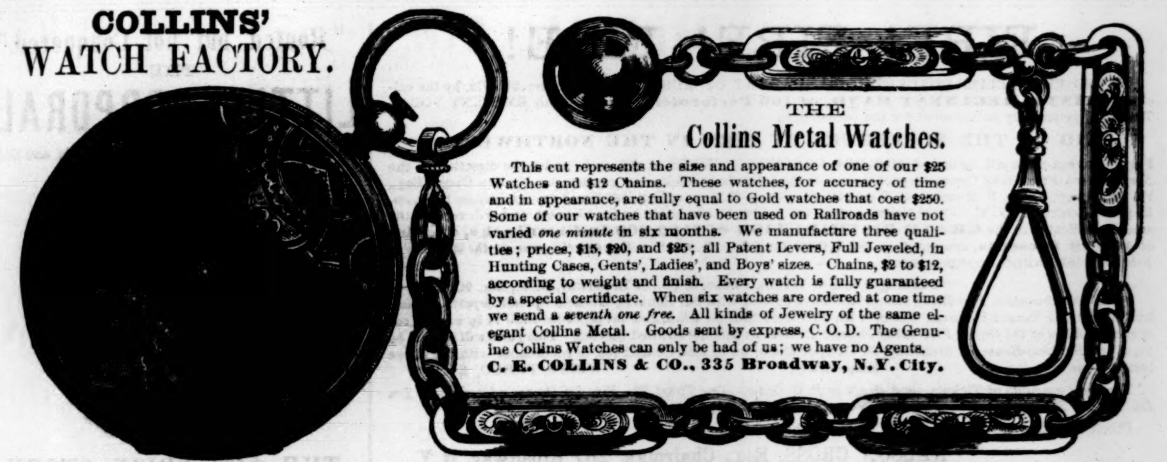

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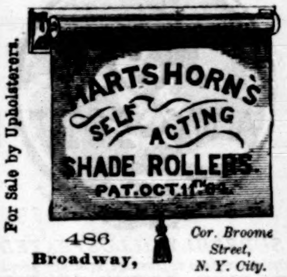
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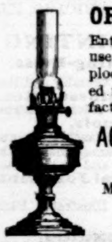

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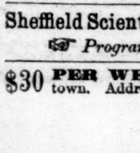

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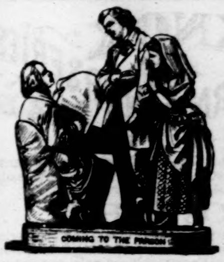

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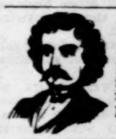

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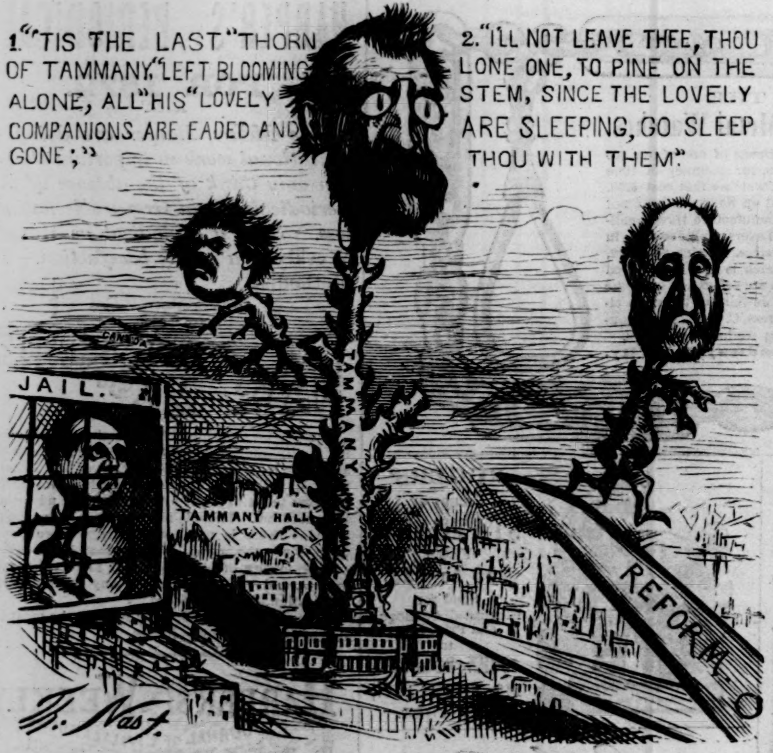
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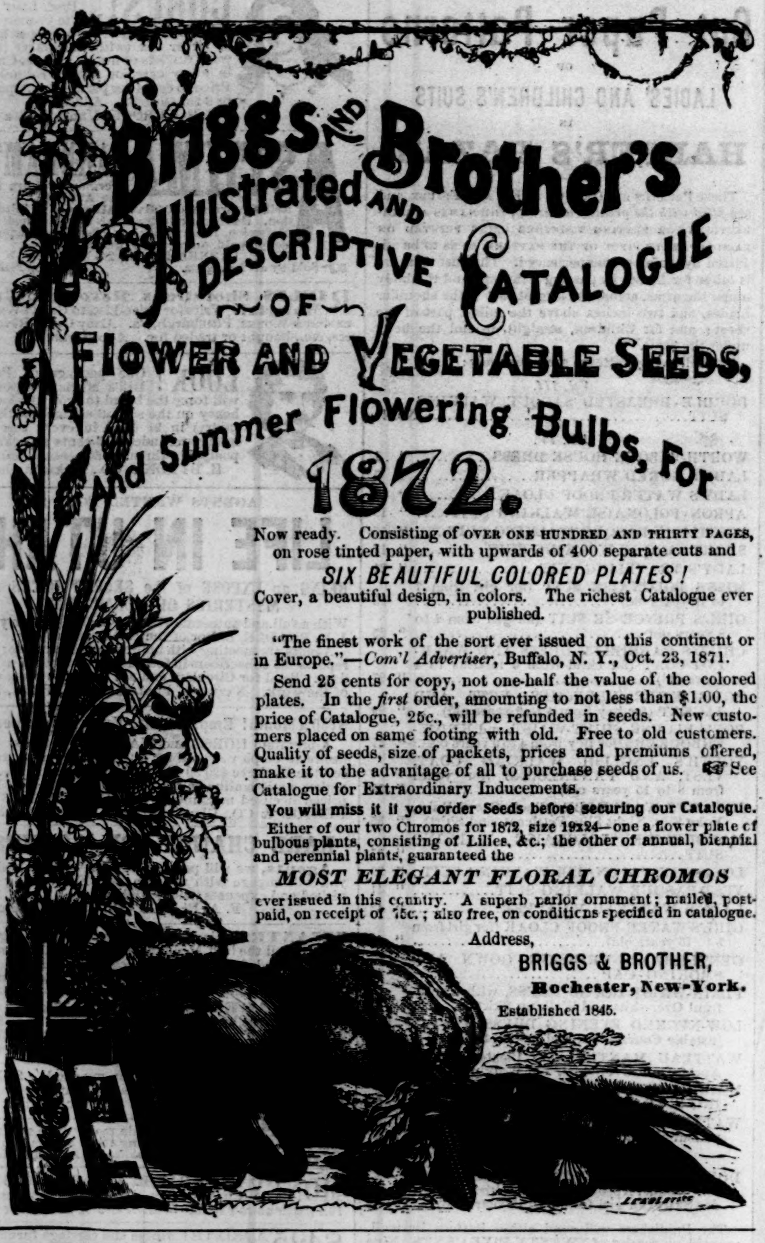

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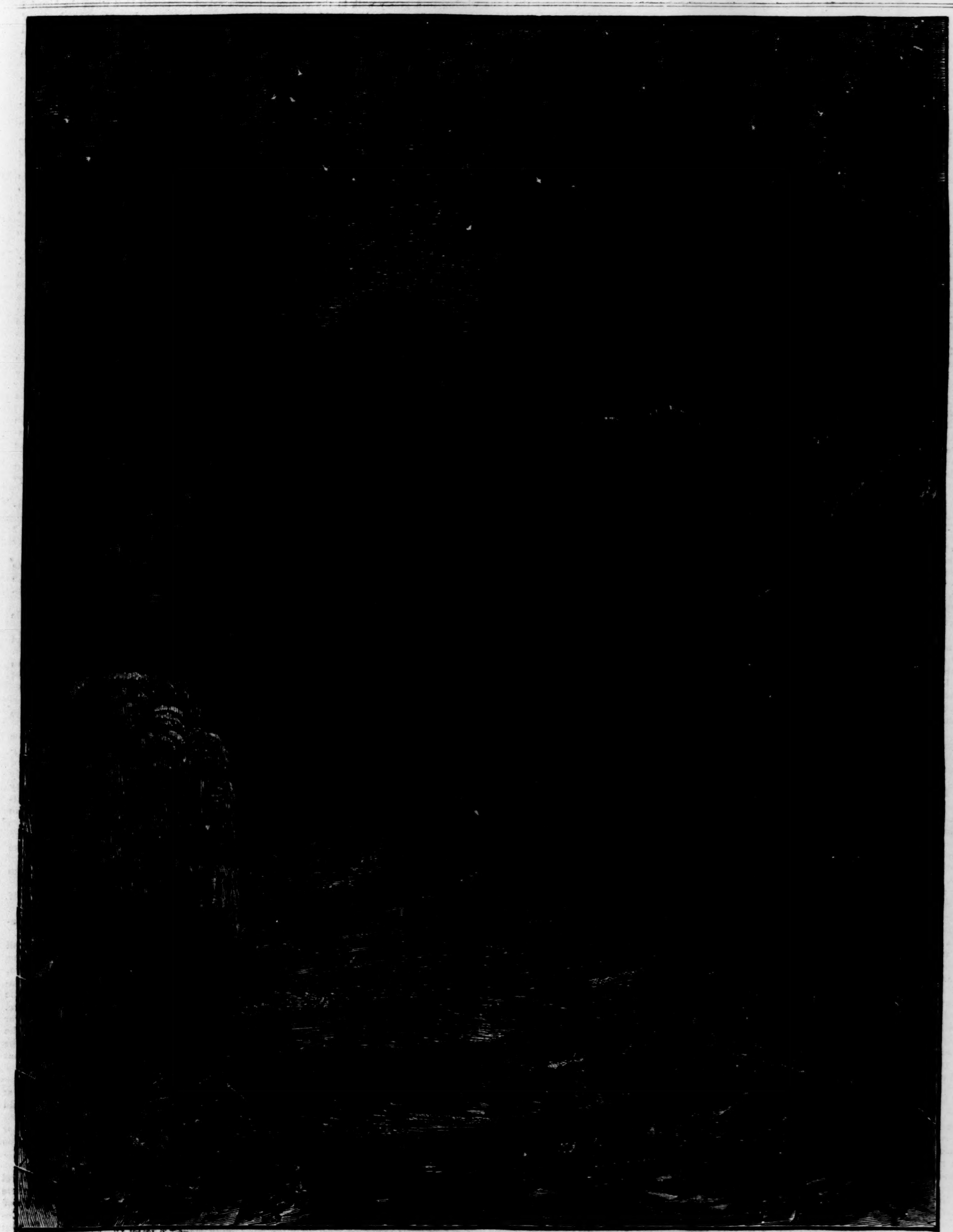

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MISS OR MRS.?

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BY WILKIE COLLINS.

EIGHTH SCENE.

THE LIBRARY.

THE next day Sir Joseph Graybrooke, Sir Joseph's lawyer, Mr. Dicas (highly respectable and immensely rich), and Richard Turlington were assembled in the library at Muswell Hill to discuss the question of Natalie's marriage-settlement.

After the usual preliminary phrases had been exchanged, Sir Joseph showed some hesitation in openly approaching the question which the little party of three had met to debate. He avoided his lawyer's eye, and he looked at Turlington rather uneasily.

"Richard," he began at last, "when I spoke to you about your marriage, on board the yacht, I said I would give my daughter—" Either his courage or his breath failed him at that point. He was obliged to wait a moment before he could go on.

"I said I would give my daughter half my fortune on her marriage," he resumed. "Forgive me, Richard. I can't do it!"

Mr. Dicas, waiting for his instructions, laid down his pen and looked at Sir Joseph's son-in-law elect. What would Mr. Turlington say?

He said nothing. Sitting opposite the window, he rose when Sir Joseph spoke, and placed himself at the other side of the table, with his back to the light.

"My eyes are weak this morning," he said, in an unnaturally low tone of voice. "The light hurts them."

He could find no more plausible excuse than that for concealing his face in shadow from the scrutiny of the two men on either side of him. The continuous moral irritation of his unhappy courtship—a courtship which had never advanced beyond the frigid familiarity of kissing Natalie's hand in the presence of other persons—had physically deteriorated him. Even *his* hardy nerves began to feel the long strain of suspicion that had been laid unremittingly on them for weeks past. His power of self-control—he knew it himself—was not to be relied on. He could hide his face: he could no longer command it.

"Did you hear what I said, Richard?"

"I heard. Go on."

Sir Joseph proceeded, gathering confidence as he advanced.

"Half my fortune!" he repeated. "It's parting with half my life; it's saying good-by forever to my dearest friend! My money has been such a comfort to me, Richard; such a pleasant occupation for my mind. I know no reading so interesting and so instructive as the reading of one's Banker's Book. To watch the outgoings on one side," said Sir Joseph, with a gentle and pathetic solemnity, "and the incomings on the other—the sad lessening of the balance at one time, and the cheering and delightful growth of it at another. What absorbing reading! The best novel that ever was written isn't to be mentioned in a breath with it. I can not, Richard, I really can *not*, see my nice round balance shrink up to half the figure that I have been used to for a lifetime. It may be weak of me," proceeded Sir Joseph—evidently feeling that it was not weak of him at all—"but we all have our tender place, and my Banker's Book is mine. Besides, it isn't as if you wanted it. If you wanted it, of course—But you don't want it. You are a rich man; you are marrying my dear Natalie for love, not for money. You and she and my grandchildren will have it all at my death. It *can* make no difference to you to wait a few years till the old man's chair at the fireside is empty. Will you say the fourth part, Richard, instead of the half? Twenty thousand," pleaded Sir Joseph, piteously. "I can bear twenty thousand off. For God's sake, don't ask me for more!"

The lips of the lawyer twisted themselves sourly into an ironical smile. He was quite as fond of his money as Sir Joseph. He ought to have felt for his client; but rich men have no sympathy with one another. Mr. Dicas openly despised Sir Joseph.

There was a pause. The robin-redbreasts in the shrubbery outside must have had prodigious balances at their bankers': they hopped up on the window-sill so fearlessly; they looked in with so little respect at the two rich men.

"Don't keep me in suspense, Richard," pleaded Sir Joseph. "Speak out. Is it yes or no?"

Turlington struck his hand excitedly on the table, and burst out on a sudden with the answer which had been so strangely delayed.

"Twenty thousand with all my heart!" he said. "On this condition, Graybrooke, that every farthing of it is settled on Natalie, and on her children after her. Not a half-penny to me!" he cried, magnanimously, in his brassiest tones. "Not a half-penny to me!"

Let no man say the rich are heartless. Sir Joseph seized his son-in-law's hand in silence and burst into tears.

Mr. Dicas, habitually a silent man, uttered the first two words that had escaped him since the business began. "Highly creditable," he said, and took a note of his instructions on the spot.

From that point the business of the settlement flowed smoothly on to its destined end. Sir Joseph explained his views at the fullest length, and the lawyer's pen kept pace with him. Turlington, remaining in his place at the window, restricted himself to a purely passive part in the proceedings. He answered briefly when it was absolutely necessary to speak, and he agreed with the two elders in every thing. A man has no attention to place at the disposal of other people when he stands at a crisis in his life. Turlington stood at that crisis at the trying moment when Sir Joseph's unexpected proposal pressed instantly for a reply. Two merciless alternatives confronted him. Either he must repay the borrowed forty thousand pounds on the day when repayment was due, or he must ask Bulpit Brothers to grant him an extension of time, and so inevitably provoke an examination into the fraudulent security deposited with that firm, which could end but in one way. His last—literally his last—chance, after Sir Joseph had shamelessly diminished the promised dowry by one-half, was to adopt the high-minded tone which became his position, and to conceal the truth until he could reveal it to his father-in-law in the privileged character of Natalie's husband. "I owe forty thousand pounds, Sir, in a fortnight's time, and I have not got a farthing of my own. Pay for me, or you will see your son-in-law's name in the Bankrupts' List." For his daughter's sake—who could doubt it?—Sir Joseph would produce the money. The one thing needful was to be married in time. If either by accident or treachery Sir Joseph was led into deferring the appointed day, by so much as a fortnight only, the fatal "call" would come, and the firm of Pizzituti, Turlington, & Branca would appear in the *Gazette*.

So he reasoned, standing on the brink of the terrible discovery which was soon to reveal to him that Natalie was the wife of another man.

"Richard!"

"Mr. Turlington!"

He started, and roused his attention to present things. Sir Joseph on one side, and the lawyer on the other, were both appealing to him, and both regarding him with looks of amazement.

"Have you done with the settlements?" he asked.

"My dear Richard, we have done with them long since," replied Sir Joseph. "Have you really not heard what I have been saying for the last quarter of an hour to good Mr. Dicas here? What *can* you have been thinking of?"

Turlington did not attempt to answer the question. "Am I interested," he asked, "in what you have been saying to Mr. Dicas?"

"You shall judge for yourself," answered Sir Joseph, mysteriously; "I have been giving Mr. Dicas his instructions for making my Will. I wish the Will and the Marriage-Settlement to be executed at the same time. Read the instructions, Mr. Dicas."

Sir Joseph's contemplated Will proved to have two merits—it was simple and it was short. Excepting one or two trifling legacies to distant relatives, he had no one to think of (Miss Lavinia being already provided for) but his daughter and the children who might be born of her marriage. In its various provisions, made with these two main objects in view, the Will followed the precedents established in such cases. It differed in no important respect from the tens of thousands of other wills made under similar circumstances. Sir Joseph's motive in claiming special attention for it still remained unexplained, when Mr. Dicas reached the clause devoted to the appointment of executors and trustees; and announced that this portion of the document was left in blank.

"Sir Joseph Graybrooke, are you prepared to name the persons whom you appoint?" asked the lawyer.

Sir Joseph rose, apparently for the purpose of giving special importance to the terms in which he answered his lawyer's question.

"I appoint," he said, "as sole executor and trustee—Richard Turlington."

It was no easy matter to astonish Mr. Dicas. Sir Joseph's reply absolutely confounded him. He looked across the table at his client and delivered himself on this special occasion of as many as three words.

"Are you mad?" he asked.

Sir Joseph's healthy complexion slightly reddened. "I never was in more complete possession of myself, Mr. Dicas, than at this moment."

Mr. Dicas was not to be silenced in that way.

"Are you aware of what you do," persisted the lawyer, "if you appoint Mr. Turlington as sole executor and trustee? You put it in the power of your daughter's husband, Sir, to make away with every farthing of your money after your death."

Turlington had hitherto listened with an appearance of interest in the proceedings, which he assumed as an act of politeness. To his view, the future was limited to the date at which Bulpit Brothers had a right to claim the repayment of their loan. The Will was a matter of no earthly importance to him, by comparison with the infinitely superior interest of the Marriage. It was only when the lawyer's brutally plain language forced his attention to it, that the question of his pecuniary interest in his father-in-law's death assumed its fit position in his mind.

His color rose; and *he* too showed that he was offended by what Mr. Dicas had just said.

"Not a word, Richard! Let me speak for you as well as for myself," said Sir Joseph. "For seven years past," he continued, turning to the lawyer, "I have been accustomed to place the most unlimited trust in Richard Turlington. His disinterested advice has enabled me largely to increase my income, without placing a farthing of the principal in jeopardy. On more than one occasion, I have entreated him to make use of my money in his business. He has invariably refused to do so. Even his bitterest enemies, Sir, have been obliged to acknowledge that my interests were safe when committed to his care. Am I to begin distrusting him, now that I am about to give him my daughter in marriage? Am I to leave it on record that I doubt him for the first time—when my Will is opened after my death? No! I can confide the management of the fortune which my child will inherit after me to no more competent or more honorable hands than the hands of the man who is to marry her. I maintain my appointment, Mr. Dicas. I persist in placing the whole responsibility under my Will in my son-in-law's care."

Turlington attempted to speak. The lawyer attempted to speak. Sir Joseph—with a certain simple dignity which had its effect on both of them—declined to hear a word on either side. "No, Richard! as long as I am alive this is my business, not yours. No, Mr. Dicas! I understand that it is your business to protest professionally. You have protested. Fill in the blank space as I have told you; or leave the instructions on the table, and I will send for the nearest solicitor to complete them in your place."

Those words placed the lawyer's position plainly before him. He had no choice but to do as he was bid, or to lose a good client. He did as he was bid, and grimly left the room.

Sir Joseph, with old-fashioned politeness, followed him as far as the hall. Returning to the library to say a few friendly words, before finally dismissing the subject of the Will, he found himself seized by the arm, and dragged without ceremony, in Turlington's powerful grasp, to the window.

"Richard!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"Look!" cried the other, pointing through the window to a grassy walk in the grounds, bounded on either side by shrubberies, and situated at a little distance from the house. "Who is that man?—quick! before we lose sight of him—the man crossing there from one shrubbery to the other?" Sir Joseph failed to recognize the figure before it disappeared. Turlington whispered fiercely, close to his ear—"Launcelot Linzie!"

In perfect good faith Sir Joseph declared that the man could not possibly have been Launce. Turlington's frenzy of jealous suspicion was not to be so easily calmed. He asked significantly for Natalie. She was reported to be walking in the grounds. "I knew it!" he said, with an oath—and hurried out into the grounds to discover the truth for himself.

Some little time elapsed before he came back to the house. He had discovered Natalie—alone. Not a sign of Launce had rewarded his search. For the hundredth time he had offended Natalie. For the hundredth time he was compelled to appeal to the indulgence of her father and her aunt. "It won't happen again," he said, sullenly penitent. "You will find me quite another man when I have got you all at my house in the country. Mind!" he burst out, with a furtive look, which expressed his inveterate distrust of Natalie and of every one about her—"Mind! it's settled that you all come to me in Somersetshire, on Monday next." Sir Joseph answered rather dryly that it *was* settled. Turlington turned to leave the room—and suddenly came back. "It's understood," he went on, addressing Miss Lavinia, "that the seventh of next month is the date fixed for the marriage. Not a day later!" Miss Lavinia replied rather dryly, on her side, "Of course, Richard; not a day later." He muttered, "All right," and hurriedly left them.

Half an hour afterward Natalie came in, looking a little confused.

"Has he gone?" she asked, whispering to her aunt.

Relieved on this point, she made straight for the library—a room which she rarely entered, at that or any other period of the day. Miss Lavinia followed her, curious to know what it meant. Natalie hurried to the window, and waved her handkerchief—evidently making a signal to some one outside. Miss Lavinia instantly joined her, and took her sharply by the hand.

"Is it possible, Natalie?" she asked. "Has Launcelot Linzie really been here, unknown to your father or to me?"

"Where is the harm if he has?" answered Natalie, with a sudden outbreak of temper. "Am I never to see my cousin again, because Mr. Turlington happens to be jealous of him?"

She suddenly turned away her head. The rich color flowed over her face and neck. Miss Lavinia, proceeding sternly with the administration of the necessary reproof, was silenced midway by a new change in her niece's variable temper. Natalie burst into tears. Satisfied with this appearance of sincere contrition, the old lady consented to overlook what had happened; and, for this occasion only, to keep her niece's secret. They would all be in Somersetshire, she remarked, before any more breaches of discipline could be committed. Richard had fortunately made no discoveries; and the matter might safely be trusted, all things considered, to rest where it was.

Miss Lavinia might possibly have taken a less hopeful view of the circumstances, if she had known that one of the men-servants at Muswell Hill was in Richard Turlington's pay, and that this servant had seen Launce leave the grounds by the back garden gate.

NINTH SCENE.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"AMELIA!"

"Say something."

"Ask him to sit down."

Thus addressing one another in whispers, the three step-daughters of Lady Winwood stood, bewildered, in their own drawing-room; helplessly confronting an object which appeared before them on the threshold of the door.

The date was the 23d of December. The time was between two and three in the afternoon. The occasion was the return of the three sisters from the Committee meeting of the Sacred Concerts' Society. And the object was Richard Turlington.

He stood hat in hand at the door, amazed by his reception. "I have come up this morning from Somersetshire," he said. "Haven't you heard? A matter of business at the office has forced me to leave my guests at my house in the country. I return to them to-morrow. When I say my guests, I mean the Graybrookes. Don't you know they are staying with me? Sir Joseph and Miss Lavinia and Natalie?" On the utterance of Natalie's name, the sisters roused themselves. They turned about and regarded each other with looks of dismay. Turlington's patience began to fail him. "Will you be so good as to tell me what all this means?" he said, a little sharply. "Miss Lavinia asked me to call here when she heard I was coming to town. I was to take charge of a pattern for a dress, which she said you would give me. You ought to have received a telegram explaining it all, hours since. Has the message not reached you?"

The leading spirit of the three sisters was Miss Amelia. She was the first who summoned presence of mind enough to give a plain answer to Turlington's plain question.

"We received the telegram this morning," she said. "Something has happened since which has shocked and surprised us. We beg your pardon." She turned to one of her sisters. "Sophia, the pattern is ready in the drawer of that table behind you. Give it to Mr. Turlington."

Sophia produced the packet. Before she handed it to the visitor, she looked at her sister. "Ought we to let Mr. Turlington go," she asked, "as if nothing had happened?"

Amelia considered silently with herself. Dorothea, the third sister (who had not spoken yet), came forward with a suggestion. She proposed, before proceeding farther, to inquire whether Lady Winwood was in the house. The idea was instantly adopted. Sophia rang the bell. Amelia put the questions when the servant appeared.

Lady Winwood had left the house for a drive immediately after luncheon. Lord Winwood—inquired for next—had accompanied her ladyship. No message had been left indicating the hour of their return.

The sisters looked at Turlington, uncertain what to say or do next. Miss Amelia addressed him as soon as the servant had left the room.

"Is it possible for you to remain here until either my father or Lady Winwood return?" she asked.

"It is quite impossible. Minutes are of importance to me to-day."

"Will you give us one of your minutes? We want to consider something which we may have to say to you before you go."

Turlington, wondering, took a chair. Miss Amelia put the case before her sisters from the sternly conscientious point of view, at the opposite end of the room.

"We have not found out this abominable deception by any underhand means," she said. "The discovery has been forced upon us, and we stand pledged to nobody to keep the secret. Knowing as we do how cruelly this gentleman has been used, it seems to me that we are bound in honor to open his eyes to the truth. If we remain silent we make ourselves Lady Winwood's accomplices. I, for one—I don't care what may come of it—refuse to do that."

Her sisters agreed with her. The first chance their clever step-mother had given them of asserting their importance against hers was now in their hands. Their jealous hatred of Lady Winwood assumed the mask of duty—duty toward an outraged and deceived fellow-creature. Could any earthly motive be purer than that? "Tell him, Amelia!" cried the two young ladies, with the headlong recklessness of the sex, which only stops to think when the time for reflection has gone by.

A vague sense of something wrong began to stir uneasily in Turlington's mind.

"Don't let me hurry you," he said; "but if you really have any thing to tell me—"

Miss Amelia summoned her courage, and began.

"We have something very dreadful to tell you," she said, interrupting him. "You have been presented in this house, Mr. Turlington, as a gentleman engaged to marry Lady Winwood's cousin, Miss Natalie Graybrooke." She paused there—at the outset of the disclosure. A sudden change of expression passed over Turlington's face, which daunted her for the moment. "We have hitherto understood," she went on, "that you were to be married to that young lady early in next month."

"Well?"

He could say that one word. Looking at their pale faces and their eager eyes, he could say no more.

"Take care," whispered Dorothea, in her sister's ear. "Look at him, Amelia! Not too soon!"

Amelia went on more carefully.

"We have just returned from a musical meeting," she said. "One of the ladies there was an acquaintance, a former school-fellow of ours. She is the wife of the Rector of St. Columb Major—a large church far from this—at the East End of London."

"I know nothing about the woman or the church," interposed Turlington, sternly.

"I must beg you to wait a little. I can't tell you what I want to tell you unless I refer to the Rector's wife. She knows Lady Winwood by name. And she heard of Lady Winwood recently under very strange circumstances. Circumstances connected with a signature in one of the books of the church."

Turlington lost his self-control. "You have got something against my Natalie," he burst out; "I know it by your whispering, I see it in your looks. Say it at once in plain words."

There was no trifling with him now. In plain words Amelia said it.

* * * * * *

There was silence in the room. They could hear the sound of passing footsteps in the street. He stood perfectly still on the spot where they had struck him dumb by the disclosure, supporting himself with his right hand laid on the head of a sofa near him. The sisters drew back horror-struck into the farthest corner of the room. His face turned them cold. Through the mute misery which it had expressed at first, there appeared, slowly forcing its way to view, a look of deadly vengeance which froze them to the soul. They whispered feverishly one to the other, without knowing what they were talking of, without hearing their own voices. One of them said, "Ring the bell!" Another said, "Offer him something; he will faint." The third shuddered, and repeated, over and over again, "Why did we do it? Why did we do it?"

He silenced them on the instant by speaking on his side. He came on slowly, by a step at a time, with the big drops of agony falling slowly over his rugged face. He said, in a hoarse whisper, "Write me down the name of the church — there." He held out his open pocket-book to Amelia while he spoke. She steadied herself and wrote the address. She tried to say a word to soften him. The word died on her lips. There was a light in his eyes as they looked at her, which transfigured his face to something superhuman and devilish. She turned away from him, shuddering.

He put the book back in his pocket, and passed his handkerchief over his face. After a moment of indecision, he suddenly and swiftly stole out of the room, as if he was afraid of their calling somebody in and stopping him. At the door he turned round for a moment, and said, "You will hear how this ends. I wish you good-morning."

The door closed on him. Left by themselves, they began to realize it. They thought of the consequences when his back was turned and it was too late.

The Graybrookes! Now he knew it, what would become of the Graybrookes? What would he do when he got back? Even at ordinary times—when he was on his best behavior—he was a rough man. What would happen? Oh, good God! what would happen when he and Natalie next stood face to face? It was a lonely house—Natalie had told them about it—no neighbors near; nobody by to interfere but the weak old father and the maiden aunt. Something ought to be done. Some steps ought to be taken to warn them. Advice—who could give advice? Who was the first person who ought to be told of what had happened? Lady Winwood? No! even at that crisis the sisters still shrank from their step-mother—still hated her with the old hatred. Not a word to *her!* They owed no duty to *her!* Who else could they appeal to? To their father? Yes! There was the person to advise them. In the mean while, silence toward their step-mother—silence toward every one till their father came back!

They waited and waited. One after another the precious hours, pregnant with the issues of life and death, followed each other on the dial. Lady Winwood returned alone. She had left her husband at the House of Lords. Dinner-time came, and brought with it a note from his lordship. There was a debate at the house. Lady Winwood and his daughters were not to wait dinner for him.

TENTH SCENE.

GREEN ANCHOR LANE.

An hour later than the time at which he had been expected, Richard Turlington appeared at his office in the City.

He met beforehand all the inquiries which the marked change on him must otherwise have provoked, by announcing that he was ill. Before he proceeded to business, he asked if any body was waiting to see him. One of the servants from Muswell Hill was waiting with another parcel for Miss Lavinia, ordered by telegram from the country that morning. Turlington (after ascertaining the servant's name) received the man in his private room. He there heard, for the first time, that Launcelot Linzie had been lurking in the grounds (exactly as he had supposed) on the day when the lawyer took his instructions for the Settlement and the Will.

In two hours more Turlington's work was completed. On leaving the office—as soon as he was out of sight of the door—he turned eastward, instead of taking the way that led to his own house in town. Pursuing his course, he entered the labyrinth of streets which led, in that quarter of East London, to the unsavory neighborhood of the river-side.

By this time his mind was made up. The forecast shadow of meditated crime traveled before him already as he threaded his way among his fellow-men.

He had been to the vestry of St. Columb Major, and had satisfied himself that he was misled by no false report. There was the entry in the Marriage Register. The one unexplained mystery was the mystery of Launce's conduct in permitting his wife to return to her father's house. Utterly unable to account for this proceeding, Turlington could only accept facts as they were, and determine to make the most of his time, while the woman who had deceived him was still under his roof. A hideous expression crossed his face as he realized the idea that he had got her (unprotected by her husband) in his house. "When Launcelot Linzie *does* come to claim her," he said to himself, "he shall find I have been even with him." He looked at his watch. Was it possible to save the last train and get back that night? No—the last train had gone. Would she take advantage of his absence to escape? He had little fear of it. She would never have allowed her aunt to send him to Lord Winwood's house, if she had felt the slightest suspicion of his discovering the truth in that quarter. Returning by the first train the next morning, he might feel sure of getting back in time. Meanwhile he had the hours of the night before him. He could give his mind to the serious question that must be settled before he left London — the question of repaying the forty thousand pounds. There was but one way of getting the money now. Sir Joseph had executed his Will; Sir Joseph's death would leave his sole executor and trustee (the lawyer had said it!) master of his fortune. Turlington determined to be master of it in four-and-twenty hours—striking the blow, without risk to himself, by means of another hand. In the face of the probabilities, in the face of the facts, he had now firmly persuaded himself that Sir Joseph was privy to the fraud that had been practiced on him. The Marriage-Settlement, the Will, the presence of the family at his country house—all these he believed to be so many stratagems invented to keep him deceived until the last moment. The truth was in those words which he had overheard between Sir Joseph and Launce — and in Launce's presence (privately encouraged, no doubt) at Muswell Hill. "Her father shall pay me for it doubly: with his purse and with his life." With that thought in his heart, Richard Turlington wound his way through the streets by the river-side, and stopped at a blind alley called Green Anchor Lane, infamous to this day as the chosen resort of the most abandoned wretches whom London can produce.

The policeman at the corner cautioned him as he turned into the alley. "They won't hurt *me!*" he answered, and walked on to a public-house at the bottom of the lane.

The landlord at the door silently recognized him, and led the way in. They crossed a room filled with sailors of all nations drinking—ascended a staircase at the back of the house, and stopped at the door of a room on the second floor. There the landlord spoke for the first time. "He has outrun his allowance, Sir, as usual. You will find him with hardly a rag on his back. I doubt if he will last much longer. He had another fit of the horrors last night, and the doctor thinks badly of him." With that introduction he opened the door, and Turlington entered the room.

On the miserable bed lay a gray-headed old man, of gigantic stature, with nothing on him but a ragged shirt and a pair of patched, filthy trowsers. At the side of the bed, with a bottle of gin on the rickety table between them, sat two hideous, leering, painted monsters, wearing the dress of women. The smell of opium was in the room, as well as the smell of spirits. At Turlington's appearance, the old man rose on the bed and welcomed him with greedy eyes and outstretched hand.

"Money, master!" he called out, hoarsely. "A crown-piece in advance, for the sake of old times!"

Turlington turned to the women without answering, purse in hand.

"His clothes are at the pawnbroker's, of course. How much?"

"Thirty shillings."

"Bring them here, and be quick about it. You will find it worth your while when you come back."

The women took the pawnbroker's tickets from the pockets of the man's trowsers, and hurried out.

Turlington closed the door, and seated himself by the bedside. He laid his hand familiarly on the giant's mighty shoulder, looked him full in the face, and said, in a whisper,

"Thomas Wildfang!"

The man started, and drew his huge hairy hand across his eyes, as if in doubt whether he was waking or sleeping. "It's better than ten years, master, since you called me by my name. If I am Thomas Wildfang, what are You?"

"Your captain, once more."

Thomas Wildfang sat up on the side of the bed, and spoke his next words cautiously in Turlington's ear.

"Another man in the way?"

"Yes."

The giant shook his bald, bestial head dolefully. "Too late. I'm past the job. Look here."

He held up his hand, and showed it trembling incessantly. "I'm an old man," he said, and let his hand drop heavily again on the bed beside him.

Turlington looked at the door, and whispered back—

"The man is as old as you are. And the money is worth having."

"How much?"

"A hundred pounds."

The eyes of Thomas Wildfang fastened greedily on Turlington's face. "Let's hear," he said. "Softly, captain. Let's hear."

* * * * * *

When the women came back with the clothes, Turlington had left the room. Their promised reward lay waiting for them on the table, and Thomas Wildfang was eager to dress himself and be gone. They could get but one answer from him to every question they put. He had business in hand, which was not to be delayed. They would see him again in a day or two, with money in his purse. With that assurance he took his cudgel from the corner of the room, and stalked out swiftly by the back-door of the house into the night.

ELEVENTH SCENE.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

The evening was chilly, but not cold for the time of year. There was no moon. The stars were out, and the wind was quiet. Upon the whole, the inhabitants of the little Somersetshire village of Baxdale agreed that it was as fine a Christmas-eve as they could remember for some years past.

Toward eight in the evening the one small street of the village was empty, except at that part of it which was occupied by the public-house. For the most part people gathered round their firesides, with an eye to their suppers, and watched the process of cooking comfortably in-doors. The old bare gray church, situated at some little distance from the village, looked a lonelier object than usual in the dim starlight. The vicarage, nestling close under the shadow of the church tower, threw no illumination of fire-light or candle-light on the dreary scene. The clergyman's shutters fitted well, and the clergyman's curtains were closely drawn. The one ray of light that cheered the wintry darkness streamed from the unguarded window of a lonely house, separated from the vicarage by the whole length of the church-yard. A man stood at the window, holding back the shutter, and looking out attentively over the dim void of the burial-ground. The man was Richard Turlington. The room in which he was watching was a room in his own house.

A momentary spark of light flashed up, as from a kindled match, in the burial-ground. Turlington instantly left the empty room in which he had been watching. Passing down the back garden of the house, and crossing a narrow lane at the bottom of it, he opened a gate in a low stone wall beyond, and entered the church-yard. The shadowy figure of a man of great stature, lurking among the graves, advanced to meet him. Midway in the dark and lonely place, the two stopped and consulted together in whispers. Turlington spoke first.

"Have you taken up your quarters at the public-house in the village?"

"Yes, master."

"Did you find your way, while the daylight lasted, to the deserted malt-house behind my orchard wall?"

"Yes, master."

"Now listen—we have no time to lose. Hide there, behind that monument. Before nine o'clock to-night you will see me cross the church-yard, as far as this place, with the man you are to wait for. He is going to spend an hour with the vicar, at the house yonder. I shall stop short here, and say to him, 'You can't miss your way in the dark now—I will go back.' When I am far enough away from him, I shall blow a call on my whistle. The moment you hear the call, follow the man, and drop him before he gets out of the church-yard. Have you got your cudgel?"

Thomas Wildfang held up his cudgel. Turlington took him by the arm, and felt it suspiciously.

"You have had an attack of the horrors already," he said. "What does this trembling mean?"

He took a spirit-flask from his pocket as he spoke. Thomas Wildfang snatched it out of his hand, and emptied it at a draught. "All right now, master," he said. Turlington felt his arm once more. It was steadier already. Wildfang brandished his cudgel, and struck a heavy blow with it on one of the turf-mounds near them. "Will that drop him, captain?" he asked.

Turlington went on with his instructions.

"Rob him when you have dropped him. Take his money and his jewelry. I want to have the killing of him attributed to robbery as the motive. Make sure before you leave him that he is dead. Then go to the malt-house. There is no fear of your being seen; all the people will be in-doors, keeping Christmas-eve. You will find a change of clothes hidden in the malt-house, and an old caldron full of quicklime. Destroy the clothes you have got on, and dress yourself in the other clothes that you find. Follow the cross-road, and when it brings you into the high-road, turn to the left; a four-mile walk will take you to the town of Harminster. Sleep there to-night, and travel to London by the train in the morning. The next day go to my office, see the head clerk, and say, 'I have come to sign my receipt.' Sign it in your own name, and you will receive your hundred pounds. There are your instructions. Do you understand them?"

Wildfang nodded his head in silent token that he understood, and disappeared again among the graves. Turlington went back to the house.

He had advanced midway across the garden, when he was startled by the sound of footsteps in the lane—at that part of it which skirted one of the corners of the house. Hastening forward, he placed himself behind a projection in the wall, so as to see the person pass across the stream of light from the uncovered window of the room that he had left. The stranger was walking rapidly. All Turlington could see, as he crossed the field of light, was that his hat was pulled over his eyes, and that he had a thick beard and mustache. Describing the man to the servant on entering the house, he was informed that a stranger with a large beard had been seen about the neighborhood for some days past. The account he had given of himself stated that he was a surveyor, engaged in taking measurements for a new map of that part of the country shortly to be published.

The guilty mind of Turlington was far from feeling satisfied with the meagre description of the stranger thus rendered. He could not be engaged in surveying in the dark. What could he want in the desolate neighborhood of the house and church-yard at that time of night?

The man wanted—what the man found a little lower down the lane, hidden in a dismantled part of the church-yard wall—a letter from a young lady. Read by the light of the pocket-lantern which he carried with him, the letter first congratulated this person on the complete success of his disguise—and then promised that the writer would be ready at her bedroom window for flight the next morning, before the house was astir. The signature was "Natalie," and the person addressed was "Dearest Launce."

In the mean while Turlington barred the window-shutters of the room, and looked at his watch. It wanted only a quarter to nine o'clock. He took his dog-whistle from the chimney-piece, and turned his steps at once in the direction of the drawing-room, in which his guests were passing the evening.

TWELFTH SCENE.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

The scene in the drawing-room represented the ideal of domestic comfort. The fire of wood and coal mixed burned brightly; the lamps shed a soft glow of light; the solid shutters and the thick red curtains kept the cold night air on the outer side of two long windows, which opened on the back garden. Snug arm-chairs were placed in every part of the room. In one of them Sir Joseph reclined, fast asleep; in another, Miss Lavinia sat knitting; a third chair, apart from the rest, near a round table in one corner of the room, was occupied by Natalie. Her head was resting on her hand; an unread book lay open on her lap. She looked pale and harassed; anxiety and suspense had worn her down to the shadow of her former self. On entering the room, Turlington purposely closed the door with a bang. Natalie started. Miss Lavinia looked up reproachfully. The object was achieved. Sir Joseph was roused from his sleep.

"If you are going to the vicar's to-night, Graybrooke," said Turlington, "it's time you were off, isn't it?"

Sir Joseph rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock on the mantel-piece. "Yes, yes, Richard," he answered, drowsily, "I suppose I must go. Where is my hat?"

His sister and his daughter both joined in trying to persuade him to send an excuse instead of groping his way to the vicarage in the dark. Sir Joseph hesitated, as usual. He and the vicar had run up a sudden friendship on the strength of their common enthusiasm for the old-fashioned game of backgammon. Victorious over his opponent on the previous evening at Turlington's house, Sir Joseph had promised to pass that evening at the vicarage, and give the vicar his revenge. Observing his indecision, Turlington cunningly irritated him by affecting to believe that he was really unwilling to venture out in the dark. "I'll see you safe across the church-yard," he said; "and the vicar's servant will see you safe back." The tone in which he spoke instantly roused Sir Joseph. "I am not in my second childhood yet, Richard," he replied, testily. "I can find my way by myself." He kissed his daughter on the forehead. "No fear, Natalie. I shall be back in time for the mulled claret. No, Richard, I won't trouble you." He kissed his hand to his sister, and went out into the hall for his hat; Turlington following with a rough apology, and asking as a favor to be permitted to accompany him part of the way only. The ladies, left behind in the drawing-room, heard the apology accepted by kind-hearted Sir Joseph. The two went out together.

"Have you noticed Richard since his return?" asked Miss Lavinia. "I fancy he must have heard bad news in London. He looks as if he had something on his mind."

"I haven't remarked it, aunt."

For the time, no more was said. Miss Lavinia went monotonously on with her knitting. Natalie pursued her own anxious thoughts over the unread pages of the book in her lap. Suddenly the deep silence out-of-doors and in was broken by a shrill whistle, sounding from the direction of the church-yard. Natalie started with a faint cry of alarm. Miss Lavinia looked up from her knitting.

"My dear child, your nerves must be sadly out of order. What is there to be frightened at?"

"I'm not very well, aunt. It is so still here at night, the slightest noises startle me."

There was another interval of silence. It was past nine o'clock when they heard the back-door opened and closed again. Turlington came hurriedly into the drawing-room, as if he had some reason for wishing to rejoin the two ladies as soon as possible. To the surprise of both of them, he sat down abruptly in a corner, with his face to the wall, and took up the newspaper, without casting a look at them or uttering a word.

"Is Joseph safe at the vicarage?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"All right." He gave the answer in a short, surly tone, still without looking round.

Miss Lavinia tried him again. "Did you hear a whistle while you were out? It quite startled Natalie in the stillness of this place."

He turned half-way round. "My shepherd, I suppose," he said, after a pause, "whistling for his dog." He turned back again and immersed himself in his newspaper.

Miss Lavinia beckoned to her niece and pointed significantly to Turlington. After one reluctant look at him, Natalie laid her head wearily on her aunt's shoulder. "Sleepy, my dear?" whispered the old lady. "Uneasy, aunt—I don't know why," Natalie whispered back. "I would give the world to be in London, and to hear the carriages going by, and the people talking in the street."

Turlington suddenly dropped his newspaper. "What's the secret between you two?" he called out roughly. "What are you whispering about?"

"We wish not to disturb you over your reading, that is all," said Miss Lavinia, coldly. "Has any thing happened to vex you, Richard?"

"What the devil makes you think that?"

The old lady was offended, and showed it by saying nothing more. Natalie nestled closer to her aunt. One after another the clock ticked off the minutes with painful distinctness, in the stillness of the room. Turlington suddenly threw aside the newspaper and left his corner. "Let's be good friends!" he burst out, with a clumsy assumption of gayety. "This isn't keeping Christmas-eve. Let's talk and be sociable. Dearest Natalie!" He threw his arm roughly round Natalie, and drew her by main force away from her aunt. She turned deadly pale, and struggled to release herself. "I am suffering—I am ill—let me go!" He was deaf to her entreaties. "What! your husband that is to be, treated in this way? Mustn't I have a kiss?—I will!" He held her close with one hand, and, seizing her head with the other, tried to turn her lips to him. She resisted with the inbred nervous strength which the weakest woman living has in reserve when she is outraged. Half indignant, half terrified at Turlington's roughness, Miss Lavinia rose to interfere. In a moment more he would have had two women to overpower instead of one, when a noise outside the windows suddenly suspended the ignoble struggle.

There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel-walk, which ran between the house wall and the garden lawn. It was followed by a tap—a single faint tap, no more—on one of the panes of glass.

They all three stood still. For a moment more nothing was audible. Then there was a heavy shock as of something falling outside. Then a groan, then another interval of silence—a long silence, interrupted no more.

Turlington's arm dropped from Natalie. She drew back to her aunt. Looking at him instinctively, in the natural expectation that he would take the lead in penetrating the mystery of what had happened outside the window, the two women were thunderstruck to see that he was, to all appearance, even more startled and more helpless than they were. "Richard," said Miss Lavinia, pointing to the window, "there is something wrong out there. See what it is." He stood motionless, as if he had not heard her, his eyes fixed on the window, his face livid with terror.

The silence outside was broken once more; this time by a cry for help.

A cry of horror burst from Natalie. The voice outside—rising wildly, then suddenly dying away again—was not entirely strange to *her* ears. She tore aside the curtain. With voice and hand she roused her aunt to help her. The two lifted the heavy bar from its socket; they opened the shutters and the window. The cheerful light of the room flowed out over the body of a prostrate man, lying on his face. They turned the man over. Natalie lifted his head.

Her father!

His face was bedabbled with blood. A wound, a frightful wound, was visible on the side of his bare head high above the ear. He looked at her; his eyes recognized her, before he fainted again in her arms. His hands and his clothes were covered with earth-stains. He must have traversed some distance. In that dreadful condition he must have faltered and fallen more than once before he reached the house. His sister wiped the blood from his face. His daughter called on him frantically to forgive her before he died—the harmless, gentle, kind-hearted father, who had never said a hard word to her! The father whom she had deceived!

The terrified servants hurried into the room. Their appearance roused their master from the extraordinary stupor that had seized him. He was at the window before the footman could get there. The two lifted Sir Joseph into the room, and laid him on the sofa. Natalie knelt by him, supporting his head. Miss Lavinia stanched the flowing blood with her handkerchief. The women-servants brought linen and cold water. The man hurried away for the doctor, who lived on the other side of the village. Left alone again with Turlington, Natalie noticed that his eyes were fixed in immovable scrutiny on her father's head. He never said a word. He looked, looked, looked at the wound.

The doctor arrived. Before either the daughter or the sister of the injured man could put the question, Turlington put it—"Will he live or die?"

The doctor's careful finger probed the wound.

"Make your minds easy. A little lower down, or in front, the blow might have been serious. As it is, there is no harm done. Keep him quiet, and he will be all right again in two or three days."

Hearing those welcome words, Natalie and her aunt sank on their knees in silent gratitude. After dressing the wound, the doctor looked round for the master of the house. Turlington, who had been so breathlessly eager but a few minutes since, seemed to have lost all interest in the case now. He stood apart at the window, looking out toward the church-yard, thinking. The questions which it was the doctor's duty to ask were answered by the ladies. The servants assisted in examining the injured man's clothes; they discovered that his watch and purse were both missing. When it became necessary to carry him up stairs, it was the footman who assisted the doctor. The footman's master, without a word of explanation, walked out bare-headed into the back garden—on the search, as the doctor and the servants supposed, for some trace of the robber who had attempted Sir Joseph's life.

His absence was hardly noticed at the time. The difficulty of conveying the wounded man to his room absorbed the attention of all the persons present.

Sir Joseph partially recovered his senses while they were taking him up the steep and narrow stairs. Carefully as they carried the patient, the motion wrung a groan from him before they reached the top. The bedroom corridor, in the rambling, irregularly built house, rose and fell on different levels. At the door of the first bed-chamber the doctor asked a little anxiously if that was the room. No; there were three more stairs to go down, and a corner to turn, before they could reach it. The first room was Natalie's. She instantly offered it for her father's use. The doctor (seeing that it was the airiest as well as the nearest room) accepted the proposal. Sir Joseph had been laid comfortably in his daughter's bed; the doctor had just left them, with renewed assurances that they need feel no anxiety—when they heard a heavy step below stairs. Turlington had re-entered the house.

(He had been looking, as they had supposed, for the ruffian who had attacked Sir Joseph, with a motive, however, for the search, at which it was impossible for other persons to guess. His own safety was now bound up in the safety of Thomas Wildfang. As soon as he was out of sight in the darkness, he made straight for the malt-house. The change of clothes was there untouched; not a trace of his accomplice was to be seen. Where else to look for him it was impossible to tell. Turlington had no alternative but to go back to the house and ascertain if suspicion had been aroused in his absence.)

He had only to ascend the stairs, and to see, through the open door, that Sir Joseph had been placed in his daughter's room.

"What does this mean?" he asked, roughly.

Before it was possible to answer him, a footman appeared with a message. The doctor had come back to the door to say that he would take on himself the necessary duty of informing the constable of what had happened on his return to the village. Turlington started, and changed color. If Wildfang was found by others, and questioned in his employer's absence, serious consequences might follow. "The constable is my business," said Turlington, hurriedly descending the stairs; "I'll go with the doctor." They heard him open the door below, then close it again (as if some sudden thought had struck him) and call to the footman. The house was badly provided with servants' bedrooms. The women-servants only slept indoors. The footman occupied a room over the stables. Natalie and her aunt heard Turlington dismiss the man for the night, an hour earlier than usual, at least. His next proceeding was stranger still. Looking cautiously over the stairs, Natalie saw him lock all the doors on the ground-floor and take out the keys. When he went away, she heard him lock the front-door behind him. Incredible as it seemed, there could be no doubt of the fact—the inmates of the house were imprisoned till he came back. What did it mean?

(It meant that Turlington's vengeance still remained to be wreaked on the woman who had deceived him. It meant that Sir Joseph's life still stood between the man who had compassed his death, and the money which the man was resolved to have. It meant that Richard Turlington was driven to bay, and that the horror and the peril of the night were not at an end yet.)

Natalie and her aunt looked at each other across the bed on which Sir Joseph lay. He had fallen into a kind of doze; no enlightenment could come to them from *him*. They could only ask each other, with beating hearts and baffled minds, what Richard's conduct meant—they could only feel instinctively that some dreadful discovery was hanging over them. The aunt was the calmer of the two—there was no secret weighing heavily on *her* conscience. *She* could feel the consolations of religion. "Our dear one is spared to us, my love," said the old lady, gently. "God has been good to us. We are in his hands. If we know that, we know enough."

As she spoke, there was a loud ring at the door-bell. The women-servants crowded into the bedroom in alarm. Strong in numbers, and encouraged by Natalie—who roused herself and led the way—they confronted the risk of opening the window and of venturing out on the balcony which extended along that side of the house. A man was dimly visible below. He called to them in thick, unsteady accents. The servants recognized him: he was the telegraphic messenger from the railway. They went down to speak to him, and returned with a telegram which had been pushed in under the door. The distance from the station was considerable; the messenger had been "keeping Christmas" in more than one beer-shop on his way to the house, and the delivery of the telegram had been delayed for some hours. It was addressed to Natalie. She opened it, looked at it, dropped it, and stood speechless; her lips parted in horror, her eyes staring vacantly straight before her.

Miss Lavinia took the telegram from the floor and read these lines:

> "Lady Winwood, Hertford Street, London. To Natalie Graybrooke, Church Meadows, Baxdale, Somersetshire. Dreadful news. R. T. has discovered your marriage to Launce. The truth has been kept from me till to-day (24th). Instant flight with your husband is your only chance. I would have communicated with Launce, but I do not know his address. You will receive this, I hope and believe, before R. T. can return to Somersetshire. Telegraph back, I entreat you, to say that you are safe. I shall follow my message if I do not hear from you in reasonable time."

Miss Lavinia lifted her gray head and looked at her niece. "Is this true?" she said—and pointed to the venerable face laid back, white, on the white pillows of the bed. Natalie sank forward as her eyes met the eyes of her aunt. Miss Lavinia saved her from falling insensible on the floor.

* * * * * *

The confession had been made. The words of penitence and the words of pardon had been spoken. The peaceful face of the father still lay hushed in rest. One by one the minutes succeeded each other uneventfully in the deep tranquillity of the night. It was almost a relief when the silence was disturbed once more by another sound outside of the house. A pebble was thrown up at the window, and a voice called out, cautiously, "Miss Lavinia."

They recognized the voice of the man-servant, and at once opened the window.

He had something to say to the ladies in private. How could he say it? A domestic circumstance which had been marked by Launce, as favorable to the contemplated elopement, was now noticed by the servant as lending itself readily to effecting the necessary communication with the ladies. The lock of the gardener's tool-house (in the shrubbery close by) was under repair; and the gardener's ladder was accessible to any one who wanted it. At the short height of the balcony from the ground, the ladder was more than long enough for the purpose required. In a few minutes the servant had mounted to the balcony, and could speak to Natalie and her aunt at the window.

"I can't rest quiet," said the man. "I'm going on the sly to see what's doing down in the village. It's hard on ladies like you to be locked in here. Is there any thing I can do for either of you?"

Natalie took up Lady Winwood's telegram. "Launce ought to see this," she said to her aunt. "He will be here at daybreak," she added, in a whisper, "if I don't tell him what has happened."

Miss Lavinia turned pale. "If he and Richard meet—!" she began. "Tell him!" she added, hurriedly—"tell him, before it is to late!"

Natalie wrote a few lines (addressed to Launce in his assumed name at his lodgings in the village), inclosing Lady Winwood's telegram, and entreating him to do nothing rash. When the servant had disappeared with the letter, there was one hope in her mind and in her aunt's mind, which each was ashamed to acknowledge to the other—the hope that Launce would face the very danger that they dreaded for him, and come to the house!

They had not been long alone again, when Sir Joseph drowsily opened his eyes and asked what they were doing in his room. They told him gently that he was ill. He put his hand up to his head, and said they were right; and so dropped off again into slumber. Worn out by the emotions through which they had passed, the two women silently waited for the march of events. The same stupor of resignation possessed them both. They had secured the door and the window. They had prayed together. They had kissed the quiet face on the pillow. They had said to each other, "We will live with him or die with him, as God pleases." Miss Lavinia sat by the bedside. Natalie was on a stool at her feet—with her eyes closed, and her head on her aunt's knee.

Time went on. The clock in the hall had struck—ten or eleven, they were not sure which—when they heard the signal which warned them of the servant's return from the village. He brought news, and more than news, he brought a letter from Launce.

Natalie read these lines:

> "I shall be with you, dearest, almost as soon as you receive this. The bearer will tell you what has happened in the village—your note throws a new light on it all. I only remain behind to go to the vicar (who is also the magistrate here), and declare myself your husband. All disguise must be at an end now. My place is with you and yours. It is even worse than your worst fears. Turlington is at the bottom of the attack on your father. Judge if you have not need of your husband's protection after that!—L."

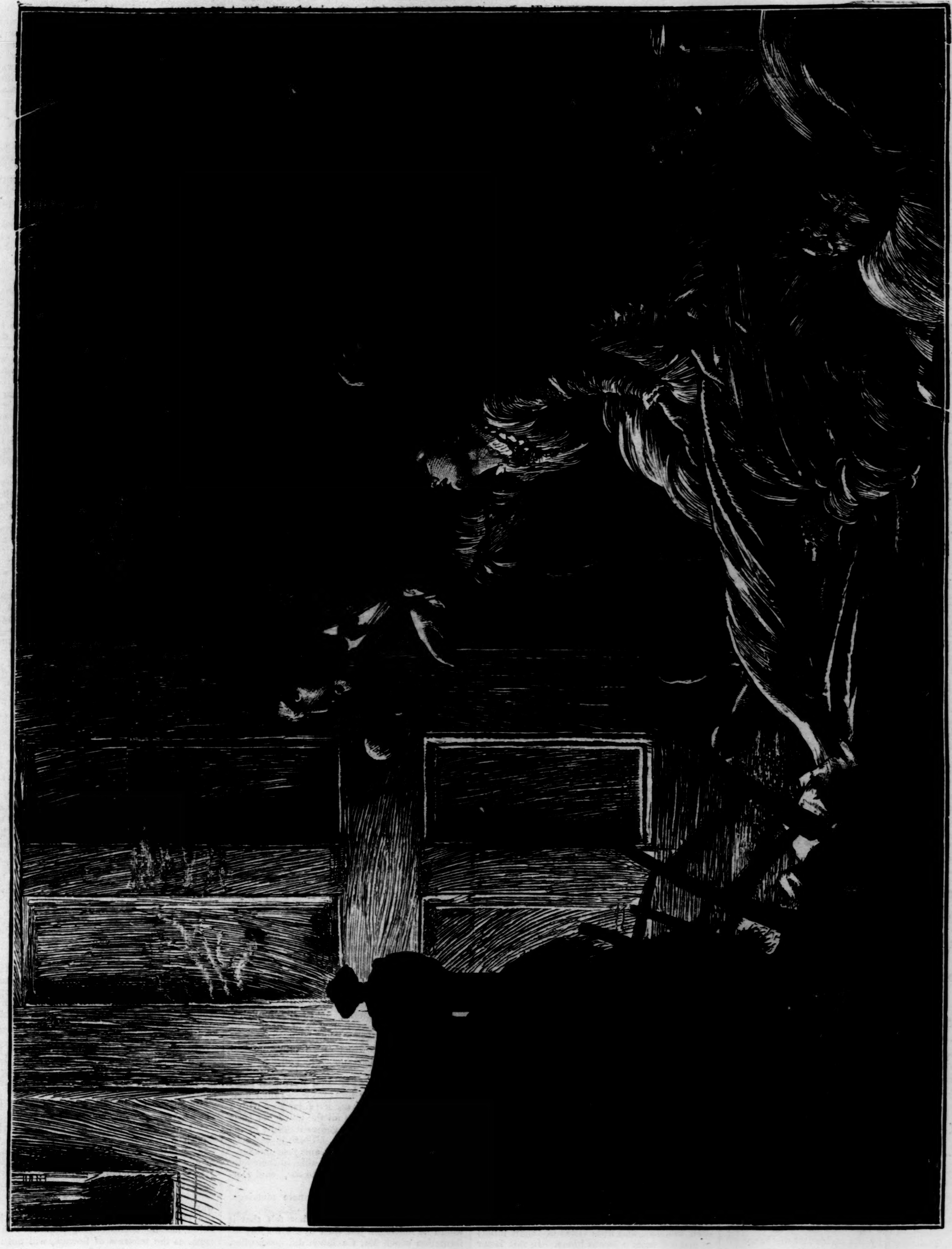
Natalie handed the letter to her aunt, and pointed to the sentence which asserted Turlington's guilty knowledge of the attempt on Sir Joseph's life. In silent horror the two women looked at each other, recalling what had happened earlier in the evening, and understanding it now. The servant roused them to a sense of present things, by entering on the narrative of his discoveries in the village.

The place was all astir when he reached it. An old man—a stranger in Baxdale—had been found lying in the road, close to the church, in a fit; and the person who had discovered him had been no other than Launce himself. He had literally stumbled over the body of Thomas Wildfang in the dark, on his way back to his lodgings in the village.

"The gentleman gave the alarm, miss," said the servant, describing the event as it had been related to him, "and the man—a huge big old man—was carried to the inn. The landlord identified him; he had taken lodgings at the inn that day, and the constable found valuable property on him—a purse of money and a gold watch and chain. There was nothing to show who the money and the watch belonged to. It was only when my master and the doctor got to the inn that it was known who he had robbed and tried to murder. All he let out in his wanderings before they came was that some person had set him on to do it. He called the person 'Captain,' and sometimes 'Captain Goward.' It was thought—if you could trust the ravings of a madman—that the fit took him while he was putting his hand on Sir Joseph's heart to feel if it had stopped beating. A sort of a vision (as I understand it) must have overpowered him at the moment. They tell me he raved about the sea bursting into the church-yard, and a drowning sailor floating by on a hen-coop; a sailor who dragged him down to hell by the hair of his head, and such like horrible nonsense, miss. He was still screeching, at the worst of the fit, when my master and the doctor came into the room. At sight of one or other of them—it is thought of Mr. Turlington, seeing that he came first—he held his peace on a sudden, and then fell back in convulsions in the arms of the men who were holding him. The doctor gave it a learned name, signifying drink-madness, and said the case was hopeless. However, he ordered the room to be cleared of the crowd, to see what he could do. My master was reported to be still with the doctor, waiting to see whether the man lived or died, when I left the village, miss, with the gentleman's answer to your note. I didn't dare stay to hear how it ended, for fear of Mr. Turlington's finding me out."

Having reached the end of his narrative, the man looked round restlessly toward the window. It was impossible to say when his master might not return, and it might be as much as his life was worth to be caught in the house after he had been locked out of it. He begged permission to open the window, and make his escape back to the stables while there was still time. As he unbarred the shutter they were startled by a voice hailing them from below. It was Launce's voice calling to Natalie. The servant disappeared, and Natalie was in Launce's arms before she could breathe again.

For one delicious moment she let her head



"LAUNCE SIGNED TO THEM NOT TO MOVE YET. THEY WAITED, AND LISTENED. NOTHING STIRRED ON THE LANDING OUTSIDE."—TWELFTH SCENE.

lie on his breast; then she suddenly pushed him away from her. "Why do you come here? He will kill you if he finds you in the house. Where is he?"

Launce knew even less of Turlington's movements than the servant. "Wherever he is, thank God I am here before him!" That was all the answer he could give.

Natalie and her aunt heard him in silent dismay. Sir Joseph woke and recognized Launce before a word more could be said. "Ah, my dear boy!" he murmured, faintly. "It's pleasant to see you again. How do you come here?" He was quite satisfied with the first excuse that suggested itself. "We'll talk about it to-morrow," he said, and composed himself to rest again.

Natalie made a second attempt to persuade Launce to leave the house.

"We don't know what may have happened," she said. "He may have followed you on your way here. He may have purposely let you enter his house. Leave us while you have the chance."

Miss Lavinia added her persuasions. They were useless. Launce quietly closed the heavy window-shutters, lined with iron, and put up the bar. Natalie wrung her hands in despair.

"Have you been to the magistrate?" she asked. "Tell us, at least, are you here by his advice? Is he coming to help us?"

Launce hesitated. If he had told the truth, he must have acknowledged that he was there in direct opposition to the magistrate's advice. He answered evasively, "If the vicar doesn't come, the doctor will. I have told him Sir Joseph must be moved. Cheer up, Natalie! The doctor will be here as soon as Turlington."

As the name passed his lips—without a sound outside to prepare them for what was coming—the voice of Turlington himself suddenly penetrated into the room, speaking close behind the window, on the outer side.

"You have broken into my house in the night," said the voice; "and you don't escape *this* way."

Miss Lavinia sank on her knees. Natalie flew to her father. His eyes were wide open in terror; he moaned, feebly recognizing the voice. The next sound that was heard was the sound made by the removal of the ladder from the balcony. Turlington, having descended by it, had taken it away. Natalie had but too accurately guessed what would happen. The death of the villain's accomplice had freed him from all apprehension in that quarter. He had deliberately dogged Launce's steps, and had deliberately allowed him to put himself in the wrong by effecting a secret entrance into the house.

There was an interval—a horrible interval—and then they heard the front-door opened. Without stopping (judging by the absence of sound) to close it again, Turlington ascended the stairs and tried the locked door.

"Come out, and give yourself up!" he called through the door. "I have got my revolver with me, and I have a right to fire on a man who has broken into my house. If the door isn't opened before I count three, your blood be on your own head. One!"

Launce was armed with nothing but his stick. He advanced, without an instant's hesitation, to give himself up. Natalie threw her arms round him and clasped him fast before he could reach the door.

"Two!" cried the voice outside, as Launce struggled to force her from him. At the same moment his eye turned toward the bed. It was exactly opposite the door—it was straight in the line of fire! Sir Joseph's life (as Turlington had deliberately calculated) was actually in greater danger than Launce's life. He tore himself free, rushed to the bed, and took the old man in his arms to lift him out.

"Three!"

The crash of the report sounded. The bullet came through the door, grazed Launce's left arm, and buried itself in the pillow, at the very place on which Sir Joseph's head had rested the moment before. Launce had saved his father-in-law's life. Turlington had fired his first shot for the money, and had not got it yet.

They were safe in the corner of the room, on the same side as the door—Sir Joseph, helpless as a child, in Launce's arms; the women pale, but admirably calm. They were safe, for the moment, when the second bullet (fired at an angle) tore its way through the wall on their right hand.

"I hear you," cried the voice of the miscreant on the other side of the door. "I'll have you yet—through the wall."

There was a pause. They heard his hand sounding the wall, to find out where there was solid wood in the material of which it was built, and where there was plaster only. At that dreadful moment Launce's composure never left him. He laid Sir Joseph softly on the floor, and signed to Natalie and her aunt to lie down by him in silence. Their lives depended now on neither their voices nor their movements telling the murderer where to fire. He chose his place. The barrel of the revolver grated as he laid it against the wall. He touched the hair-trigger. A faint *click* was the only sound that followed. The third barrel had missed fire.

They heard him ask himself, with an oath, "What's wrong with it now?"

There was a pause of silence.

Was he examining the weapon?

Before they could ask themselves the question the report of the exploding charge burst on their ears. It was instantly followed by a heavy fall. They looked at the opposite wall of the room. No sign of a bullet there or any where.

Launce signed to them not to move yet. They waited, and listened. Nothing stirred on the landing outside.

Suddenly there was a disturbance of the silence in the lower regions—a clamor of many voices at the open house door. Had the firing of the revolver been heard at the vicarage? Yes! They recognized the vicar's voice among the others. A moment more, and they heard a general exclamation of horror on the stairs. Launce opened the door of the room. He instantly closed it again before Natalie could follow him.

The dead body of Turlington lay on the landing outside. The charge in the fourth barrel of the revolver had exploded while he was looking at it. The bullet had entered his mouth, and had killed him on the spot.

DOCUMENTARY HINTS, IN CONCLUSION.

FIRST HINT.

(Derived from Lady Winwood's Card-Rack.)

"Sir Joseph Graybrooke and Miss Graybrooke request the honor of Lord and Lady Winwood's company to dinner, on Wednesday, February 10, at half past seven o'clock. To meet Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot Linzie on their return."

SECOND HINT.

(Derived from a recent Money Article in a Morning Newspaper.)

"We are requested to give the fullest contradiction to unfavorable rumors lately in circulation respecting the firm of Pizzituti, Turlington, & Branca. Some temporary derangement in the machinery of the business was undoubtedly produced in consequence of the sudden death of the lamented managing partner, Mr. Turlington, by the accidental discharge of a revolver which he was examining. Whatever temporary obstacles may have existed are now overcome. We are informed, on authority, that the well-known house of Messrs. Bulpit Brothers has an interest in the business, and will carry it on until further notice."

THE END.

A FRIEND'S REBUKE.

SOME years ago the attention of people passing near the draw-bridge at Hull, England, was attracted by hearing a man on a barge swearing in a most awful manner. A Wesleyan minister spoke to him, but without effect, and the by-standers, waiting till the bridge went down, had to submit to the painful sounds. Presently a Quaker came up, and, with a loud voice, called out, "Swear on, man, swear on!" The Wesleyan minister expressed surprise that he should tell a man who was blaspheming so dreadfully to swear on. The Quaker said he could hear there was a deal of bad within the man, and it wanted to come out. Whether it was the oddness of the advice, or whether the conscience of the man was touched, he was silent from that moment, instead of replying with abuse, as might have been expected. Many months afterward one of the by-standers met the same boatman in Hull, and asked him if he remembered when he was swearing so under the draw-bridge when the Quaker spoke to him. "Yes, I do," he said, "and an oath has never passed my lips since." He learned afterward that the boatman had become an altered man, and the beginning of his change dated from the time when the pious Quaker's strange advice arrested his attention. It is questionable, however, whether the example would be a safe one to follow in all cases.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SEA.

IN a paper upon "The Encroachments of the Sea" on the east coast of Yorkshire, by Rev. T. O. Morris, read before the recent meeting of the British Association, it was stated that on the average there had been a loss of land of from two to three yards every year—probably about two and a half to two and three-quarter yards per annum. If looked at in round numbers, the waste of land, at three yards in each year, would amount to nearly thirty-nine acres between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone; or in a hundred years to 3900 acres, which, at the value of £30 or £50 per acre, would represent a serious money loss of grain or other crops; or taking the waste, as had been calculated, at one mile since the date of the Conquest (1066), the money value in that interval, at £30 per acre, would be equal to £691,200; or, at £50 an acre, no less than £1,152,000. In conclusion, Mr. Morris recommended that a sea-wall of roughly hewn, or even unhewn, stone be laid at an angle of thirty-five degrees, which he thought would be a permanent protection from encroachments.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER IX.

1st Gent. An ancient land in ancient oracles
Is called "law-thirsty:" all the struggle there
Was after order and a perfect rule.
Pray, where lie such lands now?
2d Gent. Why, where they lay of old—
In human souls.

MR. CASAUBON'S behavior about settlements was highly satisfactory to Mr. Brooke, and the preliminaries of marriage rolled smoothly along, shortening the weeks of courtship. The betrothed bride must see her future home, and dictate any changes that she would like to have made there. A woman dictates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterward. And certainly the mistakes that we male and female mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it.

On a gray but dry November morning Dorothea drove to Lowick in company with her uncle and Celia. Mr. Casaubon's home was the manor-house. Close by, visible from some parts of the garden, was the little church, with the old parsonage opposite. In the beginning of his career Mr. Casaubon had only held the living, but the death of his brother had put him in possession of the manor also. It had a small park, with a fine old oak here and there, and an avenue of limes toward the southwest front, with a sunk fence between park and pleasure-ground, so that from the drawing-room windows the glance swept uninterruptedly along a slope of greensward till the limes ended in a level of corn and pastures, which often seemed to melt into a lake under the setting sun. This was the happy side of the house, for the south and east looked rather melancholy even under the brightest morning. The grounds here were more confined, the flower beds showed no very careful tendance, and large clumps of trees, chiefly of sombre yews, had risen high not ten yards from the windows. The building, of greenish stone, was in the old English style, not ugly, but small-windowed and melancholy looking: the sort of house that must have children, many flowers, open windows, and little vistas of bright things to make it seem a joyous home. In this latter end of autumn, with a sparse remnant of yellow leaves falling slowly athwart the dark evergreens in a stillness without sunshine, the house, too, had an air of autumnal decline, and Mr. Casaubon, when he presented himself, had no bloom that could be thrown into relief by that background.

"Oh dear!" Celia said to herself, "I am sure Freshitt Hall would have been pleasanter than this." She thought of the white freestone, the pillared portico, and the terrace full of flowers, Sir James smiling above them like a prince issuing from his enchantment in a rose-bush, with a handkerchief swiftly metamorphosed from the most delicately odorous petals—Sir James, who talked so agreeably, always about things which had common-sense in them, and not about learning! Celia had those light young feminine tastes which grave and weather-worn gentlemen sometimes prefer in a wife; but happily Mr. Casaubon's bias had been different, for he would have had no chance with Celia.

Dorothea, on the contrary, found the house and grounds all that she could wish: the dark book-shelves in the long library, the carpets and curtains with colors subdued by time, the curious old maps and bird's-eye views on the walls of the corridor, with here and there an old vase below, had no oppression for her, and seemed more cheerful than the casts and pictures at the Grange, which her uncle had long ago brought home from his travels—they being probably among the ideas he had taken in at one time. To poor Dorothea those severe classical nudities and smirking Renaissance-Correggiosities were painfully inexplicable, staring into the midst of her Puritanic conceptions: she had never been taught how she could bring them into any sort of relevance with her life. But the owners of Lowick apparently had not been travelers, and Mr. Casaubon's studies of the past were not carried on by means of such aids.

Dorothea walked about the house with delightful emotion. Every thing seemed hallowed to her: this was to be the home of her wifehood, and she looked up with eyes full of confidence to Mr. Casaubon when he drew her attention specially to some actual arrangement, and asked her if she would like an alteration. All appeals to her taste she met gratefully, but saw nothing to alter. His efforts at exact courtesy and formal tenderness had no defect for her. She filled up all blanks with unmanifested perfections, interpreting him as she interpreted the works of Providence, and accounting for seeming discords by her own deafness to the higher harmonies. And there are many blanks left in the weeks of courtship, which a loving faith fills with happy assurance.

"Now, my dear Dorothea, I wish you to favor me by pointing out which room you would like to have as your boudoir," said Mr. Casaubon, showing that his views of the womanly nature were sufficiently large to include that requirement.

"It is very kind of you to think of that," said Dorothea, "but I assure you I would rather have all those matters decided for me. I shall be much happier to take every thing as it is—just as you have been used to have it, or as you will yourself choose it to be. I have no motive for wishing any thing else."

"Oh, Dodo," said Celia, "will you not have the bow-windowed room up stairs?"

Mr. Casaubon led the way thither. The bow-window looked down the avenue of limes; the furniture was all of a faded blue, and there were miniatures of ladies and gentlemen with powdered hair hanging in a group. A piece of tapestry over a door also showed a blue-green wold with a pale stag in it. The chairs and tables were thin-legged and easy to upset. It was a room where one might fancy the ghost of a tight-laced lady revisiting the scene of her embroidery. A light book-case contained duodecimo volumes of polite literature in calf, completing the furniture.

"Yes," said Mr. Brooke, "this would be a pretty room with some new hangings, sofas, and that sort of thing. A little bare now."

"No, uncle," said Dorothea, eagerly. "Pray do not speak of altering any thing. There are so many other things in the world that want altering—I like to take these things as they are. And you like them as they are, don't you?" she added, looking at Mr. Casaubon. "Perhaps this was your mother's room when she was young."

"It was," he said, with his slow bend of the head.

"This is your mother," said Dorothea, who had turned to examine the group of miniatures. "It is like the tiny one you brought me; only, I should think, a better portrait. And this one opposite, who is this?"

"Her elder sister. They were, like you and your sister, the only two children of their parents, who hang above them, you see."

"The sister is pretty," said Celia, implying that she thought less favorably of Mr. Casaubon's mother. It was a new opening to Celia's imagination that he came of a family who had all been young in their time—the ladies wearing necklaces.

"It is a peculiar face," said Dorothea, looking closely. "Those deep gray eyes rather near together—and the delicate irregular nose with a sort of ripple in it—and all the powdered curls hanging backward. Altogether it seems to me peculiar rather than pretty. There is not even a family likeness between her and your mother."

"No. And they were not alike in their lot."

"You did not mention her to me," said Dorothea.

"My aunt made an unfortunate marriage. I never saw her."

Dorothea wondered a little, but felt that it would be indelicate just then to ask for any information which Mr. Casaubon did not proffer, and she turned to the window to admire the view. The sun had lately pierced the gray, and the avenue of limes cast shadows.

"Shall we not walk in the garden now?" said Dorothea.

"And you would like to see the church, you know," said Mr. Brooke. "It is a droll little church. And the village. It all lies in a nutshell. By-the-way, it will suit you, Dorothea; for the cottages are like a row of almshouses—little gardens, gillyflowers, that sort of thing."

"Yes, please," said Dorothea, looking at Mr. Casaubon, "I should like to see all that." She had got nothing from him more graphic about the Lowick cottages than that they were "not bad."

They were soon on a gravel-walk which led chiefly between grassy borders and clumps of trees, this being the nearest way to the church, Mr. Casaubon said. At the little gate leading into the church-yard there was a pause while Mr. Casaubon went to the parsonage close by to fetch a key. Celia, who had been hanging a little in the rear, came up presently, when she saw that Mr. Casaubon was gone away, and said, in her easy staccato, which always seemed to contradict the suspicion of any malicious intent:

"Do you know, Dorothea, I saw some one quite young coming up one of the walks."

"Is that astonishing, Celia?"

"There may be a young gardener, you know—why not?" said Mr. Brooke. "I told Casaubon he should change his gardener."

"No, not a gardener," said Celia; "a gentleman with a sketch-book. He had light brown curls. I only saw his back. But he was quite young."

"The curate's son, perhaps," said Mr. Brooke. "Ah, there is Casaubon again, and Tucker with him. He is going to introduce Tucker. You don't know Tucker yet."

Mr. Tucker was the middle-aged curate, one of the "inferior clergy," who are usually not wanting in sons. But after the introduction the conversation did not lead to any question about his family, and the startling apparition of youthfulness was forgotten by every one but Celia. She inwardly declined to believe that the light brown curls and slim figure could have any relationship to Mr. Tucker, who was just as old and musty-looking as she would have expected Mr. Casaubon's curate to be; doubtless an excellent man, who would go to heaven (for Celia wished not to be unprincipled), but the corners of his mouth were so unpleasant. Celia thought with some dismalness of the time she should have to spend as bride-maid at Lowick, where the curate had probably no pretty little children whom she could like, irrespective of principle.

Mr. Tucker was invaluable in their walk—and perhaps Mr. Casaubon had not been without foresight on this head—the curate being able to answer all Dorothea's questions about the villagers and the other parishioners. Every body, he assured her, was well off in Lowick: not a cottager in those double cottages at a low rent but kept a pig, and the strips of garden at the back were well tended. The small boys wore excellent corduroy, the girls went out as tidy servants, or did a little straw-plaiting at home: no looms here, no Dissent; and though the public disposition was rather toward laying by money than toward spirituality, there was not much vice. The speckled fowls were so numerous that Mr. Brooke observed, "Your farmers leave some barley for the women to glean, I see. The poor folks here might have a fowl in their pot, as the good French king used to wish for all his people. The French eat a good many fowls—skinny fowls, you know."

"I think it was a very cheap wish of his," said Dorothea, indignantly. "Are kings such monsters that a wish like that must be reckoned a royal virtue?"

"And if he wished them a skinny fowl," said Celia, "that would not be nice. But perhaps he wished them to have fat fowls."

"Yes, but the word has dropped out of the text, or perhaps was *subauditum*; that is, present in the king's mind, but not uttered," said Mr. Casaubon, smiling and bending his head toward Celia, who immediately dropped backward a little, because she could not bear Mr. Casaubon to blink at her.

Dorothea sank into silence on the way back to the house. She felt some disappointment, of which she was yet ashamed, that there was nothing for her to do in Lowick; and in the next few minutes her mind had glanced over the possibility, which she would have preferred, of finding that her home would be in a parish which had a larger share of the world's misery, so that she might have had more active duties in it. Then, recurring to the future actually before her, she made a picture of more complete devotion to Mr. Casaubon's aims, in which she would await new duties. Many such might reveal themselves to the higher knowledge gained by her in that companionship.

Mr. Tucker soon left them, having some clerical work which would not allow him to lunch at the Hall; and as they were re-entering the garden through the little gate, Mr. Casaubon said:

"You seem a little sad, Dorothea. I trust you are pleased with what you have seen."

"I am feeling something which is perhaps foolish and wrong," answered Dorothea, with her usual openness—"almost wishing that the people wanted more to be done for them here. I have known so few ways of making my life good for any thing. Of course my notions of usefulness must be narrow. I must learn new ways of helping people."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Casaubon. "Each position has its corresponding duties. Yours, I trust, as the mistress of Lowick, will not leave any yearning unfulfilled."

"Indeed, I believe that," said Dorothea, earnestly. "Do not suppose that I am sad."

"That is well. But, if you are not tired, we will take another way to the house than that by which we came."

Dorothea was not at all tired, and a little circuit was made toward a fine yew-tree, the chief hereditary glory of the grounds on this side of the house. As they approached it, a figure, conspicuous on a dark background of evergreens, was seated on a bench, sketching the old tree. Mr. Brooke, who was walking in front with Celia, turned his head, and said:

"Who is that youngster, Casaubon?"

They had come very near when Mr. Casaubon answered:

"That is a young relative of mine, a second cousin: the grandson, in fact," he added, looking at Dorothea, "of the lady whose portrait you have been noticing—my aunt Julia."

The young man had laid down his sketch-book and risen. His bushy light brown curls, as well as his youthfulness, identified him at once with Celia's apparition.

"Dorothea, let me introduce to you my cousin, Mr. Ladislaw. Will, this is Miss Brooke."

The cousin was so close now that, when he lifted his hat, Dorothea could see a pair of gray eyes rather near together, a delicate, irregular nose with a little ripple in it, and hair falling backward; but there was a mouth and chin of a more prominent, threatening aspect than belonged to the type of the grandmother's miniature. Young Ladislaw did not feel it necessary to smile, as if he were charmed with this introduction to his future second cousin and her relatives, but wore rather a pouting air of discontent.

"You are an artist, I see," said Mr. Brooke, taking up the sketch-book and turning it over in his unceremonious fashion.

"No, I only sketch a little. There is nothing fit to be seen there," said young Ladislaw, coloring, perhaps with temper rather than modesty.

"Oh, come, this is a nice bit, now. I did a little in this way myself at one time, you know. Look here, now; this is what I call a nice thing, done with what we used to call *brio*." Mr. Brooke held out toward the two girls a large colored sketch of stony ground and trees, with a pool.

"I am no judge of these things," said Dorothea, not coldly, but with an eager deprecation of the appeal to her. "You know, uncle, I never see the beauty of those pictures which you say are so much praised. They are a language I do not understand. I suppose there is some relation between pictures and nature which I am too ignorant to feel—just as you see what a Greek sentence stands for, which means nothing to me." Dorothea looked up at Mr. Casaubon, who bowed his head toward her, while Mr. Brooke said, smiling nonchalantly:

"Bless me, now, how different people are! But you had a bad style of teaching, you know—else this is just the thing for girls—sketching, fine art, and so on. But you took to drawing plans; you don't understand *morbidezza*, and that kind of thing. You will come to my house, I hope, and I will show you what I did in this way," he continued, turning to young Ladislaw, who had to be recalled from his preoccupation in observing Dorothea. Ladislaw had made up his mind that she must be an unpleasant girl, since she was going to marry Casaubon, and what she said of her stupidity about pictures would have confirmed that opinion even if he had believed her. As it was, he took her words for a covert judgment, and was certain that she thought his sketch detestable. There was too much cleverness in her apology: she was laughing both at her uncle and himself. But what a voice! It was like the voice of a soul that had once lived in an Æolian harp. This must be one of Nature's inconsistencies. There could be no sort of passion in a girl who would marry Casaubon. But he turned from her, and bowed his thanks for Mr. Brooke's invitation.

"We will turn over my Italian engravings together," continued that good-natured man. "I have no end of those things that I have laid by for years. One gets rusty in this part of the country, you know. Not you, Casaubon; you stick to your studies; but my best ideas get undermost—out of use, you know. You clever young men must guard against indolence. I was too indolent, you know: else I might have been any where at one time."

"That is a seasonable admonition," said Mr. Casaubon; "but now we will pass on to the house, lest the young ladies should be tired of standing."

When their backs were turned, young Ladislaw sat down to go on with his sketching, and as he did so his face broke into an expression of amusement, which increased as he went on drawing, till at last he threw back his head and laughed aloud. Partly it was the reception of his own artistic production that tickled him, partly the notion of his grave cousin as the lover of that girl, and partly Mr. Brooke's definition of the place he might have held but for the impediment of indolence. Mr. Will Ladislaw's sense of the ludicrous lit up his features very agreeably: it was the pure enjoyment of comicality, and had no mixture of sneering and self-exaltation.

"What is your nephew going to do with himself, Casaubon?" said Mr. Brooke, as they went on.

"My second cousin, you mean—not my nephew."

"Yes, yes—cousin. But in the way of a career, you know?"

"The answer to that question is painfully doubtful. On leaving Rugby he declined to go to an English university, where I would gladly have placed him, and chose what I must consider the anomalous course of studying at Heidelberg. And now he wants to go abroad again, without any special object, save the vague purpose of what he calls culture, preparation for he knows not what. He declines to choose a profession."

"He has no means but what you furnish, I suppose?"

"I have always given him and his friends reason to understand that I would furnish in moderation what was necessary for providing him with a scholarly education, and launching him respectably. I am therefore bound to fulfill the expectation so raised," said Mr. Casaubon, putting his conduct in the light of mere rectitude: a trait of delicacy which Dorothea noticed with admiration.

"He has a thirst for traveling; perhaps he may turn out a Bruce or a Mungo Park," said Mr. Brooke. "I had a notion of that myself at one time."

"No, he has no bent toward exploration, or the enlargement of our geognosis: that would be a special purpose which I could recognize with some approbation, though without felicitating him on a career which so often ends in premature and violent death. But so far is he from having any desire for a more accurate knowledge of the earth's surface, that he said he should prefer not to know the sources of the Nile, and that there should be some unknown regions preserved as hunting-grounds for the poetic imagination."

"Well, there is something in that, you know," said Mr. Brooke, who had certainly an impartial mind.

"It is, I fear, nothing more than a part of his general inaccuracy and indisposition to thoroughness of all kinds, which would be a bad augury for him in any profession, civil or sacred, even were he so far submissive to ordinary rule as to choose one."

"Perhaps he has conscientious scruples founded on his own unfitness," said Dorothea, who was interesting herself in finding a favorable explanation. "Because the law and medicine should be very serious professions to undertake, should they not? Peoples lives and fortunes depend on them."

"Doubtless; but I fear that my young relative Will Ladislaw is chiefly determined in his aversion to these callings by a dislike to steady application, and to that kind of acquirement which is needful instrumentally, but is not charming or immediately inviting to self-indulgent taste. I have insisted to him on what Aristotle has stated with admirable brevity, that for the achievement of any work regarded as an end there must be a prior exercise of many energies or acquired facilities of a secondary order, demanding patience. I have pointed to my own manuscript volumes, which represent the toil of years preparatory to a work not yet accomplished. But in vain. To careful reasoning of this kind he replies by calling himself Pegasus, and every form of prescribed work 'harness.'"

Celia laughed. She was surprised to find that Mr. Casaubon could say something quite amusing.

"Well, you know, he may turn out a Byron, a Chatterton, a Churchill—that sort of thing—there's no telling," said Mr. Brooke. "Shall you let him go to Italy, or wherever else he wants to go?"

"Yes; I have agreed to furnish him with moderate supplies for a year or so; he asks no more. I shall let him be tried by the test of freedom."

"That is very kind of you," said Dorothea, looking up at Mr. Casaubon with delight. "It is noble. After all, people may really have in them some vocation which is not quite plain to themselves, may they not? They may seem idle and weak because they are growing. We should be very patient with each other, I think."

"I suppose it is being engaged to be married that has made you think patience good," said Celia, as soon as she and Dorothea were alone together, taking off their wrappings.

"You mean that I am very impatient, Celia?"

"Yes; when people don't do and say just what you like." Celia had become less afraid of "saying things" to Dorothea since this engagement: cleverness seemed to her more pitiable than ever.

CHAPTER X.

"He had catched a great cold, had he had no other clothes to wear than the skin of a bear not yet killed." —Fuller.

Young Ladislaw did not pay that visit to which Mr. Brooke had invited him, and only six days afterward Mr. Casaubon mentioned that his young relative had started for the Continent, seeming to waive inquiry with this cold vagueness. Indeed, Will had declined to fix on any more precise destination than the entire area of Europe. Genius, he held, is necessarily intolerant of fetters: on the one hand, it must have the utmost play for its spontaneity; on the other, it may confidently await those messages from the universe which summon it to its peculiar work, only placing itself in an attitude of receptivity toward all sublime chances. The attitudes of receptivity are various, and Will had sincerely tried many of them. He was not excessively fond of wine, but he had several times taken too much, simply as an experiment in that form of ecstasy; he had fasted till he was faint, and then supped on lobster; he had made himself ill with doses of opium. Nothing greatly original had resulted from these measures; and the effects of the opium had convinced him that there was an entire dissimilarity between his constitution and De Quincey's. The superadded circumstance which would evolve the genius had not yet come; the universe had not yet beckoned. Even Cæsar's fortune at one time was but a grand presentiment. We know what a masquerade all development is, and what effective shapes may be disguised in helpless embryos. In fact, the world is full of hopeful analogies and handsome, dubious eggs called possibilities. Will saw clearly enough the pitiable instances of long incubation producing no chick, and but for gratitude would have laughed at Casaubon, whose plodding application, rows of note-books, and small taper of learned theory exploring the tossed ruins of the world, seemed to enforce a moral entirely encouraging to Will's generous reliance on the intentions of the universe with regard to himself. He held that reliance to be a mark of genius; and certainly it is no mark to the contrary: genius consisting neither in self-conceit nor in humility, but in a power to make, or do, not any thing in general, but something in particular. Let him start for the Continent, then, without our pronouncing on his future. Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.

But at present this caution against a too hasty judgment interests me more in relation to Mr. Casaubon than to his young cousin. If to Dorothea Mr. Casaubon had been the mere occasion which had set alight the fine inflammable material of her youthful illusions, does it follow that he was fairly represented in the minds of those less impassioned personages who have hitherto delivered their judgments concerning him? I protest against any absolute conclusion, any prejudice derived from Mrs. Cadwallader's contempt for a neighboring clergyman's alleged greatness of soul, or Sir James Chettam's poor opinion of his rival's legs—from Mr. Brooke's failure to elicit a companion's ideas, or from Celia's criticism of a middle-aged scholar's personal appearance. I am not sure that the greatest man of his age, if ever that solitary superlative existed, could escape these unfavorable reflections of himself in various small mirrors; and even Milton, looking for his portrait in a spoon, must submit to have the facial angle of a bumpkin. Moreover, if Mr. Casaubon, speaking for himself, has rather a chilling rhetoric, it is not therefore certain that there is no good work or fine feeling in him. Did not an immortal physicist and interpreter of hieroglyphs write detestable verses? Has the theory of the solar system been advanced by graceful manners and conversational tact? Suppose we turn from outside estimates of a man, to wonder, with keener interest, what is the report of his own consciousness about his doings or capacity: with what hinderances he is carrying on his daily labors; what fading of hopes, or what deeper fixity of self-delusion the years are marking off within him; and with what spirit he wrestles against universal pressure, which will one day be too heavy for him, and bring his heart to its final pause. Doubtless his lot is important in his own eyes; and the chief reason that we think he asks too large a place in our consideration must be our want of room for him, since we refer him to the Divine regard with perfect confidence; nay, it is even held sublime for our neighbor to expect the utmost there, however little he may have got from us. Mr. Casaubon, too, was the centre of his own world; if he was liable to think that others were providentially made for him, and especially to consider them in the light of their fitness for the author of a "Key to all Mythologies," this trait is not quite alien to us, and, like the other mendicant hopes of mortals, claims some of our pity.

Certainly this affair of his marriage with Miss Brooke touched him more nearly than it did any one of the persons who have hitherto shown their disapproval of it; and in the present stage of things I feel more tenderly toward his experience of success than toward the disappointment of the amiable Sir James. For in truth, as the day fixed for his marriage came nearer, Mr. Casaubon did not find his spirits rising; nor did the contemplation of that matrimonial garden scene, where, as all experience showed, the path was to be bordered with flowers, prove persistently more enchanting to him than the accustomed vaults where he walked taper in hand. He did not confess to himself, still less could he have breathed to another, his surprise that though he had won a lovely and noble-hearted girl, he had not won delight—which he had also regarded as an object to be found by search. It is true that he knew all the classical passages implying the contrary; but knowing classical passages, we find, is a mode of motion, which explains why they leave so little extra force for their personal application.

Poor Mr. Casaubon had imagined that his long, studious bachelorhood had stored up for him a compound interest of enjoyment, and that large drafts on his affections would not fail to be honored; for we all of us, grave or light, get our thoughts entangled in metaphors, and act fatally on the strength of them. And now he was in danger of being saddened by the very conviction that his circumstances were unusually happy. There was nothing external by which he could account for a certain blankness of sensibility which came over him just when his expectant gladness should have been most lively—just when he exchanged the accustomed dullness of his Lowick library for his visits to the Grange. Here was a weary experience in which he was as utterly condemned to loneliness as in the despair which sometimes threatened him while toiling in the morass of authorship without seeming nearer to the goal. And his was that worst loneliness which would shrink from sympathy. He could not but wish that Dorothea should think him not less happy than the world would expect her successful suitor to be; and in relation to his authorship he leaned on her young trust and admiration; he liked to draw forth her fresh interest in listening as a means of encouragement to himself. In talking to her he presented all his performance and intention with the reflected confidence of the pedagogue, and rid himself for the time of that chilling ideal audience which crowded his laborious, uncreative hours with the vaporous pressure of Tartarean shades.

For to Dorothea, after that toy-box history of the world adapted to young ladies which had made the chief part of her education, Mr. Casaubon's talk about his great book was full of new vistas; and this sense of revelation, this surprise of a nearer introduction to Stoics and Alexandrians, as people who had ideas not totally unlike her own, kept in abeyance for the time her usual eagerness for a binding theory which could bring her own life and doctrine into strict connection with that amazing past, and give the remotest sources of knowledge some bearing on her actions. That more complete teaching would come—Mr. Casaubon would tell her all that: she was looking forward to higher initiation in ideas, as she was looking forward to marriage, and blending her dim conceptions of both. It would be a great mistake to suppose that Dorothea would have cared about any share in Mr. Casaubon's learning as mere accomplishment; for though opinion in the neighborhood of Freshitt and Tipton had pronounced her clever, that epithet would not have described her to circles in whose more precise vocabulary cleverness implies mere aptitude for knowing and doing, apart from character. All her eagerness for acquirement lay within that full current of sympathetic motive in which her ideas and impulses were habitually swept along. She did not want to deck herself with knowledge—to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that fed her action; and if she had written a book she must have done it as Saint Theresa did, under the command of an authority that constrained her conscience. But something she yearned for by which her life might be filled with action at once rational and ardent; and since the time was gone by for guiding visions and spiritual directors, since prayer heightened yearning but not instruction, what lamp was there but knowledge? Surely learned men kept the only oil; and who more learned than Mr. Casaubon?

Thus in these brief weeks Dorothea's joyous, grateful expectation was unbroken; and however her lover might occasionally be conscious of flatness, he could never refer it to any slackening of her affectionate interest.

The season was mild enough to encourage the project of extending the wedding journey as far as Rome; and Mr. Casaubon was anxious for this, because he wished to inspect some manuscripts in the Vatican.

"I still regret that your sister is not to accompany us," he said one morning, some time after it had been ascertained that Celia objected to go, and that Dorothea did not wish for her companionship. "You will have many lonely hours, Dorothea, for I shall be constrained to make the utmost use of my time during our stay in Rome, and I should feel more at liberty if you had a companion."

The words "I should feel more at liberty" grated on Dorothea. For the first time in speaking to Mr. Casaubon she colored from annoyance.

"You must have misunderstood me very much," she said, "if you think I should not enter into the value of your time—if you think that I should not willingly give up whatever interfered with your using it to the best purpose."

"That is very amiable in you, my dear Dorothea," said Mr. Casaubon, not in the least noticing that she was hurt; "but if you had a lady as your companion, I could put you both under the care of a cicerone, and we could thus achieve two purposes in the same space of time."

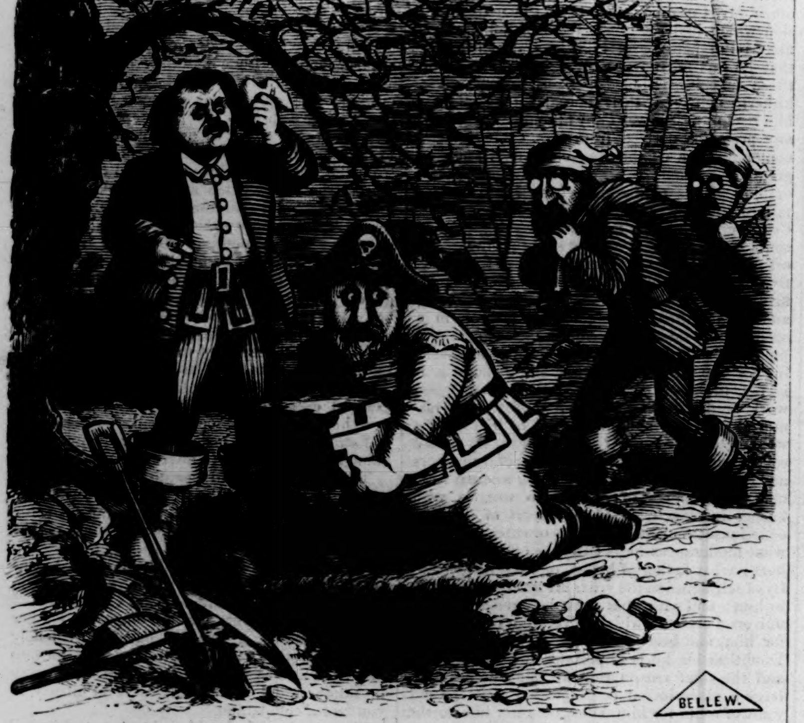
"I beg you will not refer to this again," said Dorothea, rather haughtily. But immediately she feared that she was wrong, and turning toward him, she laid her hand on his, adding, in a different tone, "Pray do not be anxious about me. I shall have so much to think of when I am alone. And Tantripp will be a sufficient companion, just to take care of me. I could not bear to have Celia—she would be miserable."

It was time to dress. There was to be a dinner-party that day, the last of the parties which were held at the Grange as proper preliminaries to the wedding, and Dorothea was glad of a reason for moving away at once on the sound of the bell, as if she needed more than her usual amount of preparation. She was ashamed of being irritated from some cause she could not define, even to herself; for though she had no intention to be untruthful, her reply had not touched the real hurt within her. Mr. Casaubon's words had been quite reasonable, yet they had brought a vague instantaneous sense of aloofness on his part.

"Surely I am in a strangely selfish, weak state of mind," she said to herself. "How can I have a husband who is so much above me without knowing that he needs me less than I need him?"

Having convinced herself that Mr. Casaubon was altogether right, she recovered her equanimity, and was an agreeable image of serene dignity when she came into the drawing-room in her silver-gray dress—the simple lines of her dark brown hair parted over her brow and coiled massively behind, in keeping with the entire absence from her manner and expression of all search after mere effect. Sometimes when Dorothea was in company, there seemed to be as complete an air of repose about her as if she had been a picture of Santa Barbara looking out from her tower into the clear air; but these intervals of quietude made the energy of her speech and emotion the more remarked when some outward appeal had touched her.

She was naturally the subject of many observations this evening, for the dinner-party was large, and rather more miscellaneous as to the male portion than any which had been held at the Grange since Mr. Brooke's nieces had resided with him, so that the talking was done in duos and trios more or less inharmonious. There was the newly elected mayor of Middlemarch, who happened to be a manufacturer; the philanthropic banker, his brother-in-law, who predominated so much in the town that some called him a Methodist, others a hypocrite, according to the resources of their vocabulary; and there were various professional men. In fact, Mrs. Cadwallader said that Brooke was beginning to treat the Middlemarchers, and that she preferred the farmers at the tithe-dinner, who drank her health unpretentiously, and were not ashamed of their grandfathers' furniture. For in that part of the country, before Reform had done its notable part in developing the political consciousness, there was a clearer distinction of ranks, and a dimmer distinction of parties; so that Mr. Brooke's miscellaneous invitations seemed to belong to that general laxity which came from his inordinate travel and habit of taking too much in the form of ideas.



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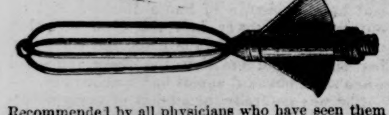

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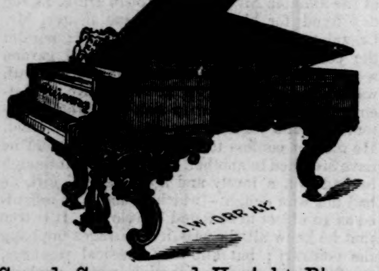

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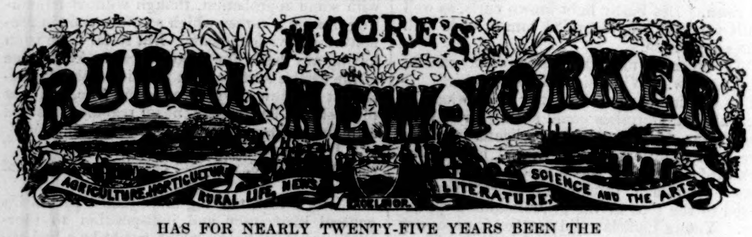

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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JAMES FISK, JUN.

JAMES FISK, Jun., familiarly known as "Prince Erie," whose death by the hand of a former boon companion has brought to a tragic close a career of brilliant crime and audacious indecorum, was perhaps better known at home and abroad than any other American of his time—an eminence of infamy which he alone of all men could covet and be proud of. He has left worse men behind him, but none who openly court the notoriety in which he delighted. The crimes, the vices, which he paraded before the public, they conceal behind a mask of affected decorum and hypocrisy; but he lived entirely in the public eye, and all men knew the best and the worst of him. He was a young man at the time of his death, having been born at Bennington, Vermont, on the 1st of April, 1834. His father was a peddler. At the age of seventeen he obtained employment of a very humble character in **VAN AMBURGH**'s menagerie, his occupation being to assist in the erection of tents, and to sweep out and keep clean the cages of the animals. His employer, noticing his capacity, promoted him to the position of a ticket-collector. In this capacity he accompanied **VAN AMBURGH** in his various tours through the United States, the Canadas, and Europe—a service extending over a period of eight years. Leaving **VAN AMBURGH** at twenty-five years of age, he determined to pursue the calling of his father, and returned to his native State of Vermont for that purpose. He commenced his career as a peddler by selling small articles, such as pencils, pens, etc., on the sidewalks of the different towns of the State. In this way, by dint of perseverance, he saved a little money, and having succeeded in raising a small additional sum, he purchased a horse and wagon, and made a fresh start in life as a peddler of dry-goods. He visited all the principal towns and villages of Vermont, and succeeded in gaining so large a custom in the places to which he traveled that his humble one-horse wagon was no longer capacious enough for the conveyance of his goods. He discarded it, therefore, and invested in a much larger one drawn by four horses. By-and-by he extended his field of operations, and traveled through Massachusetts and Connecticut as well as Vermont, until, finally, the gross amount of his sales attracted the attention of a Boston firm from whom he was in the habit of buying goods. In 1860 they made proposals to him to join their house, to which he assented, and **JAMES FISK**, Jun., became a partner in the firm of **JORDAN, MARSH, & Co.**, of Boston. But the firm did not appear to be so well pleased with **JAMES FISK** the partner as with **JAMES FISK** the customer, and at the end of two years they paid him the large sum of $64,000 to leave the firm.

It so happened that at this time some parties in Boston were anxious to purchase the Stonington line of steamships, then owned by Mr. **DANIEL DREW**. **JAMES FISK** was aware of this circumstance, and thinking he could turn this knowledge to good account, he came, in 1863, to New York. Obtaining an introduction to Mr. **DREW**, he managed so to ingratiate himself into the favor of that gentleman that he was employed to conduct the negotiation for the sale of the steamers. In this he was eminently successful. The sale was completed entirely to Mr. **DREW**'s satisfaction, and the ability and shrewdness which **FISK** had displayed throughout the negotiation gained for him Mr. **DREW**'s good-will and patronage, and an introduction to Wall Street.

FISK now commenced operating on his own account; he entered into a variety of speculative transactions in government stocks, gold, and other securities. Success, however, did not attend him in Wall Street as it had done when peddling through the country; the greater number of his speculations were disastrous in their results, and in two years' time **JAMES FISK** had lost every dollar he had in the world. He had, however, a friend in Mr. **DANIEL DREW**, who in 1865 assisted him to form the firm of **FISK, BELDEN, & Co.**, for the purpose of carrying on the business of stock-brokers, and gave them substantial aid by putting business into their hands, and employing them as brokers in many large undertakings.

In 1867 Mr. **FISK**, in connection with Mr. **JAY GOULD**, succeeded in making a large sum of money by operations in Erie stock. By an unscrupulous combination, which is doubtless still fresh in the memory of our readers, they got control over stock to the amount of $10,000,000, and were thus able to depress the general value of Erie stock from 72½ to 35. Mr. **FISK**'s share of the profits resulting from these operations amounted, it is said, to $1,300,000. An arrangement was then entered into by which **FISK** and **GOULD** obtained absolute possession and control of the Erie Railroad, the other conspirators receiving enormous sums of money as their portion of the plunder. From that time until the present the road has been under their management.

But **FISK** became more notorious for "Black Friday" operations than any other of the numerous schemes he set on foot. A "ring" was formed, by which absolute control was obtained of all the salable gold in the market, and the consequence was a "corner" in gold on Friday, September 24, 1869. The result was a panic in Wall Street; gold suddenly sprang from 142 to 160, **FISK** and **GOULD**'s agents forcing the rate by bids, until it was found that the ring possessed all of the available gold, and intended to hold it for a further advance. Every thing seemed in favor of the conspirators, as it was believed that the government sales of gold would not relieve the market. The scenes in the Gold-room were extraordinary, for a continuation of the crisis for twenty-four hours meant absolute ruin for all of the small operators as well as many of the leading firms. While the panic was at its height President **GRANT** ordered the sale of $5,000,000 of gold coin, and the rate dropped down to its old figure. With characteristic effrontery **FISK** and his confederates repudiated the majority of the engagements made by their agents, and several failures were the result. The conspiracy was an infamous one, and in any other city would probably have led to the imprisonment of the leaders.

FISK had, however, become thoroughly identified with the Tammany Ring. **TWEED** and **SWEENY** were Erie directors. Their influence was all-powerful, and **FISK** was allowed to escape the legal consequences of his acts. His opera-house speculation may be cited as another striking instance of his peculiar ideas of business honor. When the overissue of Erie stock gave him control of an immense amount of the shares, he purchased **PIKE**'s Opera-house for $820,000 in the name of the Erie Company; but they not liking the bargain, he assumed the purchase, reimbursing the company with some of his own watered stock. Subsequently the company leased the upper part of the building at an enormous rent. **FISK** also dabbled in other property, among which is the Fifth Avenue Theatre and Central Park Garden, his old experiences as a showman making him hanker after places of amusement.

The recent operations of **FISK** do not call for special mention, nor is there any necessity to make more than a passing allusion to his shameless and notorious profligacy. The circumstances of his tragic death were as follows:

Between **EDWARD S. STOKES** and **FISK** there had been bad blood for several months, growing out of business suits, and complicated with the affairs of a former mistress of **FISK**. **STOKES** had grown very bitter toward his rival, while **FISK** himself lost no opportunity to annoy his rival. As a last resort **FISK** lately attempted to get **STOKES** indicted as a felon, and the Grand Jury who listened to the complaints of himself and witnesses stood nine to two for indictment. Subsequently **FISK** secured a rehearing and introduced other witnesses, and, it is said, secured an indictment, the knowledge of which, received in some manner by **STOKES**, is supposed, though not known, to be the immediate incitement to the shooting.

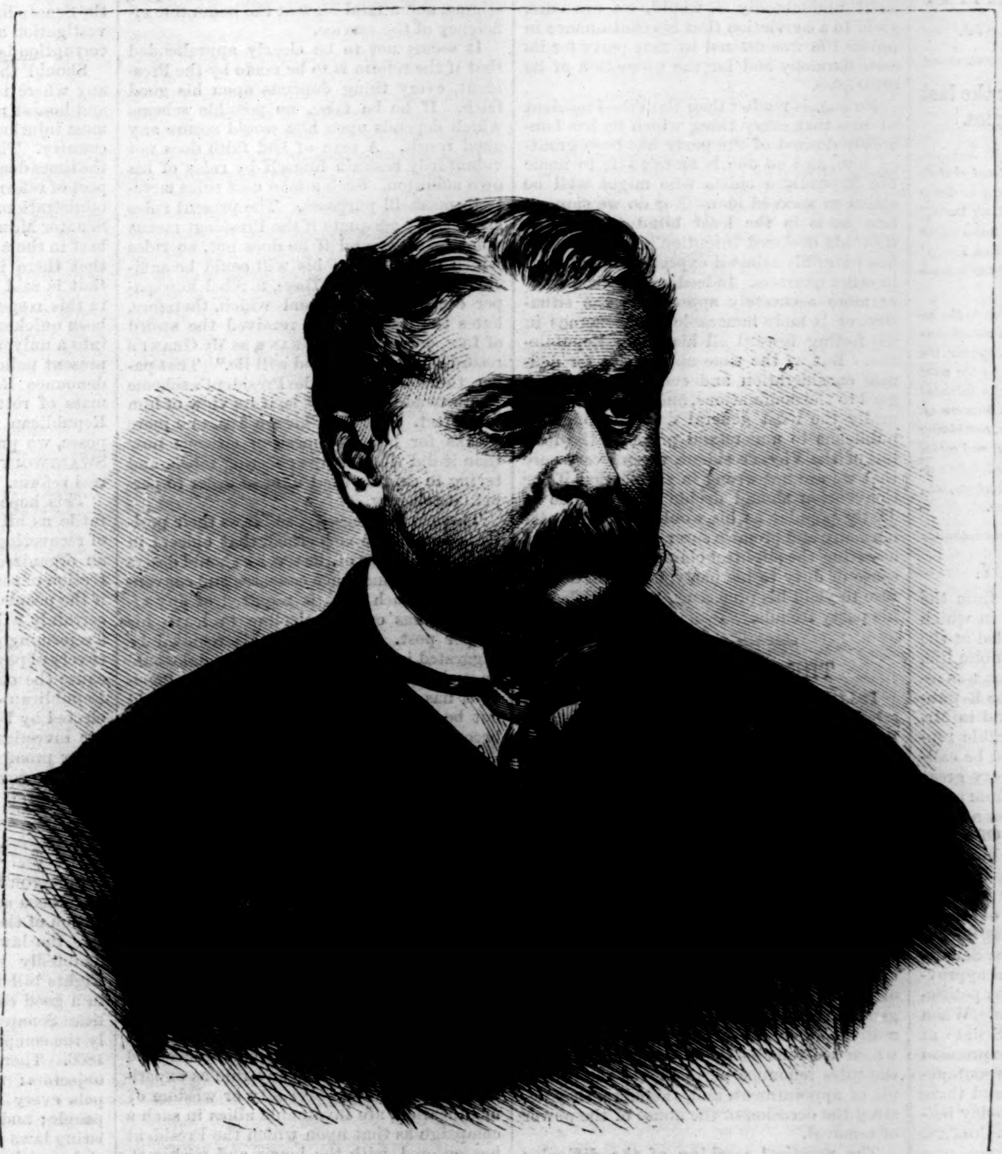
At four o'clock Saturday afternoon, January 6, **FISK** left **JAY GOULD** and others, with whom he had been in consultation at the Grand Opera-house, and drove to the Grand Central Hotel. He passed in by the ladies' entrance, and meeting **JOHN T. REDMOND**, the porter on duty, asked him if a lady, whom he named, was at home. Receiving an affirmative reply, **FISK** proceeded up stairs. Seven steps up there is a small landing. On reaching this, **FISK** saw **STOKES** standing at the head of the stairs, leaning on the end of the balusters. There was something in **STOKES**'s right hand; but before **FISK** could divine what it was the hand was raised, and **FISK** saw the muzzle of a pistol directed toward him. Before he could utter a word or turn to fly the weapon was discharged. The ball struck him in the abdomen, and passed inward and downward. The wounded man uttered the exclamation "Oh!" and fell on the landing. He arose, and as he did so **STOKES** fired again, the second shot passing through the fleshy part of the left arm, a short distance above the elbow. **FISK** staggered and turned partly around, as though with the intention of seeking safety in flight, and as he did so a third shot was fired. This missed him. The wounded man managed to reach the foot of the short flight of stairs, where he fell.

The assassin, throwing his pistol into the ladies' parlor, under a sofa, endeavored to gain the Mercer Street entrance to the hotel, and escape, but was seized on the floor below, and handed over to the custody of the police. Having been locked up in a station-house cell during the night, he was on Sunday morning transferred to the Tombs prison to await the action of the law.

The wounded man was immediately taken to a room in the hotel, where every thing that medical skill was capable of was done to save his life. It was soon evident, however, that he must die. The news was telegraphed to his wife, who was in Boston. His counsel and many friends were assembled about his bedside. For some hours after the shooting he maintained complete composure and full possession of his mental faculties, and with the assistance of his principal lawyer, Mr. **D. D. FIELD**, made his will, of which the following is a copy:

I, **JAMES FISK**, Jun., of the city of New York, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

1. I give, devise, and bequeath all my estate and property, real and personal, except the special legacy hereinafter mentioned, to my beloved wife, **LUCY D. FISK**, subject, however, to a trust to pay to my dear father and mother jointly, or to the survivor of them, $3000 a year for their support during the life of them or either of them;



THE LATE JAMES FISK, JUN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

and further, to pay to Minnie F. Morse and Rosie C. Morse each $2000 a year during their lives, respectively, until marriage, when the annuity of the one marrying shall cease; the property and estate aforesaid to rest absolutely in the said Lucy and her heirs forever, subject only as aforesaid; and the said trust shall not affect her right freely to dispose of and transfer any such property.

2. I give and bequeath to my sister, Mrs. Mary G. Hooker, stock in the Narraganset Steamship Company of the par value of $100,000, for her sole and separate use forever.

3. I appoint my said wife and my friend Eben D. Jordan, of Boston, executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 6th day of January, 1872.

[L. S.] James Fisk, Jun.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the testator to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses, at his request, and in the presence of each other.

Thomas G. Sherman, No. 316 West Twenty-second Street, New York.
Jay Gould, No. 578 Fifth Avenue, New York.
F. Willis Fisher, M.D., Grand Central Hotel.

When Mrs. Fisk arrived at the hotel, about seven o'clock Sunday morning, he was rapidly sinking, and continued to grow worse until a few minutes before eleven o'clock. Then all who were watching around the bedside could see that the end was at hand. The mysterious change was upon him. His breathing became only short, convulsive gasps. But there was no sign of agony in the unconscious man. There was no contortion of the face, no twitching of the muscles, no movement of the limbs. Calmly and peacefully this life, which had been so turbulent, ebbed away, and at fifteen minutes to eleven o'clock James Fisk, Jun., was dead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 20, 1872.

Average Weekly Circulation for the last Three Months, 160,000 Copies.

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THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

Some time ago a private letter from the Vice-President was published, in which he said to his friend that he intended at the close of his term to retire from public life. The expression of this determination was received with very great regret by the Republican party, which has always found in Mr. Colfax a most faithful and honorable representative. A man of what would be called singular good fortune, and of very great personal popularity, he has passed from point to point of honor in public life without a touch of serious reproach or suspicion. Of a simple, frank, and generous nature, but very shrewd and sincere, he is emphatically a man of the people, who has never forfeited the confidence which he has once obtained. As editor, representative in Congress, Speaker of the House, and President of the Senate, his course has commanded universal approval, and even the shafts shot at him by political hostility have been very harmless. When he was taken suddenly ill in the Senate at the close of the last session, the expression of sympathy in the country was as spontaneous as it was general and hearty, and there are very few public men who are to-day better known or more trusted than Mr. Colfax.

He has, indeed, been often mentioned as a most "available" candidate for the Presidency, and it was hoped at one time by those who are opposed to the renomination of General Grant that trouble at least might be made by insisting upon presenting Mr. Colfax. He, however, very plainly and early declared for the renomination of the President, as most desirable for the country and for the party; nor has he ever expressed any desire that his inclination to retire from the public service should be disregarded. Indeed, there is no man who has a more grateful sense of the popular kindness which he has always received, and of which his nomination to the Vice-Presidency was a striking illustration.

It had become a tradition that the nominations for the two chief offices should be determined by local considerations. If the President were taken from the North, the Vice-President would be selected from the South; or if one were from the West, the other would be from the East. Indeed, this had gone so far that if one were from a Free State, it was thought only fair that the other should be from a Slave State; and in 1856, when Colonel Fremont, from California, and Mr. Dayton, from New Jersey, were nominated for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, the ticket was denounced as "sectional." In 1868 there were conspicuous and able Republicans in all the Eastern States, but the Convention, sitting in Chicago, nominated a President from Illinois and a Vice-President from Indiana, and the association of the names of Grant and Colfax was instantly and universally hailed as peculiarly fortunate and happy, and nowhere more heartily than in New England.

During his term of office the Vice-President has certainly not lost his hold upon the respect of the country or the confidence of the party. Always a devoted Republican, and in full sympathy with the most advanced Republican ideas, he has the tact which disarms bitter hostility, and the good common-sense which is invaluable in the conduct of affairs. Although personally a friend of the President, and deeming his renomination desirable, he is not identified in any degree with either side in the warm controversy upon that subject. The New York *Tribune*, which judges the President very rigorously, is always, and justly, most friendly to the Vice-President. He is, in fact, one of the most generally trusted men in the party. He owes too much to it to deny any honorable claim which it may make upon him. Even his wish to retire, sincere as it undoubtedly is, would, we are sure, yield to a conviction that his continuance in public life was desired by that party for its own harmony and for the promotion of its principles.

No man is readier than the Vice-President to own that every thing which he has honorably desired of the party has been granted him, and no one is more swift to name the Republican chiefs who might well be called to succeed him. Nor do we suppose that he is in the least blind to the fact that his declared intention of withdrawal has naturally aroused expectation and hope in other quarters. Indeed, no political leader more accurately apprehends the situation, or is more honorable and generous in his feeling toward all his fellow-Republicans. But as the time approaches for definite consideration and consultation in regard to the nominations, and as there is naturally the most general desire among Republicans to understand precisely the feeling of the Vice-President, we are very sure that we are not wrong in saying that if the Convention should decide that a name so justly popular as his would insure greater harmony and promise surer success, without asserting the slightest claim, and in grateful sense of duty to his party, he would not refuse to yield his preference to the wishes of his party friends.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

It is sometimes objected to the President's scheme of reform of the civil service that by leaving the power of removal untouched, it permits an improper political pressure upon the officers. If the appointing power has any point to carry, it is said, it will be understood that all subordinates must help, or they will be removed. It is undoubtedly true that if the power of removal is left free, it may be sometimes abused. In private offices, also, it may unquestionably be abused; that is to say, clerks may be removed for personal reasons independent of their general efficiency. But such removals are obviously exceptional. Now the rules of the President are to be judged by their general spirit and character. The difficulty really complained of by the objection to which we refer is that of patronage. But the rules renounce patronage as the principle of appointment, and, therefore, they destroy the occasion of the abuse of the power of removal.

The practical working of the difficulty proposed is supposed to be that the head of an office would signify to his subordinates that they were to do certain political jobs, and if they declined, they would be removed. Or an influential politician would dictate to the head of the office certain work to be done by the subordinates, and if he declined, the politician would procure his removal; and that thus the present terrorism which makes many office-holders the active managers of politics would continue. But if any individual officer were removed in this way, there could be no security that his successor would not be still more recusant. Hence the offense usually charged against the head of an office at a convention or elsewhere, that he buys votes by the promise of appointments, becomes impossible. He can not promise an appointment, because that will depend upon an examination and a probation. And that being the case, his desire to manage a convention in that manner disappears, because neither his own place nor that of his subordinates would depend upon the result.

It may be said that although what we state may be true abstractly of the President's scheme, if it were law or confirmed tradition, yet that as it depends at present wholly upon the President himself, every office-holder is naturally desirous to secure the re-election of the President, and will do what he can to promote it. That may be true, but that in itself is no objection to the scheme. The President having identified himself with a most desirable reform, will naturally be supported by the friends of that reform, whether in or out of office. That those who are in office may abuse their authority is possible, but they will have no motive to abuse it except to gratify the President; and he, by adopting the rules, has declared that the service is to cease to be the reward of mere party activity. If he should publish a proclamation stating that office-holders need no longer consider their manipulation of primaries and conventions to be the condition of their retaining office, he would only do more ostentatiously what he has already done. And no such formal proclamation would really dispose of the objection, because it would still be said that the heads of offices, anxious to secure themselves by the President's re-election, would require the illicit service complained of, and remove those who did not render it. Meanwhile, to forbid all who hold subordinate offices from taking such part in politics as their tastes and talents dictate would be a most unjust stigma, and a fatal blow at the honorable efficiency of the service.

It seems not to be clearly apprehended that if the reform is to be made by the President, every thing depends upon his good faith. If he be false, no possible scheme which depends upon him would secure any good result. A man of bad faith does not voluntarily restrain himself by rules of his own adoption. Such a man uses rules merely to mask ill purposes. The present rules are entirely adequate if the President means what he says; and if he does not, no rules which depend upon his will could be sufficient. The Chicago *Times*, a rebel newspaper during the war, and which, therefore, hates the General who received the sword of Lee, says that "Mr. Grant, as Mr. Grant's record shows, can lie and will lie." That paper, therefore, thinks the President's scheme "thin twaddle." So it is, if its view of him be correct. But the Chicago *Times* no more speaks for honest American citizens now than it did when it was cheering rebels, and trying to destroy the Union in order to perpetuate slavery.

There is no necessity, so far as their positions merely are concerned, that officers in various branches of the service should desert their duty to influence caucuses and conventions. If such duty is required of any officer, he has only to decline to leave his proper post. And should his removal be suggested in consequence, the scandal would be such, under the scheme which the President has adopted, that the attempt would not be renewed, nor the removal, if made, become a precedent. Yet no one, we hope, is so foolishly sanguine as to suppose that the practices of so evil a system as that which our civil service has become can be superseded without persistent effort and immense hostility of every kind. It will be some time before those who are already in office can understand the new spirit of the system and the settled purpose of the President. There must necessarily be disappointments and vexations and delays. But the hope of the reform and the dependence of the President are in the good sense of the people, who know very well the follies of the present system, and who understand that it can not be abolished by a word. Patience and good humor and steady persistence, and a disposition to modify any rule as experience may show the necessity or wisdom of modification, are invaluable allies in such a campaign as that upon which the President has entered, with the hopes and wishes of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens.

THE SENATE INVESTIGATION IN NEW YORK.

The Senate committee of investigation into alleged frauds at the Custom-house in New York is now engaged in its work. Its sessions are open, and its report will be anticipated with peculiar interest. It is objected that as it sits at the Custom-house it is already liable to the suspicion of not intending thorough work. But there can be little doubt that the members understand the absolute necessity of the most radical and complete inquiry and exposure. Obscurity increases suspicion, as mist magnifies every object, and it is desirable for all reasons that the general order system should be fully revealed. If it be the gross and unspeakable corruption which is alleged, we are all interested to know it. If persons in high position are involved in its frauds, let them be exposed. Nobody is interested in concealing swindlers but knaves. And if it shall appear that those who are charged with complicity are not knaves, it will go near to be thought that those who bring the charges are.

It is, however, manifestly unfair to declare in advance that the result of the investigation is a foregone conclusion, unless it can be shown that Mr. Buckingham may properly be suspected of connivance at the concealment of fraud, or that Mr. Bayard and Mr. Casserley, the Democratic members of the committee, are likely to gloze over the faults of Republican administration. A party strengthens itself in the degree of the earnestness with which it reforms abuses within its control. Despite the charges of its enemies, the Republican party has done more to purify administration than any other party ever did since the abuses became great. The war opened great opportunities for extravagance and dishonesty, and the Republican party has had to deal with them. It has done so with the plain purpose of reform. Its President—the first since the war ended—has urged it in every message, and has himself personally done more than any President ever did, by his adoption of the recent rules. Under his administration, indeed, as under all, there have been, as we think, mistakes in appointments; but it is the President who proposes hereafter to prevent them as far as possible. The Republican State Conventions during the year have demanded the same kind of reform, and the Senate has now authorized searching investigation at the very point where the most corruption is charged.

Should there be shown any disposition any where to conceal or pervert the clear and honest results of the inquiry, it will be most injurious to the party as well as to the country. The one thing which the spirit of the times demands, and which makes the prospect of reform so promising, is honesty of administration. We certainly do not agree with Senator Morton that our civil system is the best in the world; but there can be no doubt that there is great exaggeration in much that is said of it. Yet whatever the truth in this respect, the demand for honesty has been quickened by the Tammany disclosures into a universal chorus. Indeed, the whole present policy of the Democratic party is to denounce Republican administration as a mass of rottenness, and to sneer at every Republican movement of reform. It supposes, we presume, that only the party of Swartwout and Floyd can be the party of real reform.

This hope of the Democratic party is as futile as all the others. It has no chance of recovering power, if of longer existence as an organized party, except under the protection of some reforming Republican. And if the people of the country believe, as they certainly will, that the Republican policy is a reforming policy, even the chance of the recovery of power by such a stratagem fails, because the country would naturally prefer a Republican elected by Republicans to one elected by Democrats. We look to the Senate investigating committee to furnish another proof that the party which now controls the government is the party of honesty and reform.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Senator Sumner, whose life and powers have been so largely consecrated to the elevation of the colored race to an equality before the law with all other races, will undoubtedly press his supplementary Civil Rights bill with all his customary tenacity in a good cause, nor do we see why Republican Senators should oppose it. It is strictly the completion of the Civil Rights bill of 1866. There are, however, two classes of objectors: those who think that it compels every body to associate with colored people; and those who think that under existing laws the colored citizen has the same rights and resources with all other citizens. A story will dispose of the first objection, which is the more common and powerful. A New Englander was talking with a Virginian of the proposition of Senator Sumner, and the Virginian was troubled by what he supposed was a law to force disagreeable guests upon his table, if not worse. The New Englander replied that he thought there was no just ground of fear; that Irishmen had long been upon perfect equality with every body else in his State, but that he had never been obliged to chum with a hod-carrier in his life. Social equality is not to be determined by law, nor does Senator Sumner propose it. He proposes that the equality before the law which we profess shall be secured to every citizen.

The original Civil Rights bill provides that all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, shall have in every State and Territory the same rights with white citizens to inherit, hold, and convey property, to give evidence, and to the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the benefit of persons and property. The statute is limited by its definitions, but its object and spirit are unmistakable. They are to provide perfect equality in all the rights which are regulated by law. Elsewhere, possibly—in England, for instance, where the Somerset decision was rendered—it might be safely supposed that the law would be most generously interpreted in its just spirit. But in this country, where the prejudice arising from slavery must long survive the extinction of slavery, it is most desirable to define precisely and to guard securely that equality before the law which it is the constant tendency of the tradition of slavery to despise and disregard. It is by no means clear that the courts under an act worded like the original Civil Rights act would defend every right, and it is to remove that uncertainty that Senator Sumner introduced his bill.

It declares that all citizens are entitled to the equal enjoyment of every accommodation furnished by common carriers, by innkeepers, by managers of public entertainments licensed by law, by the officers of common schools and other institutions of learning, by the trustees of church organizations, cemetery associations, and benevolent institutions, and provides that the right shall not be denied or abridged on any pretense of color or previous condition of servitude. And the fifth section of the act provides that every law, State or national, which discriminates against any person by the use of the word white, is repealed and annulled. Actions are to be brought in the United States courts; and any person convicted of violating the law shall be fined not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned not less than thirty days, nor more than a year; and any chartered body so convicted shall forfeit its charter.

This is simply the completion of the original Civil Rights bill. If that was right, this is right; and if that was right, it is a halting and defective right without this. All that the supplementary bill states is implied in the original bill; and every argument that justified that confirms this. It is the one act of legislation necessary to finish and round the civil work of the war. When this is accomplished, all that law can do for the race so long oppressed by the acquiescence of law is done. What remains of unjust and belittling hostility will slowly disappear before a more and more enlightened public opinion. But as long as we hesitate or fail amply to secure the equal right of every citizen, rich or poor, white or colored, so long we discredit our manhood and disgrace our national principle.

KU-KLUX AND AMNESTY.

The confessions of the Ku-Klux in Spartanburg County, South Carolina, leave no doubt both of the existence and of the character of the organization, and dispose of the hesitating extenuation of crime which is found in the plea that society is so disturbed in that section that good citizens must combine to preserve order. The simple truth is that there is a large secret organization among the white population to terrorize the colored people and all who support and politically sympathize with them. Practically, it is an attempt to control politics by the fear of personal violence, and an attempt directed against the Republican party. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who went to serve as counsel for some of the persons accused, expressed his utter abhorrence of much that the evidence revealed—offenses that he could not and would not deny—and he has returned. The voluntary confession of scores of offenders removes every lingering vestige of doubt, and the crimes which the Democratic press sneeringly described as old women's tales and bugaboo are as fully established as any other fact.

In the midst of these revelations the question of amnesty comes up in Congress, and there will be a disposition to declare that the moment is not fortunate. It is too late, however, to oppose. The substantial reasons for refusing have disappeared, when disabilities do not extend to voting, and affect only eligibility to office. What remains of disfranchisement is unmeaning, and defeats its own end by giving factitious importance to persons who are otherwise insignificant. Principle and policy alike demand that the government should remove this last shadow of an excuse for ill feeling; and as the President has proposed it, there is, we hope, little doubt that Congress will not long delay. In the Senate, indeed, Mr. Sumner has moved his supplementary Civil Rights bill as an amendment; and as that secures the rights of the colored citizens, his proposition is denounced by Democratic authority as a conspiracy to defeat amnesty. True to the traditional slave-holding instinct, certain Democratic papers are very willing that every man who causelessly sought to destroy the government should be relieved from every kind of disability, but a proposition that innocent and loyal colored citizens of the United States shall be protected in rights which they had never forfeited is intolerable.

There may be Republican Senators who will object upon some ground. But is the proposition unreasonable? The Ku-Klux is sufficient evidence of the feeling of a large section toward the colored people. It is proposed to remove every disability from what may be called the Ku-Klux party. But is it the duty of the government to favor them while it declines to secure equal rights to their victims? Again, there are in the country some four millions of the colored race. They have always suffered not only in general estimation, but, in many parts of the country, before the law, because of the servile condition in which they have lain. The country has raised them by freedom to the common level. Ought it not to say emphatically to that section in which there is the most hostility to their equality that it means to protect it absolutely, leaving social tastes and preferences to regulate themselves? And can the country say so more effectively than in the same breath with which it declares all remaining penalties removed from the late rebels?

It is objected that such an amendment is not cognate to an amnesty bill; and if the objection meant no more than appears, there would be no harm in entertaining it. That is to say, if the gentlemen who raise it were willing, having passed the Amnesty, then to pass the supplementary Civil Rights bill, it might be wisely waived as an amendment. But if the objection of irrelevancy is a mere feint to separate it from the Amnesty bill, that it may be killed without harming the Amnesty, it is not an honest objection. Of the two propositions the amendment is not the least important. Surely, if we are to be generous to ex-rebels, we should be just to ex-slaves. The subject will come early before the Senate, and we trust that there will be no hesitation in the action which the friends of amnesty and equal rights properly expect.

THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH "CASES."

Copies of the "Case presented on the part of the Government of her Britannic Majesty to the Tribunal of Arbitration constituted under Article I. of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 8th May, 1871, between her Britannic Majesty and the United States of America," as it is entitled, are now in possession of the Government of the United States. The "case" itself—that is to say, the argument of the British Government—consists of a folio volume of 168 pages, printed in the style and form of the common Blue-Books of the British Parliament. Annexed to the "case" is an appendix consisting of four volumes folio, printed in the same form and page as the case itself, and containing in all 2274 pages.

The American "case," copies of which have now been distributed among the Senators and members of the House of Representatives, is entitled "The Case of the United States, to be laid before the Tribunal of Arbitration to be convened at Geneva, under the Provisions of the Treaty between the United States of America and her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, concluded at Washington, May 8, 1871." Our "case," unlike the British, is a volume in royal octavo, handsomely printed in large and leaded type, consisting of 509 pages, and about the same in quantity of matter as the British "case," and our "case" is also accompanied by an appendix, in octavo, of seven volumes, averaging about 650 pages each, printed in the usual form of the documents of Congress.

The British "case" is said to be a very elaborate, ingenious, and well-written argument, containing a statement of the matters referred to the arbitrators as understood by the British Government, a statement of the course pursued by Great Britain and other maritime powers in relation to the war of rebellion in the United States, a statement concerning international rights and duties, and a statement of particular facts relative to the *Florida*, *Alabama*, *Georgia*, and *Shenandoah*, together with carefully drawn legal propositions or conclusions in support of the general views of the British Government.

While this is the British "case," drawn with care by able English lawyers, it is agreeable to know that the eminent American counsel are agreed that our own "case" has been prepared with ability, and is a thorough and effective exposition of the claims of the United States.

DR. PAINE AND THE SOUL.

One of the oldest and most eminent medical writers in this country, Dr. Martyn Paine, of New York, has recently published a volume of profound and elaborate criticisms on the materialistic tendencies of modern philosophy. His work, which forms a portly octavo of more than seven hundred pages, is issued from the press of Harper & Brothers, and is entitled "Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as Distinguished from Materialism." It is founded in part on a previous essay by the author, published more than twenty years ago with a similar title, which at that time attracted great attention in the ranks of the medical profession and among the students of philosophy. The present volume is enlarged to many times its original size, and is, in fact, a new work, discussing the subject of which it treats in the light of the most recent scientific announcements, and with reference to the theories which they promulgate. Dr. Paine has been prominent throughout his professional career as an advocate of the doctrine of vital force, and the existence of the soul as a substantial reality, independent of material organization. He now strenuously maintains the ground which he has always held on those points, and bravely repels the subtle assaults of which they have been made the subject by eminent physiologists of the present day. It is natural that the Nestor of the profession should cling to the ancient bulwarks, and defend them with a zeal and ability which indicate the vigor of manhood rather than the repose of age.

PERSONAL.

The present Legislature at Albany has distinguished itself in two particulars—it has elected two printers to positions of the first importance. Mr. Terwilliger, the Secretary of the Senate, is one of the editors and proprietors of the Syracuse *Journal*. He has hitherto filled the office of Secretary of the Senate, and is not only familiar with every branch of parliamentary detail, but is noted, in political circles, for having a knowledge of the men who control matters in the different counties not surpassed by that of any man in the State. Mr. Underwood, the Clerk of the House, is a graduate from the office of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, and has had much experience as a deputy-clerk in previous sessions of the House. He, too, is a thorough parliamentarian—prompt, clear, and courteous, and will greatly facilitate the business of the Assembly.

—On New-Year's Day the King of Italy sent a special embassador to the Pope to tender a happy New-Year; but Cardinal Antonelli, wary old gentleman, did not see it, and so sent the messenger back with the simple word that his Holiness was indisposed and unable to receive visitors! ("Not for Pius!")

—Mr. Paul Morphy, who on life's score has tallied thirty-five, is now a resident of New Orleans, devoting himself industriously and successfully to the practice of the law. His father studied law with the famous Edward Livingston, Supreme Court judge of Louisiana.

—General John Tyler, Jun., satisfied that "the pen is mightier than the sword," is on the editorial staff of the Tallahassee (Florida) *Sentinel*, and his brother Robert is editor of the Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser*.

—Lord Courtenay, the eldest son and heir to the title of the Earl of Devon, has just availed himself of a Briton's right to go into bankruptcy. The bagatelle for which his lordship finds himself short is about four million eight hundred thousand dollars! This young peer (he is only thirty-five) has for years past lived at a ruinously extravagant rate, and now declares himself legally a beggar. No wonder that Sir Charles Dilk and other radicals advocate the abolition of the House of Lords, when hereditary legislators, such as Lord Courtenay expects soon to become, are permitted to make laws and ruin creditors.

—The Duke d'Aumale has been elected a member of the Academy of France—the highest and most eagerly sought honor of the country.

—The French lion of to-day is M. Ordinaire, deputy for Lyons. He is about thirty-five, and lean as Cassius. His hair is long and greasy. He is never well dressed, has rather a slovenly appearance, and looks like a poor attorney's clerk. He has said things in the Assembly which for roughness and violence surpass any thing said in that body since the days of Robespierre.

—Mr. David A. Wells, a man who loves simple addition as a lover does his mistress, has demonstrated the fact that the Central Park, of this city, has increased the valuation of city property adjacent thereto to an extent that will "not only pay the interest on all the bonds of the city issued for the Park purchase and construction, but leave a surplus of three millions of dollars, or a sum sufficient, if used as a sinking fund, to pay the principal and interest of the cost of the Park in less time than the Park was in the course of construction."

—Hon. George Bancroft, whose preliminary education took place at Phillips Academy, established long since a scholarship in that institution—one of the best in New England. This year, out of forty competitors for the scholarship, the successful man was George E. Woodbury.

—M. Thiers's political couch is not entirely composed of roses. One of his old newspaper compatriots says of him: "He wants the purple, but he can't reach it by the blood that flows over his flannel waistcoat."

—The Rev. James C. Beecher, a brother of him of Plymouth, has been settled over a Congregational church at Poughkeepsie. It is a peculiarity of the family that they are usually settled *over* a congregation, never *under* it.

—The Rev. Mr. Hepworth is just now an object of more than common "personal" interest. He has deemed it a matter of conscience, and so of duty, to announce to the large and cultivated congregation of which he is pastor, his unqualified belief in the divinity of Christ. He says: "I know very little about the science of theology, and care less for it; it was always a very dry study to me; but this dogma is the basic element of my system, and therefore I speak of it. I can not resist the feeling: it has grown partly out of the way in which I read my Bible, and partly out of my own religious consciousness, that Christ's life and God's life are inextricably interwoven and interlaced. I am bound to believe in Christ's divinity, or else tear certain texts up by the roots, which I am wholly unwilling to do."

—"George Eliot's" new novel, "Middlemarch," now in course of publication in this journal, is published in England under peculiar conditions. The author retains the copyright, and instead of receiving a percentage from Messrs. Blackwood, she pays a percentage to them, and keeps the rest for herself. She is said to have received, on a former occasion, the largest sum ever agreed in advance to be paid by a publisher for a novel: this was $30,000 for "Romola," which came out in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and which increased its sale to 70,000 copies.

—Mr. Sumner proposes an amendment to the Constitution, by which the President of the U. S. shall be ineligible for re-election. Of past Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson held office for eight years. Lincoln is the only President re-elected since Jackson's time. Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan held only one term, Harrison and Taylor died during their terms, and Lincoln was assassinated early in his second term.

—Mr. M'Creery, who has been chosen to succeed Garret Davis as United States Senator from Kentucky, is said to be at swords' points with Governor Stevenson, the other Senator, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is grieved thereat, as imperiling the interests of the State. Such differences are frequent—indeed, almost unavoidable: Senators Fenton and Conkling entertain any thing but vitally religious views of each other. The same may be said of Sprague and Anthony, of Rhode Island, of Spencer and his predecessor Willard Warner, of Alabama, of Schurz and Blair, of Missouri, and of Senators of other States. The moment a man becomes a United States Senator he commences to lay plans for re-election or for the Presidency, and, of course, is jealous of every thing that may redound to the power or popularity of his colleague.

—Senator Brownlow, the stricken Senator from Tennessee, when he enters the Hall is carefully handed into his seat. An extra large sofa-chair is furnished him, and there he sits from beginning to end of each day's session, never attempting to rise to his feet. But he always votes; and if he has any particular views to urge, he has them committed to paper, and read from the clerk's desk. His face is thin and pale and smooth, and his whole appearance that of a man utterly prostrated. But he sticks to his work, and is always present at roll-call.

—Judge Spencer, who has made an excellent record during his term of service in the Superior Court, and who would probably have been re-elected but for the political typhoon of November last, made a neat little speech on retiring from the bench on the 30th ult. "Among the judges," said he, "who were drifted from their moorings by that tidal wave were Judge Jones and myself. I know and can now realize full well the result of a contest when the determined and organized power and might of the people are in full exercise. Every real and fancied barrier in their path disappears like the mist before the morning sun. I am enough of a patriot to rejoice in the fact, for upon the virtue, spirit, and power of the people depend the safety and permanence of our free institutions, and the main security for political and official integrity; and the preventive against corruption in high places lies in their vigilance, and in the prompt and vigorous exercise of their power whenever occasion demands the same. I was educated in this kind of political faith, and I can not resist its teachings, although I am personally injured in its practical workings. Therefore, without seeking to censure any person or organization for any untoward results to myself, I cheerfully accept the circumstances and situation. Judges Curtis and Sedgwick will sit with you in our places on the commencement of the new year. They came, as we went, in the storm and by the will of the people. Old *Vox Populi* hustled them into our place with such haste and violence as almost took their and our breaths away. Yet their advent among you will be like the new year—peaceable, harmonious, and happy; and I sincerely congratulate you upon having such worthy and honorable successors to your old associates."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York State Legislature assembled at Albany on the 2d inst. and organized. The House elected as Speaker Mr. Henry Smith, a Republican. No business of importance was transacted during the week.

On New-Year's Day Mr. Richard B. Connolly, who had been in Ludlow Street jail since November 29, was released on bail in $1000 on each of the fifteen criminal indictments found against him. Justice Barnard, who allowed the bail, granted it on the same principle which guided him in the Tweed case.

There was serious trouble recently at Rochester, New York. A negro named Howard brutally outraged a white child ten years old. Upon being arrested he was threatened with Lynch Law by an excited crowd, by whom the jail in which he was confined was attacked. It was defended by a military force, who were compelled to fire upon the rioters, several of whom were killed. The negro was subsequently tried secretly, and on pleading guilty, he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the Auburn State-Prison, whither he was immediately conveyed.

A proposal has been made by the Rothschilds to take $600,000,000 of the new United States loan.

FOREIGN NEWS.

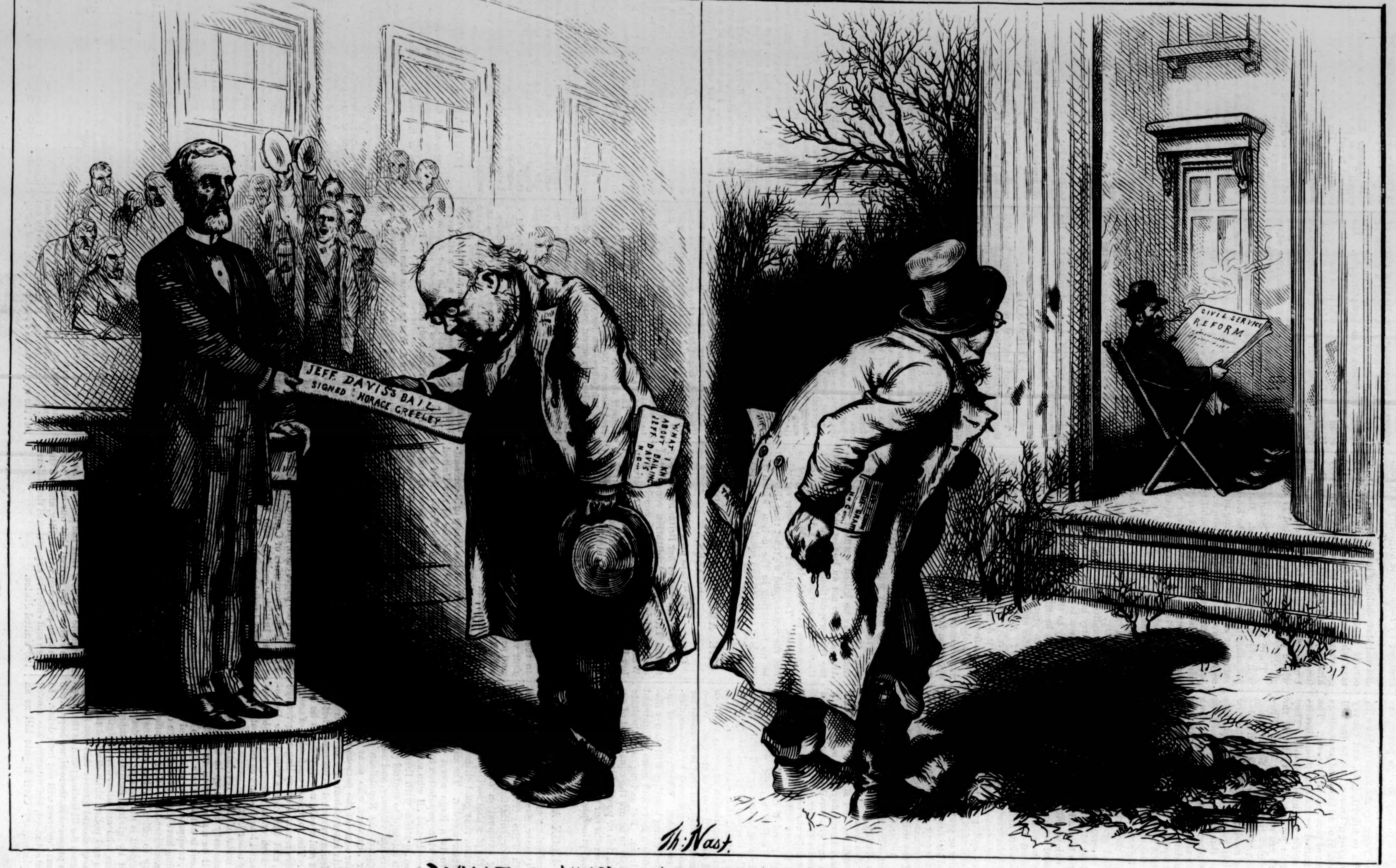
Von Roon, the well-known Prussian minister, has retired from the Ministry of the Marine.

The Pope declined to receive a congratulatory message borne by a special embassador from Victor Emanuel.

The famine in Persia continues, and the suffering is undiminished.

Some Germans in London have petitioned Prince Bismarck to demand of the United States an apology and indemnity for the supplies furnished by American citizens to the French Government of National Defense during the late war.

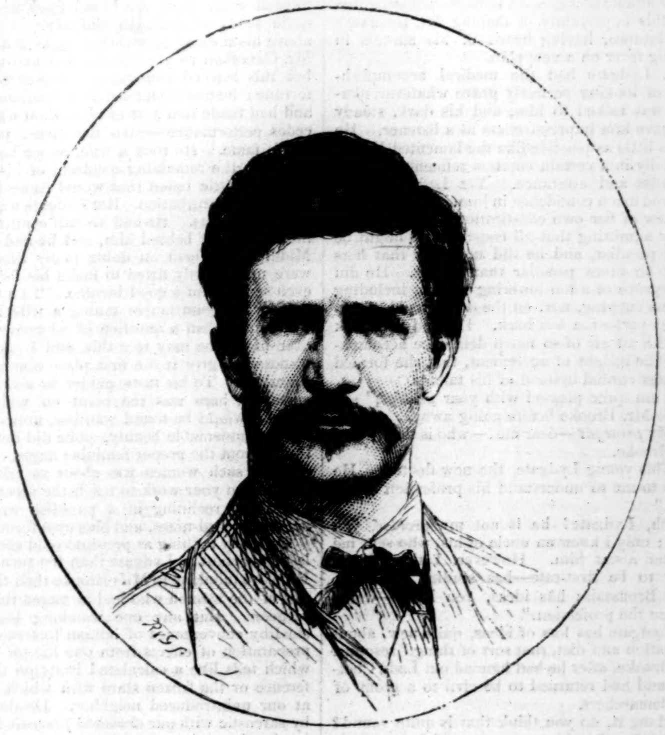
At Havana it is reported that Cespedes, President of the Cuban republic, accompanied by Milines, Castillo, and Maceo, his sub-Secretary of War, and another person, left the island on the 14th of October, and reached Port Royal, Jamaica, in safety, and that Cespedes sailed for Curaçoa, where he now lies very ill. "King's Day" passed off in Havana without any disturbance. Valmaseda's coming deposition is said to cause great dissatisfaction among the people.


JEFF DAVIS'S BAIL
SIGNED HORACE GREELEY
WHAT I KNO
ABOUT BAILING
JEFF DAVIS.
H. G.
GRANT
CIVIL SERVICE
REFORM

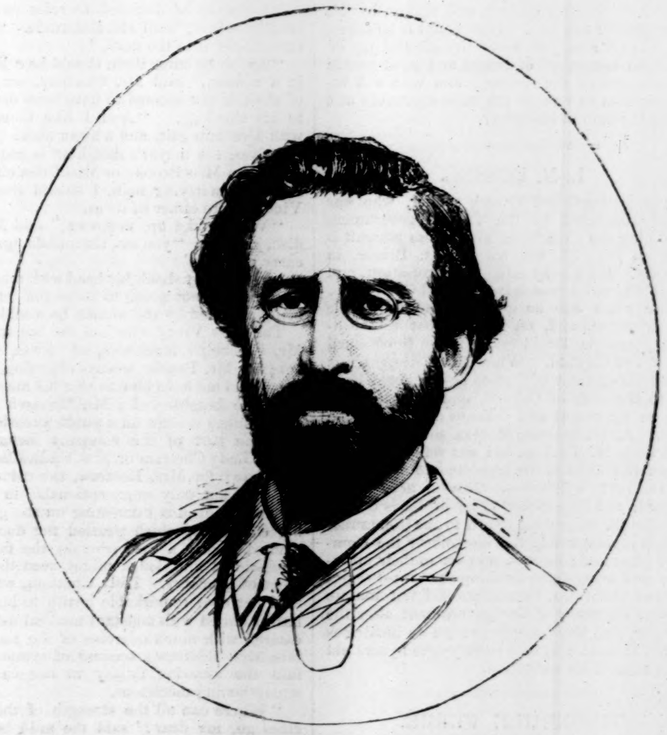
THE TRAITOR.

THE PATRIOT.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HORACE GREELEY.



L. N. ROSSEL.—[See Page 54.]



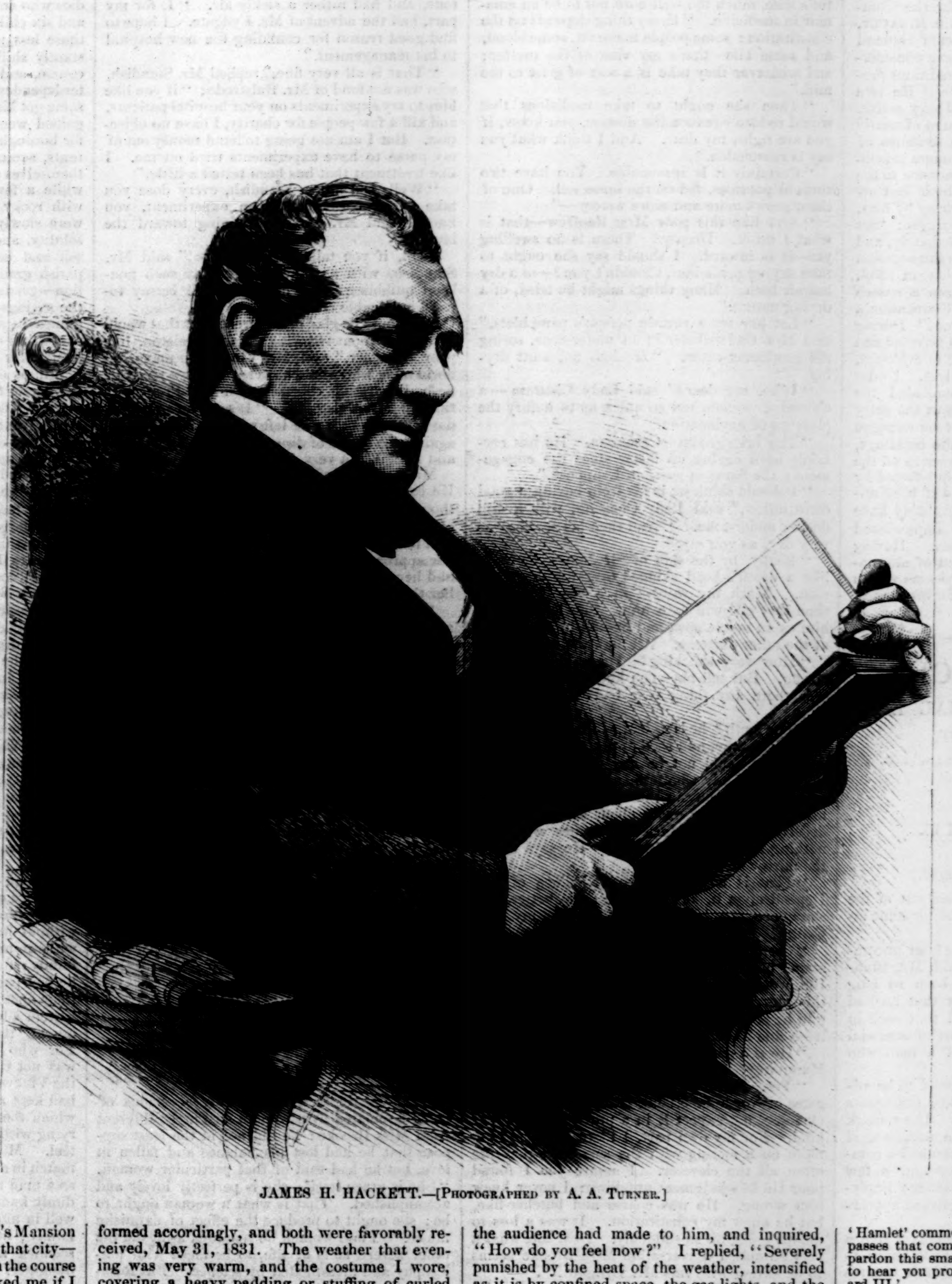
THÉOPHILE FERRÉ.—[See Page 54.]

JAMES H. HACKETT.

The portrait presented in connection with this notice gives the likeness of a gentleman who has conferred the highest honor upon the theatrical profession of his country. In several particulars he was unlike any of the prominent actors, American or foreign, who have in later years occupied the higher places in histrionic art. There was nothing, to the casual observer, in his ordinary way of life, in his personal appearance or address, or in the gentlemen with whom in private life he was accustomed to associate, that indicated a predilection for the stage, or a fondness for its excitement and applause. There was about him more the manner of a successful banker or professional man, or a farmer on a scale of more than usual magnitude, than of a close, studious, thoughtful interpreter of Shakspearean character, or of those peculiar French, Scotch, or American personations in which there were few to equal and none to excel him.

Probably no actor, at home or abroad, in the entire history of the stage, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of a larger number of distinguished men than Mr. Hackett. With Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Preston, Mr. Southard, Mr. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln, and with very many others who, during the last forty years, have occupied high place in the political history of the country, he was on most agreeable and friendly terms, and to whose firesides he was always a welcome guest. And this not merely as one of the most courtly, gracious, and genial of men—the joy of every social gathering—but as a thoughtful observer of public matters, and who discussed them with an intelligence and incisiveness that commanded attention and respect. There was not only an entire absence in him of frivolity, and a disdain of littleness of every sort, but he was noted for sturdy manliness and outspoken detestation of every thing tainted with dishonor.

Undoubtedly Mr. Hackett's chief fame as an actor will rest upon his conception and personation of Falstaff. And the incident which led to his assumption of the character is so aptly told by himself as to be worthy of reproduction here:



JAMES H. HACKETT.—[Photographed by A. A. Turner.]

Late in the month of May, 1831, while Charles Kean and myself were starring upon alternate nights at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and were fellow-guests in Head's Mansion House—then the most favorite hotel of that city—we strolled about the town together. In the course of our promenade Charles Kean asked me if I had ever thought of acting Falstaff. I replied that "with such object I had partially studied the character." He observed, "I have a strong desire to play Hotspur, and if you will undertake to be ready within a week to make a first appearance in Falstaff, I will essay Hotspur on the occasion for the first time also." We performed accordingly, and both were favorably received, May 31, 1831. The weather that evening was very warm, and the costume I wore, covering a heavy padding or stuffing of curled hair to give the requisite rotundity to Fat Jack's large proportions, together with my anxiety and nervousness about the result, caused me to perspire very profusely. Toward the conclusion of the play the manager, Mr. Duffy, came behind the scenes, and repeated some complimentary remarks which he said certain critics among the audience had made to him, and inquired, "How do you feel now?" I replied, "Severely punished by the heat of the weather, intensified as it is by confined space, the gas-lights, and the breath of the audience." "Pshaw!" rejoined Mr. Duffy, "you don't suffer at all when compared with Cooper" (Thomas A.), "just such a night as this about a year ago. After Falstaff's running away and roaring for 'mercy' when surprised and chased from Gadshill by the Prince and Poins, Cooper insisted upon having the large double doors at the back of the stage—constructed in order to admit elephants, horses, and cars on occasion—thrown wide open, and, regardless of the rear being upon a public alley, ordered his servant to bring a chair, which he placed in that opening, and sat himself there to pant and try to cool himself. Every time thereafter as he came off the stage he threw himself into the chair, and commenced by crying aloud to his servant, 'Where's that brandy-and-water?' 'Here, Sir.' Having swigged it down, Cooper next ordered him, 'Bring here a looking-glass.' After reconnoitring his features in the mirror: 'There's that bloody red nose of mine, and more characteristic than Bardolph's; get some chalk, and whiten it!' His servant had hardly time to effect it when Cooper was called to the stage. Upon returning as before he called first for 'brandy-and-water,' then for the looking-glass; and again surveying his face, he rebuked his servant, 'Didn't I tell you, Sirrah, to chalk my nose?' His man replied, 'I did, Sir; but you sweat so much the chalk won't stay on it!' 'Well, then, take a towel and wipe my nose dry first, and then rub more chalk over it.' He was interrupted by the call-boy, 'Mr. Cooper, the stage is waiting for you.' 'Is it? I'll pray to be d—— if I ever undertake to act this infernal old vagabond again!'"

Mr. Hackett wrote with grace and force. Many years ago he had a correspondence with John Quincy Adams (who was noted for his critical familiarity with Shakspeare) on the character of Hamlet, and Mr. Hackett's portion of the correspondence was especially commended by the intelligent critics of that period. Later he became quite intimate with Mr. Lincoln, who, in 1863, addressed to him the following letter:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,
"*August* 17, 1863.

"My dear Sir,—Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note, and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

"For one of my age, I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of Falstaff I ever saw was yours here last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakspeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Hamlet,' and especially 'Macbeth.' I think none equals 'Macbeth.' It is wonderful. Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet' commencing, 'Oh, my offense is rank!' surpasses that commencing, 'To be, or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of 'Richard III.'

"Will you not soon visit Washington again?

"If you do, please call, and let me make your personal acquaintance. Yours truly, A. Lincoln."

"James H. Hackett, Esq."

It is not necessary to allude in detail to the professional excellence of Mr. Hackett. That duty has been done at great length, and with more than ordinary feeling and ability, by the daily press of the city. How could it be otherwise when the subject was "the general joy of the whole company" of bright and good people in every part of the country, and who will remember him as one of the most agreeable and interesting men of his time?

L. N. ROSSEL.

THIS distinguished French soldier, who was recently executed by the **THIERS** government for joining the Commune, and whose portrait is given on page 53, was born at St. Brieuc, in Brittany. He was by religion a Protestant, and his mother was a Scotch lady named CAMPBELL. Twelve years ago he graduated at the École Polytechnique, and, on leaving that establishment, joined the Engineers, in which he obtained the rank of Captain. When M. GAMBETTA was the virtual dictator of France he promoted ROSSEL to the rank of Colonel, and intrusted him with an important and delicate mission on the Loire. After the peace ROSSEL sought employment from M. THIERS, but was refused, for the present President of the republic had no love for M. GAMBETTA'S favorites. ROSSEL accordingly resigned, and happening to be in Paris on the 18th March, offered his sword to the Commune. He was incomparably the best officer the Commune possessed; he took no part in their atrocities; and every right-thinking man must regret that the victorious Versaillists did not imitate the wise clemency of our government after the civil war, and show mercy to such an illustrious rebel. ROSSEL was only twenty-seven years old at the time of his execution.

THÉOPHILE FERRÉ.

THIS man, who was executed at the same time with ROSSEL, was of a different stamp of character—a genuine descendant of the terrorists of 1793. He is thus described by Mr. JOHN LEIGHTON, author of "Paris under the Commune:" "FERRÉ, the friend of RAOUL RIGAULT, and his colleague in the Commission of General Safety, had inhabited the prisons for a considerable time for his political writings, seditious proposals, and plots against the state. He is a small man, about five feet high, and very active. He signed with avidity the suppression of nearly all the journals of Paris, and the sentence of death of a great number of unfortunate prisoners. He willingly undertook to announce to the Archbishop of Paris that his last hour had arrived. The following order, drawn up by him, was found on the body of an insurgent: 'Set fire to the Ministry of Finance immediately, and return here.'" We may add that on the occasion of the BAUDIN funeral manifestation, in 1868, he climbed a monument and began a speech thus: "Vive la République! La Convention à Tuileries! La Raison à Notre Dame!" During the conspiracy trial at Blois he was arrested and accused; he was acquitted for want of evidence, but his behavior was extremely violent. Under the Commune he persistently demanded the death of General LECOMTE, and upon the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris he engaged actively in the setting fire to public buildings, and took a leading part in the massacre of the hostages. Doubtless FERRÉ was imbittered by his early political persecutions, and if bred under our milder system, he would probably have done nothing worse than make impassioned speeches in the reform conventions. Having the ill luck to be nurtured in a land of alternating despotism and revolution, he became a man of blood, and perished righteously for his crimes. His portrait is given on page 53.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

ALREADY, as Miss Brooke passed out of the dining-room, opportunity was found for some interjectional "asides."

"A fine woman, Miss Brooke! an uncommonly fine woman, by God!" said Mr. Standish, the old lawyer, who had been so long concerned with the landed gentry that he had become landed himself, and used that oath in a deep-mouthed manner, as a sort of armorial bearings, stamping the speech of a man who held a good position.

Mr. Bulstrode, the banker, seemed to be addressed, but that gentleman disliked coarseness and profanity, and merely bowed. The remark was taken up by Mr. Chichely, a middle-aged bachelor and coursing celebrity, who had a complexion something like an Easter-egg, a few hairs carefully arranged, and a carriage implying the consciousness of a distinguished appearance.

"Yes, but not my style of woman; I like a woman who lays herself out a little more to please us. There should be a little filigree about a woman—something of the coquette. A man likes a sort of challenge. The more of a dead set she makes at you the better."

"There's some truth in that," said Mr. Standish, disposed to be genial. "And, by God, it's usually the way with them. I suppose it answers some wise ends: Providence made them so, eh, Bulstrode?"

"I should be disposed to refer coquetry to another source," said Mr. Bulstrode. "I should rather refer it to the devil."

"Ay, to be sure, there should be a little devil in a woman," said Mr. Chichely, whose study of the fair sex seemed to have been detrimental to his theology. "And I like them blonde, with a certain gait, and a swan neck. Between ourselves, the mayor's daughter is more to my taste than Miss Brooke or Miss Celia either. If I were a marrying man, I should choose Miss Vincy before either of them."

"Well, make up, make up," said Mr. Standish, jocosely; "you see, the middle-aged fellows carry the day."

Mr. Chichely shook his head with much meaning: he was not going to incur the certainty of being accepted by the woman he would choose.

The Miss Vincy who had the honor of being Mr. Chichely's ideal was, of course, not present; for Mr. Brooke, always objecting to go too far, would not have chosen that his nieces should meet the daughter of a Middlemarch manufacturer, unless it were on a public occasion. The feminine part of the company included none whom Lady Chettam or Mrs. Cadwallader could object to; for Mrs. Renfrew, the colonel's widow, was not only unexceptionable in point of breeding, but also interesting on the ground of her complaint, which puzzled the doctors, and seemed clearly a case wherein the fullness of professional knowledge might need the supplement of quackery. Lady Chettam, who attributed her own remarkable health to home-made bitters united with constant medical attendance, entered with much exercise of the imagination into Mrs. Renfrew's account of symptoms, and into the amazing futility in her case of all strengthening medicines.

"Where can all the strength of those medicines go, my dear?" said the mild but stately dowager, turning to Mrs. Cadwallader reflectively, when Mrs. Renfrew's attention was called away.

"It strengthens the disease," said the rector's wife, much too well-born not to be an amateur in medicine. "Every thing depends on the constitution: some people make fat, some blood, and some bile—that's my view of the matter; and whatever they take is a sort of grist to the mill."

"Then she ought to take medicines that would reduce—reduce the disease, you know, if you are right, my dear. And I think what you say is reasonable."

"Certainly it is reasonable. You have two sorts of potatoes, fed on the same soil. One of them grows more and more watery—"

"Ah! like this poor Mrs. Renfrew—that is what I think. Dropsy! There is no swelling yet—it is inward. I should say she ought to take drying medicines, shouldn't you?—or a dry hot-air bath. Many things might be tried, of a drying nature."

"Let her try a certain person's pamphlets," said Mrs. Cadwallader in an under-tone, seeing the gentlemen enter. "*He* does not want drying."

"Who, my dear?" said Lady Chettam—a charming woman, not so quick as to nullify the pleasure of explanation.

"The bridegroom—Casaubon. He has certainly been drying up faster since the engagement: the flame of passion, I suppose."

"I should think he is far from having a good constitution," said Lady Chettam, with a still deeper under-tone. "And then his studies—so very dry, as you say."

"Really, by the side of Sir James, he looks like a death's-head skinned over for the occasion. Mark my words: in a year from this time that girl will hate him. She looks up to him as an oracle now, and by-and-by she will be at the other extreme. All flightiness!"

"How very shocking! I fear she is headstrong. But tell me—you know all about him—is there any thing very bad? What is the truth?"

"The truth? he is as bad as the wrong physic—nasty to take, and sure to disagree."

"There could not be any thing worse than that," said Lady Chettam, with so vivid a conception of the physic that she seemed to have learned something exact about Mr. Casaubon's disadvantages. "However, James will hear nothing against Miss Brooke. He says she is the mirror of women still."

"That is a generous make-believe of his. Depend upon it, he likes little Celia better, and she appreciates him. I hope you like my little Celia?"

"Certainly; she is fonder of geraniums, and seems more docile, though not so fine a figure. But we were talking of physic: tell me about this new young surgeon, Mr. Lydgate. I am told he is wonderfully clever; he certainly looks it—a fine brow indeed."

"He is a gentleman. I heard him talking to Humphrey. He talks well."

"Yes. Mr. Brooke says he is one of the Lydgates of Northumberland, really well connected. One does not expect it in a practitioner of that kind. For my own part, I like a medical man more on a footing with the servants; they are often all the cleverer. I assure you I found poor Hicks's judgment unfailing; I never knew him wrong. He was coarse and butcher-like, but he knew my constitution. It was a loss to me his going off so suddenly. Dear me, what a very animated conversation Miss Brooke seems to be having with this Mr. Lydgate!"

"She is talking cottages and hospitals with him," said Mrs. Cadwallader, whose ears and power of interpretation were quick. "I believe he is a sort of philanthropist, so Brooke is sure to take him up."

"James," said Lady Chettam, when her son came near, "bring Mr. Lydgate and introduce him to me. I want to test him."

The affable dowager declared herself delighted with this opportunity of making Mr. Lydgate's acquaintance, having heard of his success in treating fever on a new plan.

Mr. Lydgate had the medical accomplishment of looking perfectly grave whatever nonsense was talked to him, and his dark, steady eyes gave him impressiveness as a listener. He was as little as possible like the lamented Hicks, especially in a certain careless refinement about his toilet and utterance. Yet Lady Chettam gathered much confidence in him. He confirmed her view of her own constitution as being peculiar, by admitting that all constitutions might be called peculiar, and he did not deny that hers might be more peculiar than others. He did not approve of a too lowering system, including reckless cupping, nor, on the other hand, of incessant port-wine and bark. He said "I think so" with an air of so much deference accompanying the insight of agreement, that she formed the most cordial opinion of his talents.

"I am quite pleased with your *protégé*," she said to Mr. Brooke before going away.

"My *protégé?*—dear me!—who is that?" said Mr. Brooke.

"This young Lydgate, the new doctor. He seems to me to understand his profession admirably."

"Oh, Lydgate! he is not my *protégé*, you know; only I knew an uncle of his, who sent me a letter about him. However, I think he is likely to be first-rate—has studied in Paris, knew Broussais; has ideas, you know—wants to raise the profession."

"Lydgate has lots of ideas, quite new, about ventilation and diet, that sort of thing," resumed Mr. Brooke, after he had handed out Lady Chettam, and had returned to be civil to a group of Middlemarchers.

"Hang it, do you think that is quite sound?—upsetting the old treatment, which has made Englishmen what they are?" said Mr. Standish.

"Medical knowledge is at a low ebb among us," said Mr. Bulstrode, who spoke in a subdued tone, and had rather a sickly air. "I, for my part, hail the advent of Mr. Lydgate. I hope to find good reason for confiding the new hospital to his management."

"That is all very fine," replied Mr. Standish, who was not fond of Mr. Bulstrode; "if you like him to try experiments on your hospital patients, and kill a few people for charity, I have no objection. But I am not going to hand money out of my purse to have experiments tried on me. I like treatment that has been tested a little."

"Well, you know, Standish, every dose you take is an experiment—an experiment, you know," said Mr. Brooke, nodding toward the lawyer.

"Oh, if you talk in that sense!" said Mr. Standish, with as much disgust at such non-legal quibbling as a man can well betray toward a valuable client.

"I should be glad of any treatment that would cure me without reducing me to a skeleton, like poor Grainger," said Mr. Vincy, the mayor—a florid man, who would have served for a study of flesh, in striking contrast with the Franciscan tints of Mr. Bulstrode. "It's an uncommonly dangerous thing to be left without any padding against the shafts of disease, as somebody said—and I think it a very good expression myself."

Mr. Lydgate, of course, was out of hearing. He had quitted the party early, and would have thought it altogether tedious but for the novelty of certain introductions, especially the introduction to Miss Brooke, whose youthful bloom, with her approaching marriage to that faded scholar, and her interest in matters socially useful, gave her the piquancy of an unusual combination.

"She is a good creature—that fine girl—but a little too earnest," he thought. "It is troublesome to talk to such women. They are always wanting reasons, yet they are too ignorant to understand the merits of any question, and usually fall back on their moral sense to settle things after their own taste."

Evidently Miss Brooke was not Mr. Lydgate's style of woman any more than Mr. Chichely's. Considered, indeed, in relation to the latter, whose mind was matured, she was altogether a mistake, and calculated to shock his trust in final causes, including the adaptation of fine young women to purple-faced bachelors. But Lydgate was less ripe, and might possibly have experience before him which would modify his opinion as to the most excellent things in woman.

Miss Brooke, however, was not again seen by either of these gentlemen under her maiden name. Not long after that dinner-party she had become Mrs. Casaubon, and was on her way to Rome.

CHAPTER XI.

"But deeds and language such as men do use,
And persons such as comedy would choose
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes."
—BEN JONSON.

LYDGATE, in fact, was already conscious of being fascinated by a woman strikingly different from Miss Brooke: he did not in the least suppose that he had lost his balance and fallen in love, but he had said of that particular woman, "She is grace itself; she is perfectly lovely and accomplished. That is what a woman ought to be: she ought to produce the effect of exquisite music." Plain women he regarded as he did the other severe facts of life, to be faced with philosophy and investigated by science. But Rosamond Vincy seemed to have the true melodic charm; and when a man has seen the woman whom he would have chosen if he had intended to marry speedily, his remaining a bachelor will usually depend on her resolution rather than on his. Lydgate believed that he should not marry for several years: not marry until he had trodden out a good clear path for himself away from the broad road which was quite ready made. He had seen Miss Vincy above his horizon almost as long as it had taken Mr. Casaubon to become engaged and married: but this learned gentleman was possessed of a fortune; he had assembled his voluminous notes, and had made that sort of reputation which precedes performance—often the larger part of a man's fame. He took a wife, as we have seen, to adorn the remaining quadrant of his course, and be a little moon that would cause hardly a calculable perturbation. But Lydgate was young, poor, ambitious. He had his half century before him instead of behind him, and he had come to Middlemarch bent on doing many things that were not directly fitted to make his fortune, or even secure him a good income. To a man under such circumstances taking a wife is something more than a question of adornment, however highly he may rate this, and Lydgate was disposed to give it the first place among wifely functions. To his taste, guided by a single conversation, here was the point on which Miss Brooke would be found wanting, notwithstanding her undeniable beauty. She did not look at things from the proper feminine angle. The society of such women was about as relaxing as going from your work to teach the second form, instead of reclining in a paradise with sweet laughs for bird-notes, and blue eyes for a heaven.

Certainly nothing at present could seem much less important to Lydgate than the turn of Miss Brooke's mind, or to Miss Brooke than the qualities of the woman who had attracted this young surgeon. But any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look at our unintroduced neighbor. Destiny stands by sarcastic with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand.

Old provincial society had its share of this subtile movement: had not only its striking downfalls, its brilliant young professional dandies who ended by living up an entry with a drab and six children for their establishment, but also those less marked vicissitudes which are constantly shifting the boundaries of social intercourse, and begetting new consciousness of interdependence. Some slipped a little downward, some got higher footing: people denied aspirates, gained wealth, and fastidious gentlemen stood for boroughs; some were caught in political currents, some in ecclesiastical, and perhaps found themselves surprisingly grouped in consequence; while a few personages or families that stood with rocky firmness amidst all this fluctuation were slowly presenting new aspects in spite of solidity, and altering with the double change of self and beholder. Municipal town and rural parish gradually made fresh threads of connection—gradually, as the old stocking gave way to the savings-bank, and the worship of the solar guinea became extinct; while squires and baronets, and even lords who had once lived blamelessly afar from the civic mind, gathered the faultiness of closer acquaintanceship. Settlers, too, came from distant counties, some with an alarming novelty of skill, others with an offensive advantage in cunning. In fact, much the same sort of movement and mixture went on in old England as we find in older Herodotus, who also, in telling what had been, thought it well to take a woman's lot for his starting-point; though Io, as a maiden apparently beguiled by attractive merchandise, was the reverse of Miss Brooke, and in this respect perhaps bore more resemblance to Rosamond Vincy, who had excellent taste in costume, with that nymph-like figure and pure blondeness which give the largest range to choice in the flow and color of drapery. But these things made only part of her charm. She was admitted to be the flower of Mrs. Lemon's school, the chief school in the county, where the teaching included all that was demanded in the accomplished female—even to extras, such as the getting in and out of a carriage. Mrs. Lemon herself had always held up Miss Vincy as an example: no pupil, she said, exceeded that young lady for mental acquisition and propriety of speech, while her musical execution was quite exceptional. We can not help the way in which people speak of us, and probably if Mrs. Lemon had undertaken to describe Juliet or Imogen, these heroines would not have seemed poetical. The first vision of Rosamond would have been enough with most judges to dispel any prejudice excited by Mrs. Lemon's praise.

Lydgate could not be long in Middlemarch without having that agreeable vision, or even without making the acquaintance of the Vincy family; for though Mr. Peacock, whose practice he had paid something to enter on, had not been their doctor (Mrs. Vincy not liking the lowering system adopted by him), he had many patients among their connections and acquaintances. For who of any consequence in Middlemarch was not connected, or at least acquainted, with the Vincys? They were old manufacturers, and had kept a good house for three generations, in which there had naturally been much intermarrying with neighbors more or less decidedly genteel. Mr. Vincy's sister had made a wealthy match in accepting Mr. Bulstrode, who, however, as a man not born in the town, and altogether of dimly known origin, was considered to have done well in uniting himself with a real Middlemarch family; on the other hand, Mr. Vincy had descended a little, having taken an innkeeper's daughter. But on this side too there was a cheering sense of money; for Mrs. Vincy's sister had been second wife to rich old Mr. Featherstone, and had died childless years ago, so that her nephews and nieces might be supposed to touch the affections of the widower. And it happened that Mr. Bulstrode and Mr. Featherstone, two of Peacock's most important patients, had, from different causes, given an especially good reception to his successor, who had raised some partisanship as well as discussion. Mr. Wrench, medical attendant to the Vincy family, very early had grounds for thinking lightly of Lydgate's professional discretion, and there was no report about him which was not retailed at the Vincys', where visitors were frequent. Mr. Vincy was more inclined to general good-fellowship than to taking sides, but there was no need for him to be hasty in making any new man's acquaintance. Rosamond silently wished that her father would invite Mr. Lydgate. She was tired of the faces and figures she had always been used to—the various irregular profiles and gaits and turns of phrase distinguishing those Middlemarch young men whom she had known as boys. She had been at school with girls of higher position, whose brothers, she felt sure, it would have been possible for her to be more interested in than in these inevitable Middlemarch companions. But she would not have chosen to mention her wish to her father; and he, for his part, was in no hurry on the subject. An alderman about to be mayor must by-and-by enlarge his dinner-parties, but at present there were plenty of guests at his well-spread table.

That table often remained covered with the relics of the family breakfast long after Mr. Vincy had gone with his second son to the warehouse, and when Miss Morgan was already far on in morning lessons with the younger girls in the school-room. It awaited the family laggard, who found any sort of inconvenience (to others) less disagreeable than getting up when he was called. This was the case one morning of the October in which we have lately seen Mr. Casaubon visiting the Grange; and though the room was a little overheated with the fire, which had sent the spaniel panting to a remote corner, Rosamond, for some reason, continued to sit with her embroidery longer than usual, now and then giving herself a little shake, and laying her work on her knee to contemplate it with an air of hesitating weariness. Her mamma, who had returned from an excursion to the kitchen, sat on the other side of the small work-table with an air of more entire placidity, until, the clock again giving notice that it was going to strike, she looked up from the lace-mending which was occupying her plump fingers and rang the bell.

"Knock at Mr. Fred's door again, Pritchard, and tell him it has struck half past ten."

This was said without any change in the radiant good humor of Mrs. Vincy's face, in which forty-five years had delved neither angles nor parallels; and pushing back her pink cap-strings, she let her work rest on her lap, while she looked admiringly at her daughter.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "when Fred comes down I wish you would not let him have red herrings. I can not bear the smell of them all over the house at this hour of the morning."

"Oh, my dear, you are so hard on your brothers! It is the only fault I have to find with you. You are the sweetest temper in the world, but you are so tetchy with your brothers."

"Not tetchy, mamma; you never hear me speak in an unlady-like way."

"Well, but you want to deny them things."

"Brothers are so unpleasant."

"Oh, my dear, you must allow for young men. Be thankful if they have good hearts. A woman must learn to put up with little things. You will be married some day."

"Not to any one who is like Fred."

"Don't decry your own brother, my dear. Few young men have less against them, although he couldn't take his degree—I'm sure I can't understand why, for he seems to me most clever. And you know yourself he was thought equal to the best society at college. So particular as you are, my dear, I wonder you are not glad to have such a gentlemanly young man for a brother. You are always finding fault with Bob because he is not Fred."

"Oh no, mamma, only because he is Bob."

"Well, my dear, you will not find any Middlemarch young man who has not something against him."

"But"—here Rosamond's face broke into a smile which suddenly revealed two dimples. She herself thought unfavorably of these dimples, and smiled little in general society. "But I shall not marry any Middlemarch young man."

"So it seems, my love, for you have as good as refused the pick of them; and if there's better to be had, I'm sure there's no girl better deserves it."

"Excuse me, mamma—I wish you would not say the 'pick of them.'"

"Why, what else are they?"

"I mean, mamma, it is rather a vulgar expression."

"Very likely, my dear; I never was a good speaker. What should I say?"

"The best of them."

"Why, that seems just as plain and common. If I had had time to think, I should have said, 'the most superior young men.' But with your education you must know."

"What must Rosy know, mother?" said Mr. Fred, who had slid in unobserved through the half-open door while the ladies were bending over their work, and now going up to the fire stood with his back toward it, warming the soles of his slippers.

"Whether it's right to say 'superior young men,'" said Mrs. Vincy, ringing the bell.

"Oh, there are so many superior teas and sugars now! Superior is getting to be shopkeepers' slang."

"Are you beginning to dislike slang, then?" said Rosamond, with mild gravity.

"Only the wrong sort. All choice of words is slang. It marks a class."

"There is correct English: that is not slang."

"I beg your pardon: correct English is the slang of prigs who write history and essays. And the strongest slang of all is the slang of poets."

"You will say any thing, Fred, to gain your point."

"Well, tell me whether it is slang or poetry to call an ox a *leg-plaiter.*"

"Of course you can call it poetry if you like."

"Aha, Miss Rosy, you don't know Homer from slang. I shall invent a new game; I shall write bits of slang and poetry on slips, and give them to you to separate."

"Dear me, how amusing it is to hear young people talk!" said Mrs. Vincy, with cheerful admiration.

"Have you got nothing else for my breakfast, Pritchard?" said Fred to the servant, who brought in coffee and buttered toast, while he walked round the table surveying the ham, potted beef, and other cold remnants with an air of silent rejection, and polite forbearance from signs of disgust.

"Should you like eggs, Sir?"

"Eggs, no! Bring me a grilled bone."

"Really, Fred," said Rosamond, when the servant had left the room, "if you must have hot things for breakfast, I wish you would come down earlier. You can get up at six o'clock to go out hunting; I can not understand why you find it so difficult to get up on other mornings."

"That is your want of understanding, Rosy. I can get up to go hunting because I like it."

"What would you think of me if I came down two hours after every one else and ordered grilled bone?"

"I should think you were an uncommonly fast young lady," said Fred, eating his toast with the utmost composure.

"I can not see why brothers are to make themselves disagreeable any more than sisters."

"I don't make myself disagreeable; it is you who find me so. Disagreeable is a word that describes your feelings and not my actions."

"I think it describes the smell of grilled bone."

"Not at all. It describes a sensation in your little nose associated with certain finicking notions which are the classics of Mrs. Lemon's school. Look at my mother: you don't see her objecting to every thing except what she does herself. She is my notion of a pleasant woman."

"Bless you both, my dears, and don't quarrel," said Mrs. Vincy, with motherly cordiality. "Come, Fred, tell us all about the new doctor. How is your uncle pleased with him?"

"Pretty well, I think. He asks Lydgate all sorts of questions, and then screws up his face while he hears the answers, as if they were pinching his toes. That's his way. Ah, here comes my grilled bone!"

"But how came you to stay out so late, my dear? You only said you were going to your uncle's."

"Oh, I dined at Plymdale's. We had whist. Lydgate was there too."

"And what do you think of him? He is very gentlemanly, I suppose. They say he is of excellent family—his relations quite county people."

"Yes," said Fred. "There was a Lydgate at John's who spent no end of money. I find this man is a second cousin of his. But rich men may have very poor devils for second cousins."

"It always makes a difference, though, to be of good family," said Rosamond, with a tone of decision which showed that she had thought on this subject. Rosamond felt that she might have been happier if she had not been the daughter of a Middlemarch manufacturer. She disliked any thing which reminded her that her mother's father had been an innkeeper. Certainly any one remembering the fact might think that Mrs. Vincy had the air of a very handsome, good-humored landlady, accustomed to the most capricious orders of gentlemen.

"I thought it was odd his name was Tertius," said the bright-faced matron; "but of course it's a name in the family. But now tell us exactly what sort of a man he is."

"Oh, tallish, dark, clever—talks well—rather a prig, I think."

"I never can make out what you mean by a prig," said Rosamond.

"A fellow who wants to show that he has opinions."

"Why, my dear, doctors must have opinions," said Mrs. Vincy. "What are they there for else?"

"Yes, mother, the opinions they are paid for. But a prig is a fellow who is always making you a present of his opinions."

"I suppose Mary Garth admires Mr. Lydgate," said Rosamond, not without a touch of innuendo.

"Really, I can't say," said Fred, rather glumly, as he left the table, and taking up a novel which he had brought down with him, threw himself into an arm-chair. "If you are jealous of her, go oftener to Stone Court yourself and eclipse her."

"I wish you would not be so vulgar, Fred. If you have finished, pray ring the bell."

"It is true, though, what your brother says, Rosamond," Mrs. Vincy began, when the servant had cleared the table. "It is a thousand pities you haven't patience to go and see your uncle more, so proud of you as he is, and wanted you to live with him. There's no knowing what he might have done for you as well as for Fred. God knows, I'm fond of having you at home with me, but I can part with my children for their good. And now it stands to reason that your uncle Featherstone will do something for Mary Garth."

"Mary Garth can bear being at Stone Court, because she likes that better than being a governess," said Rosamond, folding up her work. "I would rather not have any thing left to me if I must earn it by enduring much of my uncle's cough and his ugly relations."

"He can't be long for this world, my dear; I wouldn't hasten his end, but what with asthma and that inward complaint, let us hope there is something better for him in another. And I have no ill-will toward Mary Garth, but there's justice to be thought of. And Mr. Featherstone's first wife brought him no money, as my sister did. Her nieces and nephews can't have so much claim as my sister's. And I must say I think Mary Garth a dreadful plain girl—more fit for a governess."

"Every one would not agree with you there, mother," said Fred, who seemed to be able to read and listen too.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Vincy, wheeling skillfully, "if she *had* some fortune left her—a man marries his wife's relations, and the Garths are so poor, and live in such a small way. But I shall leave you to your studies, my dear, for I must go and do some shopping."

"Fred's studies are not very deep," said Rosamond, rising with her mamma; "he is only reading a novel."

"Well, well, by-and-by he'll go to his Latin and things," said Mrs. Vincy, soothingly, stroking her son's head. "There's a fire in the smoking-room on purpose. It's your father's wish, you know, Fred, my dear—and I always tell him you will be good, and go to college again to take your degree."

Fred drew his mother's hand down to his lips, but said nothing.

"I suppose you are not going out riding today?" said Rosamond, lingering a little after her mamma was gone.

"No; why?"

"Papa says I may have the chestnut to ride now."

"You can go with me to-morrow, if you like. Only I am going to Stone Court, remember."

"I want the ride so much, it is indifferent to me where we go." Rosamond really wished to go to Stone Court, of all other places.

"Oh, I say, Rosy," said Fred, as she was passing out of the room, "if you are going to the piano, let me come and play some airs with you."

"Pray do not ask me this morning."

"Why not this morning?"

"Really, Fred, I wish you would leave off playing the flute. A man looks very silly playing the flute. And you play so out of tune."

"When next any one makes love to you, Miss Rosamond, I will tell him how obliging you are."

"Why should you expect me to oblige you by hearing you play the flute, any more than I should expect you to oblige me by not playing it?"

"And why should you expect me to take you out riding?"

This question led to an adjustment, for Rosamond had set her mind on that particular ride.

So Fred was gratified with nearly an hour's practice of "Ar hyd y nos," "Ye banks and braes," and other favorite airs from his "Instructor on the Flute;" a wheezy performance, into which he threw much ambition and an irrepressible hopefulness.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among other national assemblages of the past summer is one of which we have not seen any mention in the telegraphic reports or otherwise—namely, the congress of German hatters and hat manufacturers which was held at Berlin for three days about the beginning of August last. The objects of this congress were mainly to determine when and how to establish the fashions for silk and wool hats each year, and also the determination of the proper scale of measurement. Among other conclusions of this body, it was decided to select the first days of November for fixing the fashions for the coming spring, on which occasion a specimen hat was to be furnished by various members of a committee, although any hatter was at liberty to present a sample. By the committee one fashion was to be established, which the entire body pledged themselves to take as the style for the coming season.

The long expected report of the United States Naval Observatory, upon the total solar eclipse of December 22, 1870, has just been published, as prepared under the direction of Admiral Sands, the Superintendent. As is known to most of our readers, this eclipse was not visible in the United States; but several professors from the observatory were sent abroad to assist in the investigation of the phenomena in Europe. Of these, Professor Simon Newcomb was stationed at Gibraltar, and Professors Asaph Hall, William Harkness, and J. R. Eastman at Syracuse, in Sicily. The foreign savants associated with these gentlemen bore honorable testimony to their zeal and ability; and, indeed, the honors of the occasion were fairly shared with their European brethren by the officers of the observatory and their American companions. The present report is accompanied by two plates, exhibiting the appearance of the sun during the eclipse. The general typography of the work does the fullest credit to the national printing-office, from which it emanated. It is not necessary for us to detail the substance of the reports of these gentlemen, as we have already furnished the prominent points in the "Record" and "Intelligence."

The accounts furnished by the Boston *Advertiser* from the captains and crews of the vessels of the whaling fleet lately destroyed or ice-bound in the Arctic Ocean concur in describing the presence of peculiar meteorological phenomena during the past season. The prevailing summer wind on the northwest coast of Alaska is from the east, and this works the ice off from the land and disperses it, while the northwesterly winds close it up on the shore. As the ice moves off, the ships generally work up by the land, and in that situation find whales in plenty. By the end of the season, when northwesterly winds are prevalent, the ice has become so broken up and melted that it has ceased to be an element of danger; and the vessels are compelled to retire to the southward by heavy ice drifting along the coast from the north, and not from a threatened closing in upon the land. But this season the easterly winds were not so strong and constant as usual, and the ice that had gone off from shore returned in a heavy pack that it was impossible to get a ship through, or even to hold against at anchor. The heavy ice-fields are all composed of fresh-water berg-ice, not floe-ice of salt-water. The bergs are not of the immense proportions seen in Greenland seas, but are solid enough to be equally dangerous, many masses being so heavy as to ground in ten fathoms of water.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture will award on the 1st of March next two prizes of $300 and $200 respectively to the best two establishments in the State for the culture of fishes for food, all competitors for which must send in their names and adresses to the secretary of the society, Edward N. Perkins, 42 Court Street, Boston. The committee of award will consider the number of species of fishes cultivated, the number of individuals, and their size and condition, the number of eggs hatched in the establishment, and of young reared from them, the neatness and economy of the establishment, and the excellence of the fixtures.

The Panama papers report an increasing demand for the Colombian gaucho, and urge the government to the enactment of regulations to prevent the entire destruction of the forests of these trees in Darien, where they are most abundant. Instead of simply treating the trees for the juice as the maples are managed in the United States, the tree is cut down, and, of course, no further benefit can be derived from it. In illustration of the extent to which this vegetable product is now being collected, the Panama *Star and Herald* informs us that 160 tons had just been brought to that city as the cargo of a single vessel, mostly from the vicinity of Guayaquil.

The second volume of the "Annals of the Dudley Observatory," edited by its director, G. W. Hough, has just made its appearance, and consists of a report of the meteorological observations made at the observatory from 1862 to 1871. Its value is enhanced by its embracing the hourly records of the barometer (automatically printed) for a continuous period of five years, made by means of a very efficient apparatus invented by the director, and now used in numerous places, among others, in the office of the Signal Service at Washington. An appendix to the report contains miscellaneous communications upon the galvanic battery, the total eclipse of the sun of August 2, 1869, the meteoric showers of 1867, etc.; and the whole book must be considered a very valuable contribution to physical science.

Among other questions considered at the late Geographical Congress at Antwerp, in August last, was that of the proper meridian for geographical reference. It is well known that while many of the Germans still continue to use the meridian of Ferro, the English adhere to that of Greenwich, and the French to that of Paris. A curious compromise was suggested—namely, to use Greenwich as the meridian for sea charts, and Paris for land maps.

Several of the large towns in Great Britain have made arrangements to continue the system already begun of having penny lectures on science for the benefit of the working classes. The most eminent men in Great Britain are concerned in this movement, and the attention paid to their addresses has been of the most gratifying character.

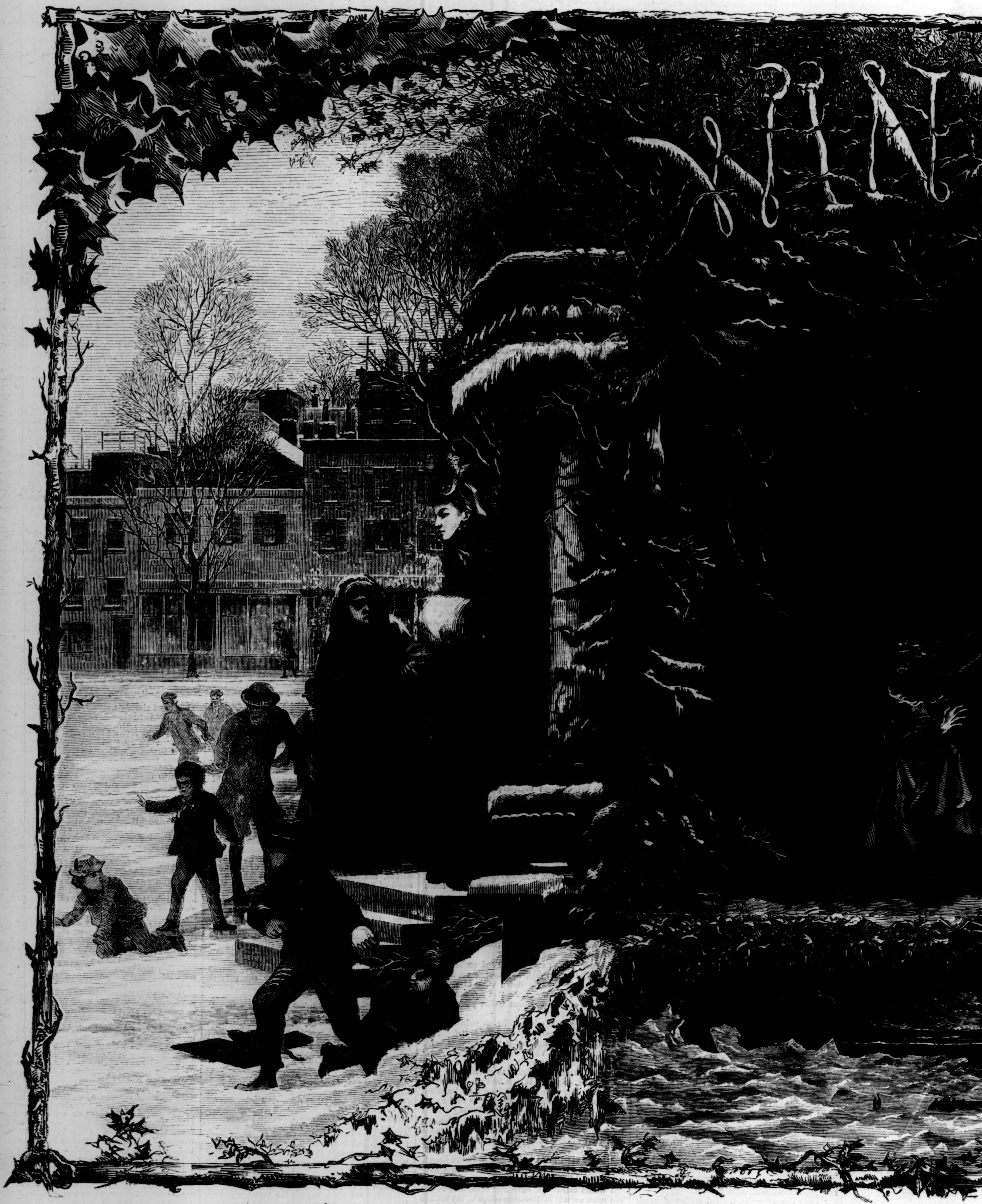
We have already presented to our readers an account of the proposed exploration of the south polar region by Dr. Neumayer, of Vienna, and we see by the reports of the Geographical Congress at Antwerp that he brought the subject before that body for its consideration. The congress promised its hearty concurrence in the plan of the learned doctor, and appointed a committee to devise the best methods of securing the success of this enterprise.

As the result of a series of observations, carefully conducted, by Mr. Deane, of the Coast Survey, and his associates, it has recently been established that the difference in longitude between Cambridge and San Francisco amounts to 3 hours, 25 minutes, 7 seconds, and a small fraction.

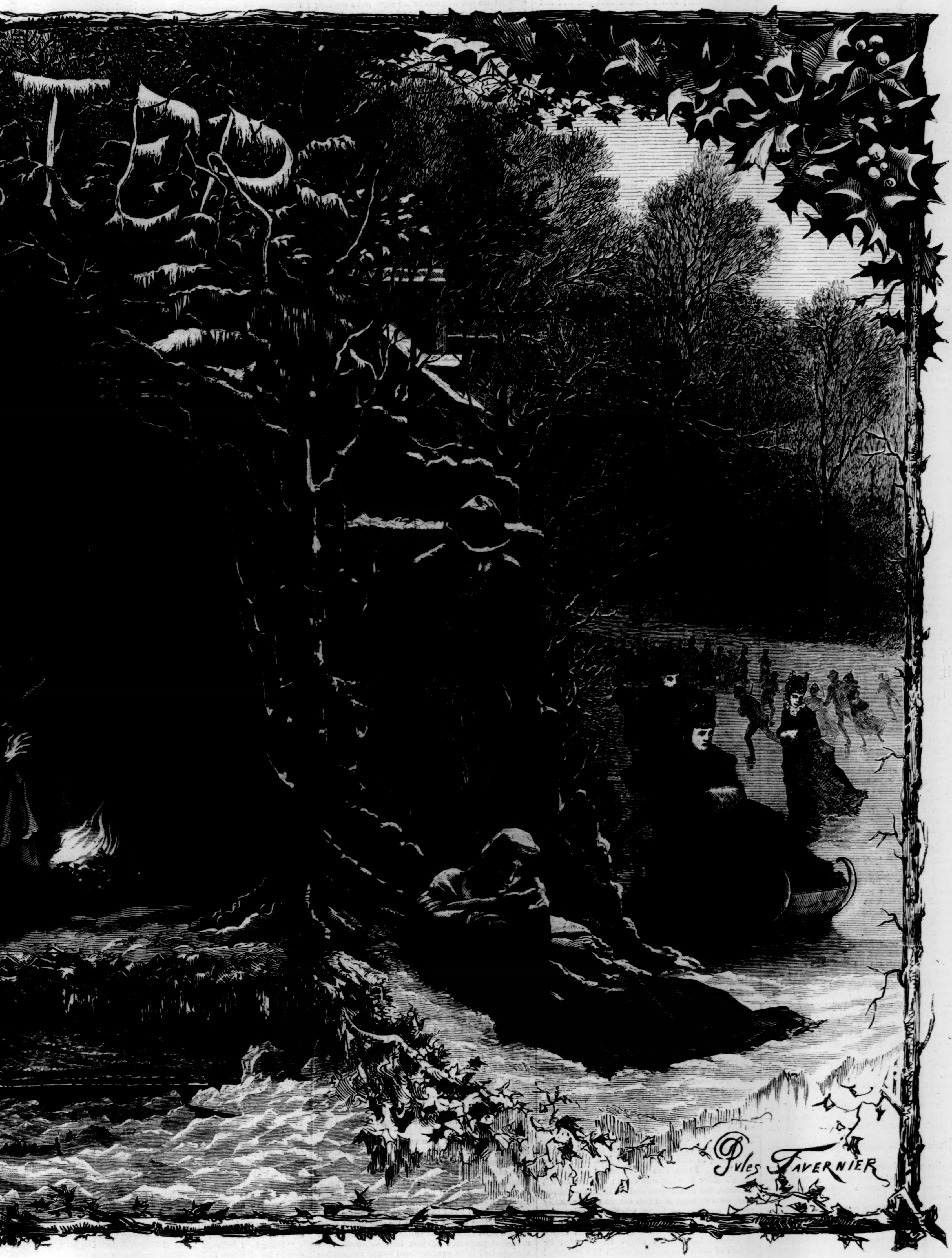
The publication of two very important works has just been commenced at Leipsic by Brockhaus, the first part of each having already appeared. The first is entitled "Thesaurus Ornithologiæ," by Dr. Giebel, of Halle, being a digest of ornithological literature in general, embracing the names of all the genera and species of birds, with their synonymy and geographical distribution. The second work is a new edition of "Thesaurus Literaturæ Botanicæ" of Pritzel, which is for botany what the work first referred to is for ornithology, but, in addition, embraces biographical notices of the principal authors alluded to in the work. It is by the possession of books like these that working naturalists are enabled to dispense with costly libraries, and can prosecute original researches with the fewest accessories.

M. Salet, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, announces the existence of two spectra for sulphur, one possessed of lines, the other of bands, perfectly distinct, and both equally characteristic. The first is obtained with a disruptive discharge; the second, by a discharge of less tension, by the burning of sulphur in the flames of hydrogen; and finally, with less distinctness, by the absorption of the sulphur vapor only. In examining a stratum of sulphur vapor, heated to a feeble red, and using a very powerful light, such as that of magnesium, he finds in the blue some black bands, which seem to be due to the invasion of these by the former substance.

Porous nickel, when used as a negative electrode, absorbs 165 times its volume of hydrogen, and condenses it, giving it out gradually after removal from the circuit of the galvanic current in the water. Palladium, coated with palladium black, condenses 800 times its volume of hydrogen in twelve hours; it emits this after removal from the galvanic current, and drying with such rapidity as to become heated sufficiently to ignite gun-cotton wrapped loosely around it.



WINTER.—[Drawn by Jules Ta


Jules Tavernier

Jules Tavernier.]

MY LADY'S SLIPPER.

TORN at the heel, out at the toe,
Bronze half dim, and rumpled the bow;
Quaint in design, dainty in size,
Something Titania's self might prize;
Hinting of instep's proud impress;
Hinting of dimpled foot's caress—
How came you perched on my papers and chair,
With such an impudent, coquettish air?

Gay little buckle, arch little heel,
Will you my lady's life reveal?
Tell where you bore her such a day?
If to the church? if to the play?
If through the dance's dizzy maze,
Twinkling faster than eye could gaze?
If through the wet, tangled grass in the lane,
Seeking the lover who hides in the rain?

Tell me if ever daintiest feet
Walk into mischief? Do they meet
Hard, sharp stones and slippery ways,
Misty nights and drearier days?
Tell me if ever Want and Pain
List for her soothing tread in vain?
Tell me if Sorrow e'er lurks by her side?
Tell me if Love is her faithfulest guide?

Not into evil, dear little friend,
Let my lady's footsteps tend.
Watch no brave man's loving heart
Her proud foot shall spurn apart.
Grant this tiny slipper soon
Meets a heavier pair of shoon,
Whose stout make and stronger will
Shall my lady's pathway fill,
Turn her haughty foot aside,
Subject to their manlier stride;
Quick to aid it, swift to cheer,
Up the rocky hill-side drear;
While the patter of willing feet
Makes music in his heart most sweet!

MY DEAD CLIENT.

SITTING alone in my chambers: I have dismissed my clerk, there being no chance of clients calling at this late hour; and, indeed, I myself ought to be off westward, but I sit, dreamily gazing into the glowing embers, my mind wandering to other scenes and to times long past. There is a great wind out-of-doors, and it is howling and roaring in the chimney. It rushes in violent gusts across the Thames, which is now as rough as a little sea, and seems to spend its force upon the Temple, as if the spirits of broken-hearted suitors, victims to forged evidence, disappointed lawyers, unjust judges, were abroad upon the blast, endeavoring to wreak their vengeance upon the piles of buildings they so diligently haunted in their lives.

Why do I still sit here? I hardly know. From no love for my gloomy chambers, assuredly. The fact is, I have nothing particular to do this evening, and I have fallen into a reverie: old faces and old scenes are crowding upon my memory—bright eyes and golden hair—low whispers and soft hands! Ah! I know no such things nowadays; but it is sadly pleasant to remember them. Pleasanter, perhaps, to sit here thinking of them than to be fighting my way along the gusty streets toward the club for my solitary dinner, with the prospect, afterward, of a lonely evening in my lodgings. Time was when I hoped my evenings were not to be forever lonely—when I looked upon one fair young face, and thought the eyes looked more than kindly at me. But that hope soon passed, and it has never come again; and I do not think it ever will.

A knock at the door—a soft, solitary knock. What can that be? Was I mistaken? No! there it is again. I rise hurriedly and go to the door—open it: outside is standing the figure of a woman. I can hardly see her, as the passage is but dimly lighted.

"Is this Mr. Grantley's place?"

"Yes. I am Mr. Grantley. What is it?"

"I wish to speak to you for a moment. I am afraid I have not come at the right time, but please let me speak to you for a moment."

There is a hurried earnestness in her manner; and I admit her, close the outer door, and place a chair for her by the fire. Now I can see her plainly: apparently a young woman, but her face is marked by sorrow and suffering. She is plainly dressed; but I take her to be a lady. For a few moments she sits silently gazing into the fire. Does she see there any of the scenes that I have been gazing at? I wonder, vacantly.

"Mr. Grantley, I will tell you shortly why I am here. Some years ago you were intimately acquainted with George Marr?"

"I was indeed. Poor fellow!—if you could tell me where he is now, you would indeed be welcome."

"You also knew Denis Hilton?"

"Yes, I did."

"Are you as anxious to know where *he* is at this moment?"

"I can not say I am. Friendship existed between us once. His conduct broke that friendship in such a manner that it can never be renewed."

"I know it. He slandered you, Mr. Grantley."

"Pardon me. It can hardly be for the purpose of reminding me of unhappy circumstances, now long past, that you—a perfect stranger—came to me thus?"

"No, it is not. I have come here to intrust you with something. I have heard your name mentioned often; and I know that you are an upright and honest man, and I may trust you."

"Before you go any farther, I must remind you that you have not yet told me who you are."

"There is not the slightest need that you should know my name. I hate my name—it shall not pass my lips unnecessarily. The favor that I am about to ask of you is a very slight one at present; and I believe that you will not refuse me."

"You are about to confide something to me. Is it unreasonable that I should ask *why* you confide in me, if I may not ask who you are?"

"I confide in you because, from what I have heard of you—it is no use to ask when or where," she breaks in, hurriedly, as she sees the question in my face—"from what I have heard of you, I believe that you will faithfully comply with my request."

She rises from her chair and gathers her shawl about her, as if to go out into the stormy night again.

"What is it? What is this request you so strangely make to me?"

From her pocket she draws out what seems to be a letter, sealed.

"Take this packet. When you next see me in this room—but not before—open it, read the contents, and then act as your honest conscience bids you."

I take the packet mechanically. She adds nothing more, and in a moment or two I am alone again in my chambers, peering into the embers as before.

I am more than ever disinclined to move. What can there be inside this mysterious packet? I must put it away carefully. Have I ever seen this woman before? No; I can not recall her features. And then, what can she know of George Marr and Denis Hilton? We were all three at college together, and at one time were great friends. But that is a long while ago. Denis and I did not continue friends; for upon one occasion—the particulars of which there is no necessity for me to mention now—his conduct was such that high words passed between us, and our intimacy came to an end. But Denis had great influence over George Marr, and they continued to be as much together as before. The consequence was that Denis Hilton prejudiced George against me—or, at all events, succeeded in keeping him away from me—though George and I had at one time been inseparable. It is three years ago now, nearly, since I last saw Marr; and I have heard that he has left England, having got into some pecuniary difficulties, the exact nature of which I never learned. Ah, George! why did you not come to me, as you would have done in old times? Why did you not confide your misfortunes to me, and see whether I could not help you out of them? Well, well; it's no use thinking about that now. What is Denis Hilton doing with himself, I wonder? I hear his name occasionally in connection with turf matters; but from what I have heard at the club, I don't think his reputation stands very high. A sullen, evil-tempered man, who breaks out now and then into gay and boisterous spirits; but that is only when he has had plenty to drink. No one likes him—no one calls him friend.

I really must go now. Staring at the red-hot coals, and mentally surveying the past, may be very useful employments, but exhausted nature requires to be restored. I must go to dinner.

The months passed on. Summer came, and my gloomy chambers positively became somewhat cheerful; but in proportion as they grew cheerful I grew restless; for I had had enough of reading and writing, and was longing for a holiday. The packet given me by my mysterious client still remained safely where I had deposited it, and I believe I had almost forgotten all about it; and, indeed, whenever I did think of it, I endeavored to satisfy myself that it was quite possible the woman who had given it me was only some harmless lunatic, who had been acquainted, in her sane days, with Marr and Hilton.

I was going to pass three months upon the Continent with an old Oxford friend of mine; and the morning before our departure I was busy packing up, and my traveling companion was in my sitting-room, consulting "Murray" and the Continental "Bradshaw." I was in the bedroom, which communicated with the sitting-room, and the door was open. Suddenly my friend called out,

"I say, Grantley, do you ever study the second column of the *Times?*"

"Of course I do; but I have not had time to look at it this morning."

"Do you remember Marr, who was at Oxford with us?"

"Yes, to be sure," I reply, entering the room. "What about him?"

"I see he is advertised for. Listen:

"'£100 REWARD.—The above reward will be given to any person or persons who can give such information as will lead to the discovery of George Marr, son of the late Colonel Thomas Marr, of Marr Court, in the County of Gloucester. The said George Marr was last seen in London, in November, three years ago, and has not been heard of since. It is supposed that he emigrated either to America or Australia. The same reward will be given on satisfactory proof of the death of the said George Marr. All communications to be addressed to Messrs. Bingley & Bell, solicitors, Gray's Inn.'"

"I know that firm," I said. "I should like to ask some questions about this. Marr was a great friend of mine, as you remember."

I managed to find time, in the course of that afternoon, to call in at Gray's Inn, and I saw Mr. Bell. From him I learned that George Marr's elder brother was dead; and as he left no issue, the estate devolved on George—failing him, on a cousin; and this cousin was naturally rather anxious to know whether George was alive or not. Private inquiries had been made fruitlessly in all directions; but it was hoped that some information might be obtained by means of the advertisement which had appeared that morning in the *Times*, and had been sent for insertion in American and colonial papers.

Well, we went abroad to spend our holidays; and so pleasantly did the time pass that the long vacation seemed uncommonly short; but as what we did and where we went have nothing to do with the main point of this story, I must come at once to the day of our return to England.

It was the last day of October. The autumn of that particular year broke up hurriedly, and winter seemed to be already upon us; and when we arrived at Calais the weather was so stormy that some doubt was expressed as to the possibility of the mail-boat crossing the Channel. However, we hurried on board—those of the passengers, that is, who had no time to spare, and were bound to be in London that evening; many staid behind, intending to wait for calmer weather. I think we were nearly four hours crossing, the wind and sea increasing in their fury; and when we were safely in harbor at Dover the storm rose to a hurricane. Many persons had gathered together on the pier and quays, waiting to see the boat come in. As I was walking toward the railway station, I particularly noticed one figure in the crowd. It was a man closely muffled up, who, I observed, was continually glancing first over one shoulder and then over the other, as if to see if any body was following him. His face was a peculiar one, and it seemed not unfamiliar to me. I heard him ask a custom-house officer what he thought about the weather, and would it prevent the night mail from crossing. The custom-house officer merely replied that the weather was about as bad as it could be, and that the boat would cross if the captain thought it could be done in safety. It was not till I was comfortably seated in a corner of the railway carriage, and half-way to town, that I remembered to whom that strange face belonged. It was Denis Hilton that I had seen at Dover, evidently intending to cross over that night if possible.

On that night the storm raged on. The papers, the next morning, were full of accounts of great damage that had been done by the violence of the wind; and its fury had not moderated when I walked down to my chambers.

I was busily engaged in the perusal of a case which had been sent for my opinion, when I fancied I heard the sound of a confused murmuring, and of many footsteps upon the staircase. A minute or two afterward there was a lurching at my door. It was opened by my clerk. I heard a whispering outside, and then my clerk came hurriedly into my room, with a horrified expression on his face, and said:

"It is the Thames police, Sir. they have brought something for you to see."

"Let them bring it in," I answered, rather astonished.

Great Heaven! What's this? Four men bring in a stretcher, upon which is lying something covered up.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said one of the men. "We found this here in the river this morning."

He partially removes the covering.

My God! It is the same woman who called on me nearly ten months ago, and left a packet in my charge.

"Why have they brought her here?" I ask.

"On searching her this bit of paper turned up."

The man handed me a crumpled piece of paper, on which I could read these words: "If ever my body should be found drowned, let it be taken to the chambers of Mr. Grantley, in the Temple. He will know what to do."

"Policeman," I began, "I have only seen this unhappy creature once in my life; and I can not imagine—"

"Beg your pardon, Sir," interrupted the man; "but you are a lawyer, and you know as there must be an inquest. Wouldn't it be as well to reserve any thing you have to say for that occasion?"

I saw at once what the man hinted. I might be implicated in her death. So I merely observed:

"All I say is, that I have not a notion who she is, nor who her friends are. You had better take the body to the usual place; and I shall be quite ready to attend the inquest, and give all the information in my power."

Silently the men bore away their ghastly burden, and I was left alone. Now, then, to open that packet I was to read the next time she who had given it to me should be in my room. She had come to me again, and I began to suspect that I understood the motives of my Dead Client. I took the packet from its place of safety, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"If you keep the promise which I shall ask you to make when I place this paper in your hands, you will not read this letter till I am dead. If I do not die in the manner in which I firmly believe that I shall die, it is possible you may never read it at all; but I know what must happen, sooner or later, and I leave to you the task of first avenging me.

"You will say, 'What has this woman to do with me? Why am I to avenge her? My answer is—You were once George Marr's best-loved friend.

"Six years ago I was a happy and light-hearted girl. All my future life seemed to smile upon me, and I had a happy home. But love came to me, and, insensibly at first, all my happiness faded away. It was at a small party in the country that I first met George Marr and Denis Hilton. Both of them paid me great attention; but I liked the former, and disliked the latter. Time passed on, and George and I grew to love each other; but suddenly my father took a violent prejudice against him, declared that George had been making love to me against his—my father's—desires, and forbade him to enter the house again. So strict a watch was kept on me that I had no chance of communicating with him, and for six months I saw and heard nothing of him. Then Mr. Hilton began to come frequently to our house; my father liked him, and was constantly throwing him into my company. He was kind and gentle in his behavior, and sometimes he would talk about George, but it was in a reserved and cautious manner; but at last I learned from him that George was married. What could I do but scatter to the wind my shattered love? What could I do but accept Denis Hilton for my husband, a few months afterward, when urged passionately by him and strongly by my father?

"I could not love him—there was something in his nature that prevented me from doing that—yet I strove to be a good and obedient wife to him; and for a few weeks I believe I was contented. But I soon discovered that he had a terrible propensity for drink; and though he had kept a careful guard over himself while he was courting me, and for a short time after our marriage, the old habits soon came back upon him, and night after night he would come home terribly intoxicated; and when in this state he would be madly jealous about me, and would fancy that there was some one concealed in a cupboard, or in one of the rooms, and would compel me to go through the house with him, and search every place. His dissolute courses were the cause of his losing an excellent appointment which he held, and consequently we became very poor indeed; and we had to remove from our pleasant quarters in Bayswater to a small house in Chelsea, close to the river. Denis's manners, too, became so violent when the effects of drink were upon him, that we never could get a servant to stay with us any length of time. One day, after he had been particularly outrageous the night before, our two servants left, saying they would not stop another hour. Denis went out in a great rage, and I was left alone.

"I was sitting solitary that dark November evening—crying, I think—mourning for the lost happiness of earlier days, when there came a gentle knock at the door. I ran to open it, and there I found George Marr.

"'George Marr!' I exclaimed. 'What are you come for?'

"'To see you, Fanny,' he replied. 'I passed you accidentally the other day. You did not see me. I watched you in here. I had not time to try and see you then, as I was engaged. May I not come in?'

"'You can come in, if it will afford you any pleasure,' I answered. 'I should scarcely think it could do that. What makes you wish to see me again?'

"'What makes me? Oh, Fanny! I have never ceased to love you.'

"We were now in the sitting-room.

"'Hush, Mr. Marr. How dare you speak to me like this?'

"'Why not, Fanny? Good Heaven! you are not married?'

"'I am—to Denis Hilton. What reason had you to suppose that I should keep true to you, when you were so soon false to me?'

"'False to you! Never for an instant.'

"'George, they told me that you were married. When I learned that you had so forgotten me I abandoned all hope.'

"'Who told you this?'

"'My husband—Denis Hilton.'

"'He told an infamous lie!'

"'Perhaps he did; but it answered his purpose,' said another voice, in mocking tones.

"I had left the street door open, and Denis himself had staggered in, just sober enough to understand what was going on.

"'I told you, Master George,' he continued, 'that you weren't always going to have it all your own way with the girls.'

"Denis went back into the passage, and closed the front-door; came back into the little parlor, and closed that door too.

"'And now you think you are going to make up to the old love, do you?'

"'I say that you are a scoundrel, Denis. I care not so much for your having tricked me as for your being her husband, and showing yourself before her the drunken brute you are.'

"'What! Say that again. Drunken brute, eh? How often have you been here before—you, Marr—when I have been out, eh?'

"'Never before this evening. I have been abroad. I never even knew that you were married.'

"'You lie—and I will have your life for it!'

"Denis sprang furiously upon him, and there was a short scuffle. They both fell—Denis uppermost. They fell close beside the fire-place, and Denis, seizing the poker, struck George Marr thrice heavily upon the forehead.

"'You'll not come again, I think,' he muttered, savagely, after the last blow.

"'What have you done, Denis?' I shrieked.

"He looked up at me, with a malignant smile upon his face.

"'You and I have killed him,' he replied, in a low tone.

"'Killed him!—I! I have done nothing. You villain! I will call the police.'

"'No, you won't,' he said, rising. What had happened seemed to have quite sobered him. 'Sooner than that you should do that, I would serve you the same. Don't be a fool, Fanny—the law will believe you to be as guilty as I am. See here;' and he took a pocket-book from George Marr's breast: 'there are plenty of bank-notes inside. We are known to be wretchedly poor. If this is discovered, we shall both be hung.' He hissed this last word into my ear. 'Come, we must hide it away.'

"Hung! I believed him. I believed that I should be thought to be his accomplice in the murder, and I feared to die. Oh, what a coward I have been! I have done worse than die every day since then; and yet—the trial! the sentence! the scaffold!

"All that night, nearly, we worked stealthily—at least he worked, while I lay on the ground close to him; and he removed, after great difficulty, three flag-stones from the floor of the little cellar, dug out a grave beneath, and there, at this moment, lies George Marr!

"I have little more to tell. I vowed that vengeance should one day overtake Denis; but I dared not trust myself to do the task, for fear of its failing through my weakness. But I had often, in happy days gone by, heard George speak of you, Mr. Grantley, as a brave and honorable man, and to you I commit the trust of retribution. I know that Denis fears that I shall not keep the secret. I know that he meditates my death. I know that he will one day kill me, and throw my body into the Thames, for he has often threatened it. While I live, my lips are sealed. When I am dead, let justice have its course. Fanny."

The number of the house and the name of the street where the murder was committed were accurately given, as was a definition of the spot where the remains of my poor friend would be found.

The advertisements for George Marr had been fitfully continued, and I saw that all I had to do now was to place this document in the hands of Messrs. Bingley & Bell. Without loss of time I hurried off to Gray's Inn, not unaware that a buttoned-up individual was following my footsteps. The police, no doubt, were keeping an eye upon me, in consequence of the direction that the body should be brought to my chambers.

Mr. Bell read the document attentively.

"I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of this," he said. "We must instruct the police to watch the house at Chelsea, and search it as soon as we can get a warrant; and then we must lay hold of this infamous Denis Hilton."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed—"I had forgotten. I saw him at Dover last night. He was evidently intending to cross, but the rough weather prevented the mail-packet from starting."

"Then we must stop him at once. The wind has scarcely abated its violence, and it is quite possible the boat may not have started yet."

We went up to the Southeastern Railway station. There we learned in a few minutes, by telegraph, that the boat had not yet been able to leave Dover. Mr. Bell, myself, and two police officers in plain clothes went down by special train. Arrived at Dover, the two detectives set about their inquiries, and Mr. Bell and I walked upon the pier. The pier was not at that time nearly finished, but on account of the roughness of the weather, the works were for the time suspended. On in front of us, toward the end, I saw a muffled figure which I thought I recognized.

"There he is," I whispered—"there stands Denis."

"And here come the detectives," said Mr. Bell.

They had evidently learned where they were likely to find the man they had described. It was arranged between us that I should go up to him first; and so I walked on ahead of the others. The murderer was leaning against a pile of massive stones, his back toward me. I passed him, turned back, and looked him full in the face.

"Denis Hilton," I said, "do you remember me?"

He bent his eyes upon me; and I never shall forget the expression in them. I saw in a moment that no law could harm the man—for he had become insane!

After gazing at me for a minute or two, he said,

"How do you do, Grantley? I am glad to see you. I have a strange thing to tell you. You see this whirling, raging, boiling sea? You would not think that a small craft could live in it for a moment, would you? And yet all yesterday afternoon, all last night, and all this morning my wife and George Marr have been in a boat tossing about the pier. The waves break round them and over them, but they will not sink! If there was a third in the boat, I think they would!"

He said these words quite calmly, and looked me full in the face. Then, with a wild and awful cry, he sprang from my side and leaped into the foaming water. Once only we saw his livid upturned face; and then my Dead Client's business was completed!

LETTER-WRITERS.

Not a man of any eminence dies but presently is issued a volume containing his life and letters. The letters are not so long, nor are they so bulky, as those of his grandfather; but they are not less well written, nor are they less interesting. The press of this year has issued such volumes by the dozen—that of next year will repeat the process; for while men live, and love to speak to each other, so long shall men write letters.

A letter-writer is born, not made. No man can, by taking thought, arrive at the consummate ease and command of language which mark the perfect letter-writer. And one of two qualities, of entirely opposite character, is necessary before he can be even a tolerable writer of letters: either that cold-heartedness which sees in every thing a simple subject for a satirical remark, a jest, and a sneer—Horace Walpole presents, of course, the best example of this quality—or else its exact opposite, that living sympathy which feels for every misfortune, and rejoices over every success. Of course this quality may be in excess, and so become maudlin and tiresome; but when we have, in addition to a highly sympathetic nature, a disposition which shrinks from showing itself to the world, and is as sensitive about baring its thoughts as a girl of baring her charms, we have a chance of getting the most charming letters, like those of William Cowper.

Curiously enough, the earliest letters on record are both letters conveying a secret order for murder—that of David to Joab, sending the treacherous order to put the unfortunate Uriah in the hottest of the battle; and that of Jezebel, instigating the elders to put Naboth out of the way. We are not told how these letters were conveyed. No doubt they were written, like those Roman letters later on, on wooden tablets smeared with wax, and in those old Phœnician characters with which the Moabite stone has rendered us all familiar. Nor are we told how their contents were secured from prying eyes. It would have been awkward, for instance, if Uriah had got a sight of David's missive before it reached Joab. Perhaps, however, he could not read; perhaps, too—which is more likely—the messenger of the king was considered a sacred person.

In modern times the commencement and conclusion of letters have presented considerable points of difference. The formal "Sir" lingers chiefly in official communications; while the various shades of deference, from "your lordship's very humble, obliged, and obedient servant," downward to "yours truly," have nearly all been effaced. Religious endings are sometimes used, and when they are employed among persons of the same way of thinking, are quite unexceptionable and in good taste. But I once had a letter from a person whom I had never seen, and who had no means whatever of knowing what were my religious opinions, who yet signed himself "yours, in Gospel bonds." This irreverent familiarity with a stranger showed not only an almost incredible vulgarity of mind, but also that unreality of feeling, common enough, which really prevents the writer from knowing the full force of what he is writing.

Occasional letters—letters of congratulation, condolence, and so forth—are, as a rule, rarely written well. They are stiff, constrained, and uneasy; all the more because—like a rustic in his Sunday clothes—they are doing their very best to appear natural, hearty, and sincere. What, for instance, is a man to say who gets a copy of a book which he has no intention of reading? I myself once published a certain volume, which, I believe, no one has ever looked at but myself. That is, of course, so much the worse for the public. However, on its publication, I sent, as usual, copies to my friends. I have got their answers—for they all wrote immediately. Some said they were going to read it without delay; others pretended they had read it already. They called it brilliant, novel, popular, charming; and, in fact, would have made me conceited, had it not been for my publisher's statement, which showed that not a soul had bought a single copy. And, of course, not one of my friends has ever looked at the copy which I gave him.

THE FIRST SNOW-BALL.

What a marvel to children is the first ball of snow of which they are old enough to take notice! Some cold morning near Christmas-time little Lily, the darling of the household, is roused by loud cries of "The snow! the snow!" from her two brothers, and is borne by nurse to the window, where the excited youngsters already are, and whence she sees the dull, brown earth of yesterday covered with a delicate white mantle, and the trees, with their gaunt, leafless boughs, now glistening in white robes, tinged with roseate hues by the morning sunshine, and prinked in a thousand fanciful devices, some oddly grotesque, yet all charming. Can any transformation scene in a theatre equal this? What natural magic, what white art by spirits of air, what celestial enchantment, has been at work? If the snow-flakes should be still descending, the child wonders where all the feathers come from, and why, being so white, they darken the sky. She half believes what nurse says about an old woman picking geese in the sky, although her strong-minded elder brother laughs the legend to scorn. He knows better than that. Has he not read the "Child's Book of Nature," and doesn't that explain all about snow and hail, and how they are made? It is all owing to the cold, he briefly sums up. You may be sure that the washing and dressing are hurried over that morning, for mamma has promised that they shall have a good game with the snow.

If the reader will turn to the illustration on page 60, he will see that directly after breakfast Lily, warmly clad, has been taken by mamma to the door-step, where, all a-tremble with fear and delight, she makes foot-prints in the feathery mass. A little confiding robin, perched on the window-sill, attracts for a moment the delighted attention of herself and brothers. Some crumbs are quickly taken to it, and the boys, well gaitered and with wrappers round their necks, are soon up to their ankles in the snow. Master Tom makes on this occasion his first snow-ball, and throws it at his little sister—to make her pay her footing, as he says—but mamma's hand is ready to ward off the missive from her pet. But she need not trouble herself, for it falls harmlessly short. Jack, the eldest, has known several winters, and is an old hand. He has seen, bless you! ponds—yes, whole rivers—frozen over, and hundreds of men skating and sliding upon the ice; and once papa took him upon it, and (we have his word for it) he was not the least afraid, and had a good slide without falling. He is about to set a snow-ball rolling, to clear, he says, the garden paths. Meantime Gip, mad with delight, barks furiously, and makes desperate plunges at the snow, burrowing in it, and, as he leaps out, shakes himself free from the snow, again to bury and to extricate himself with the most obstreperous glee.

Can any grown-up man see boys enjoying a game of snow-balling without its calling to mind the scrimmages in which he was engaged when a boy? Ah! there was that huge snow-fortress, which resisted all attempts at scaling, or which was triumphantly stormed amidst a shower of snow-balls—one of which (surely it was an ice-ball thrown from a catapult) caught him a spanker full in the face, making both eyes flash fire and gleam with ten thousand sparks. Then, too, that snow-ball which he helped to set rolling, and which grew so rapidly as soon to resist the efforts of the whole school to make it budge, although its course was down hill, until some men from a building-yard, armed with levers, helped them, and the ball, now a snow-mountain, was forced along, gathering in its course not only snow, but a coating of stones from the newly macadamized road. At the foot of the hill even levers failed to move the huge mass, and it was left, perforce, in front of some one's door, to be next morning sawed and chopped ere ingress or egress to the house could be obtained. The man who has not many such memories as these is to be pitied. Not even the mantle of oblivion—falling flake-like and quiet as snow, and more effectually concealing—which Time throws over the days of our past can efface these remembrances. They stand out sharply distinct. And, happily, fresh generations are ever rising to have their first delightful impressions of a snow-fall, and to see the erewhile naked earth

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Love of art is on the increase in London, as every where else. A few years ago there was only one Winter Art Exhibition in the English metropolis; now there are no less than seven open to the public.

On the 14th of December, the tenth anniversary of the death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, upward of nine hundred persons visited his mausoleum at Frogmore—the greatest number that have visited it on a similar occasion since its erection.

Repairs are going on rapidly at Warwick Castle. The library, consisting of five thousand rare and costly works, received scarcely any injury, although it was hastily removed from the castle immediately after the discovery of the fire. The library, as well as a number of large and costly paintings, have been deposited at the County Hall, under guard of a body of police. The floor of the great hall, composed of alternate squares of red and white Italian marble, has suffered much damage, although considerably protected by the quantity of rubbish with which it was covered. On removing the *débris* quantities of fused silver and other metals were found, and among them was a section of about two inches of the massive silver hilt of the sword of Charles Edward, the Pretender. Addresses of condolence to Lord Warwick and the countess have been voted by the town council of Warwick and the Leamington local board. His lordship has publicly returned thanks to the inhabitants of Warwick and Leamington for the strenuous and self-denying exertions made by them to save the castle. There is a strong feeling of sympathy for his lordship all through Warwickshire; and as the castle has always been thrown open to visitors, the county is prepared, if Lord Warwick would permit it, to defray the cost of repair, on the ground that it is practically, if not actually, a public building.

We think there are some buildings in this country that might fitly be compared to the court-house of the English Queen's Bench. Justice Blackburn, in speaking of it, says, "This court is so ingeniously constructed that when the window is shut we can not breathe, when it is open we can not hear, and at no time can we see."

The snug little sum of $125,000 is the price demanded for a Raphael now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, but lately in the Louvre. It is owned by the Duke of Ripaldi, and the price was originally $200,000. This is an enormous sum for a picture which has suffered many injuries, and has been unfortunately repaired, and London critics contend that half that money would be a sufficiently high price. Few Raphaels of this size are likely to come into the market, and this one has many inestimable beauties.

Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, was crowded one evening during Christmas week with about two thousand enthusiastic and appreciative listeners to the "Jubilee Singers." This number does not include the few who, with unsympathetic hearts, listened for the purpose of afterward ridiculing and burlesquing the performances. This band of singers, originally ten in number—one young woman had been called to the sick-bed of her father, and a young lad substituted in her place—are from the Fisk University, Tennessee, where they are striving to obtain an education, in company with many other colored people. They have all been slaves, but now with freedom has come the longing for knowledge. It having become necessary to enlarge the buildings of the university, these young people, instead of appealing to the public for gratuitous charity, are passing through the country, and by using their remarkable natural gifts are endeavoring to raise twenty thousand dollars, not for themselves alone, but for all who are being educated at the Fisk University. They sang with a pathos and sweetness that appealed to every true heart the songs of their bondage, interspersing melodies of other kinds; and their whole demeanor before the enthusiastic audience was so quiet, unaffected, and sincere as to be above criticism. The singing was excellent, and some of the voices remarkable. Their greatest success, as would be expected, was in their own peculiar music and melodies. There is little doubt but that they will obtain the money they have resolved to raise.

An English journal expresses the fear that the members of the Paris police will have to "take up" each other to pass the time away. The number of the police has greatly increased under the new administration. In 1854 Paris was cared for by 750 sergents-de-ville, of whom 300 were employed in special services, only 450 being available for the surveillance of the twelve arrondissements of the city. In view of the Exposition of 1855, the effective force was raised to 3600. In 1859 the annexation of the suburbs made a second augmentation necessary, and Paris had 4616 policemen, at an annual cost of 7,617,995 francs. The Exhibition of 1867 suggested a fresh increase, and the force received more than a thousand recruits, the total cost being 10,400,000 francs, at which figure it stood in the last year of the empire. The present administration, impressed with the idea of freeing the city from the necessity of depending upon the army in matters concerning its internal security, has just completed the reorganization of the police force, which now reaches a total of 7676 men, supported at a cost of fourteen million francs: this for the surveillance of a population of 1,825,274. According to the "Police Almanac" for 1870, London, including an area of 448,613 acres, and a population of 3,224,021, employed 9783 police, Metropolitan and City.

A prominent Senator, who had been importuned by a young man who earnestly sought official honors, was met by the ambitious candidate the other day, who, after inquiring as to the prospect of his appointment, propounded the question,

"How do you like the Civil Service Report?"

"Very well; very well indeed, Sir," was the reply.

"Yes, but, Senator," said the young man, thinking to excite his indignation, "it takes away all your patronage."

"My dear Sir, that's the very thing I am anxious for. I am glad of it," was the Senatorial reply.

Anecdotes about Prince Bismarck may not be quite so seasonable as anecdotes about Prince Alexis, but good ones about either are worthy of note. Not long ago Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha complained in Bismarck's presence that the order of the Iron Cross had been distributed too freely and indiscriminately. "I do not know about that," replied Bismarck; "the order is conferred on two classes of persons: first, to those who have really distinguished themselves during the war; and second, as a matter of courtesy, to men such as your highness and myself."

Appearances are deceitful. Dealers in lard well know that a white, clear-looking article is desired by customers. Some suspected lard, which was beautifully white, was recently tested, and found to contain a large proportion of lime. A lard renderer afterward confidentially imparted the information that it was a common practice among lard dealers to mix from two to five per cent. of milk of lime with the melted lard. A saponaceous compound is formed, which is not only pearly white, but will allow of the stirring in, during cooling, of twenty-five per cent. of water.

Libby Prison, which became so notorious during our late war, still retains the large sign painted upon it by the rebel authorities—the words "Libby Prison." The letters are large, and can be read at the distance of two or three squares. Previous to the breaking out of the war the building had been used as a ship-chandlery, and is five stories high, and of red brick. On the outside Libby Prison looks precisely as it always did, but within is the hum and roar of machinery. A large portion of the building is used as a wooden-ware manufactory, for the making of cedar buckets for the Northern market, out of white cedar brought from the Dismal Swamp. Upon the walls are many inscriptions made by the poor fellows who were imprisoned there. The basement, which was used as a "dead-room" for the prisoners, is now occupied by an engine which drives the machinery. Visitors to Libby Prison are numerous, but the present proprietor does not object. A bucket made in Libby Prison is something of a relic itself.

Castle Thunder, a building almost as famous as Libby Prison, is now used as a tobacco manufactory, being one of the largest in Richmond. About a hundred men, women, and children are employed in it, nearly all being colored. The negroes work well, and are said to be superior to the white men in this work.

In 1828 the number of Sunday-school scholars in this country was estimated to be 350,000. There are now about six million scholars and one million teachers in the Sunday-schools. Nearly one-half of this aggregate belongs to one denomination—the Methodist. In New York city there are below Fifty-ninth Street 364 Sunday-schools of all denominations, containing 104,750 scholars enrolled and 8635 teachers. The average attendance of scholars every Sunday is 76,965. Above Fifty-ninth Street there are 54 schools, which chiefly sustain the character of mission schools. These contain 11,076 names of scholars and 1034 teachers on their rolls, and have an average regular attendance of over 9000.

Mackerel have reappeared on the coast of Newfoundland, after an absence of forty years. This has been a most prosperous year for Newfoundland. The capture of the almost fabulous number of 600,000 seals in the spring, a successful cod-fishery, and now the coming of mackerel, have been fortunate circumstances for the inhabitants.

The "ruling passion strong in death" was remarkably illustrated in the case of a certain Mr. Higgins, who was a most punctual man through all his life. At the advanced age of ninety he was calmly resting on his bed, waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering into its socket, when one of his sons remarked,

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two: is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man. "It is well thought of, and I will do it now."

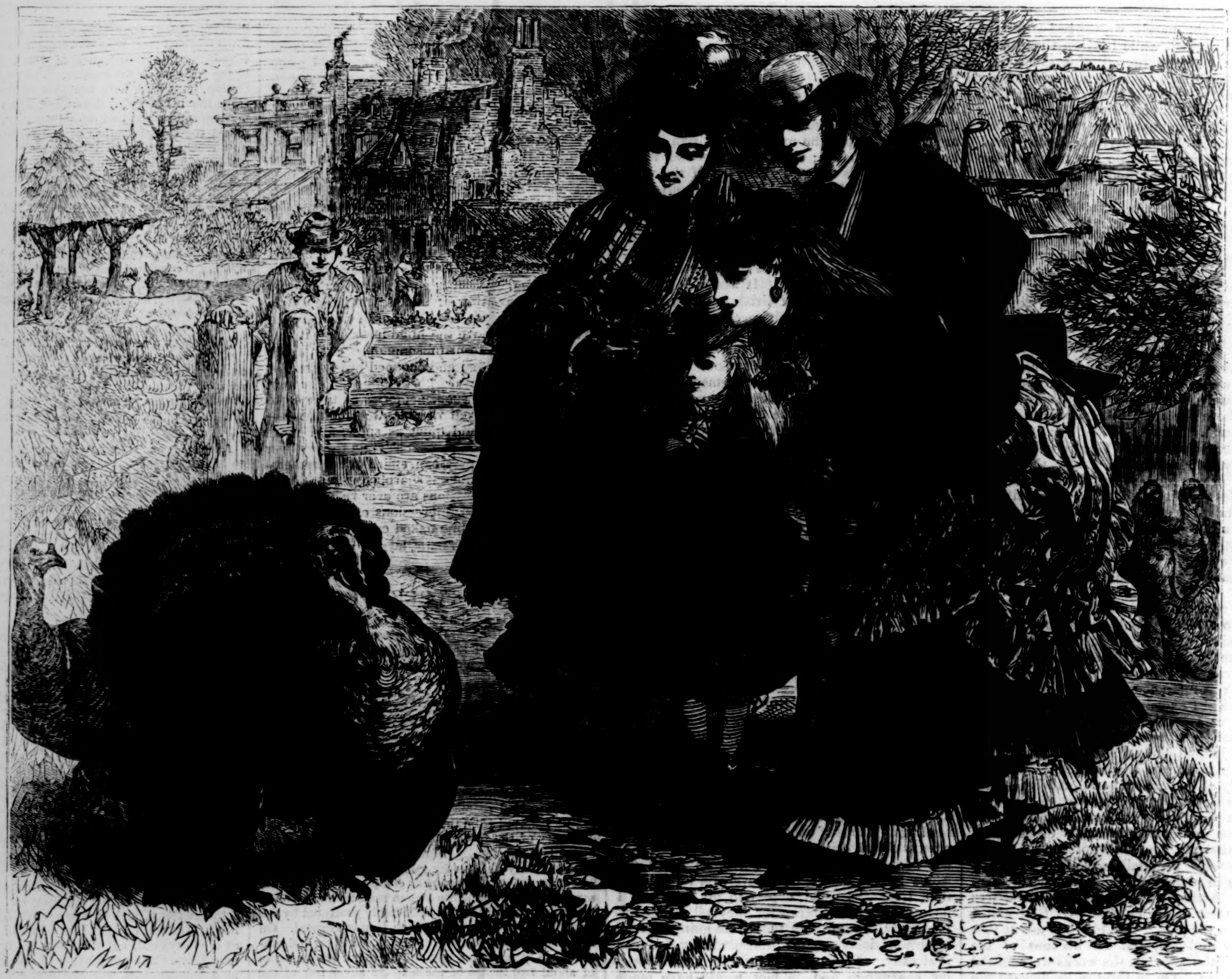
He gave the names of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted on his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read this. Is the name of Wiggins there?"

"It is, father."

"Then strike it off," said he, emphatically; "for he never was punctual—was never any where in season, and he might delay the procession a whole hour."

It is related of La Fontaine that one evening some friends called upon him, but learned from his wife that he was taking a nap. While they sat talking with the lady La Fontaine entered the room, evidently in a state of somnambulism. He crossed the room, and went into a little dark cabinet which served him for a study. Here he remained a while, and then came out, still asleep, and retired to bed. His wife and friends, curious to know what he had been doing in the dark, went into the study, and there found a newly written fable, the ink being still wet. It was the celebrated fable of "The Two Pigeons"—one replete with natural, touching language and the utmost grace of expression.

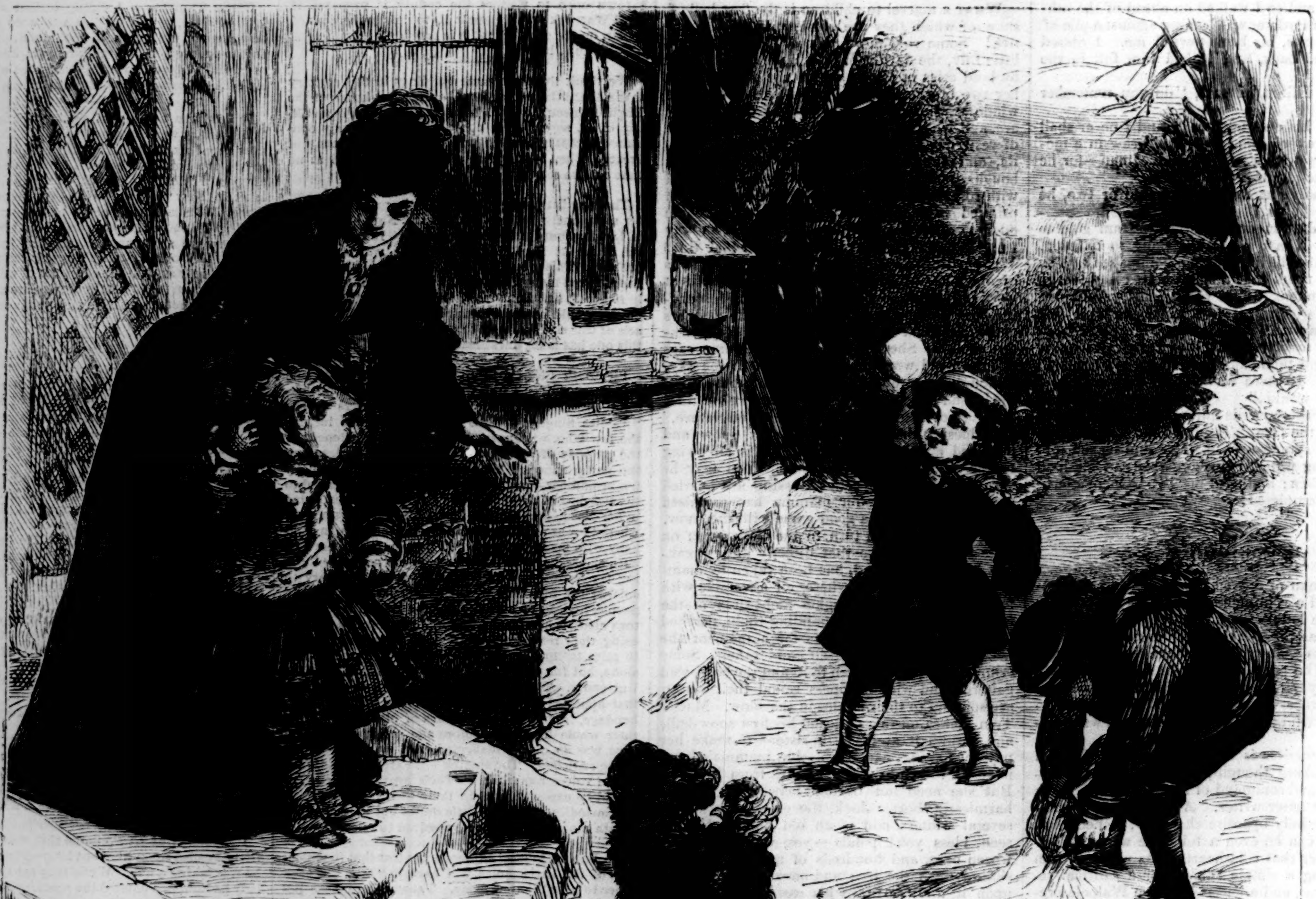


"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

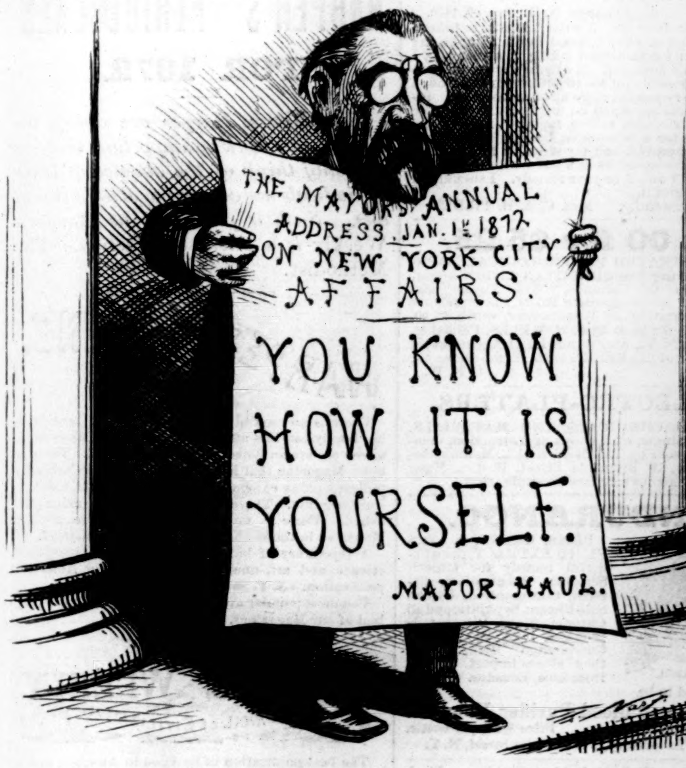
"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

THE gay party shown in our illustration on this page, walking through the old-fashioned English farm-yard (time supposed to be a few days before Christmas), are suddenly accosted by Signor Gallipavo. Of him it may be said, as Fabian says of Malvolio in the play of "Twelfth Night"—"Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!"

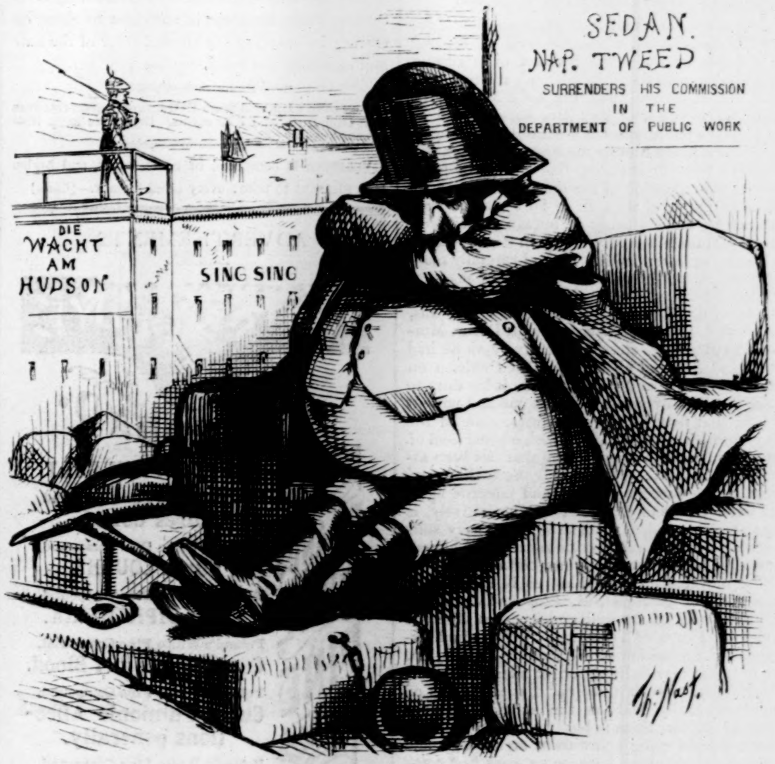
Look at this stately Don, whose Spanish-Mexican ancestry—for he is no Turk, not he; no malignant turbaned Ottoman, but a real Hidalgo—has bequeathed him such a heritage of pride! With head erect in conscious dignity, wearing the adornment of a rubicund comb on his lofty brow, his pendent wattles of a sanguine hue, and a very splendid scarlet gorget all down his noble neck, what a lordly visage he rears above the mighty orb of his ample breast! With out-



THE FIRST SNOW-BALL.—[SEE PAGE 59.]


THE MAYOR'S ANNUAL ADDRESS JAN. 1st 1872 ON NEW YORK CITY AFFAIRS.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF.
MAYOR HAUL.
Th. Nast.

THE MESSAGE MAYOR HALL OUGHT TO HAVE SENT.


SEDAN.
NAP. TWEED
SURRENDERS HIS COMMISSION IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORK
DIE WACHT AM HUDSON
SING SING
Th. Nast.

AFTER SEDAN—WILHELMSHÖHE.

spread wings, and broad tail high upraised, how he displays his pomp of body-plumage, all mottled of black and bronze, the tail barred with gray! He considers himself a very good-looking bird, as he struts forward, modestly followed by his demure female consort. "The compliments of the season to you, Sir!" "The same to you, miss, and many of them!" "We shall be glad to see you at our Christmas dinner, Sir, if you will favor us with your company on Monday!" "Oh yes!" says he; "I'll be sure to be at your table." "Good-by till then!" exclaim the laughing girls. And so they part, with mutual promise of good cheer.

The turkey, domesticated in England and this country, and especially consecrated to sacrifice on the altars of Christmas festivity, has by some writers been accredited with an Eastern origin. On the contrary, his remote ancestors were native Americans, and were unknown in the Old World until about the year 1524, when some superb specimens were among the trophies carried back to Spain by the conquerors of Mexico. The Spaniards used to call him "Pavon de las Indias," meaning peacock of the *West* Indies. But when he found his way from Spain into France, some of the French people, mistaking the name he bore, supposed him to be a native of Hindostan, and called him the "dindon." A similar process of geographical, ornithological, and verbal confusion attended his appearance in England about the same time. He was called the "Turkey-fowl," from a vague impression that he was a native of Turkey. In time the latter half of his name was dropped, and he took his place among domesticated fowls as *the* turkey.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man in Lexington, Kentucky, bought a turkey said to weigh ten pounds, but on arriving at home he found that it weighed but eight. Going back, he inquired how it happened. The dealer examined the turkey carefully, and then, with a sudden light, exclaimed, "Ah! I see you've lost the gizzard."

Let the slandered take comfort: it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

"May it please your honor," exclaimed a juryman, "I am deaf in one ear." "Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a juror to hear both sides," said the judge.

There is some controversy about the age of Miss Cushman. She acts like sixty.

Willful Men—Judges of probate.

Notes of Admiration—Love-letters.

Emma Dodge, of Fort Wayne, is only thirteen years old, and weighs 425 pounds in her stocking feet. She is what you might call em-fat-ic.

Grand Rapids—The fast "swells."

One Thomas Scott, whom love had made desperate, lately visited his sweetheart at Bowling Green, Missouri, and made her an offer of marriage. She flatly refused him, when he said that he would kill her unless she reversed her decision. She at once faced him with a poker in her hand, and said, "Lay on, Macduff, if you think it would be healthy for you." Thomas drove home.

What ought always to be up to the mark?—A bullet.

Strongest minds are often those of whom the world hears least.

The Conjunctive Mood—Thoughts of matrimony.

Better let your husband go to the club than have him bring a club home with him.

Syracuse has warm street cars, in which old ladies knit and young ladies spin—street yarn.

Dr. Guthrie, in a recent address, told a very suggestive story, to this effect: A friend of his, questioning a little boy, said, "When your father and mother forsake you, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, Sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's answer.

A welcome Ship at any Time—Friendship.

Mixing in Society—Taking grog with your friends.

A Moving Scene—A game of chess.

The American Ham-burg—Cincinnati.

Sheridan once said to Erskine, "Ah, Tom, had I stuck to the law, I might have been what you are; but, hang it, Mrs. S. or myself was always obliged to write for our leg or shoulder of mutton." "Ah," said Erskine, "I always heard your literature was a joint concern."

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

An old man is easier robbed than a young one, for his locks are few and his gait is generally broken.

An intoxicated man saw two cars passing him the other evening with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself: "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are running drug stores round on wheels."

Counter-Irritants—Habitual shoppers.

The sharp young boarder in this city, who astonished his landlady a few days ago with the question, "What is the difference between a mess o' sausages and saucy messages?" was himself astonished at the answer, "The first I give you, the last you give me."

The Tune of the Smoker—Spit-tune.

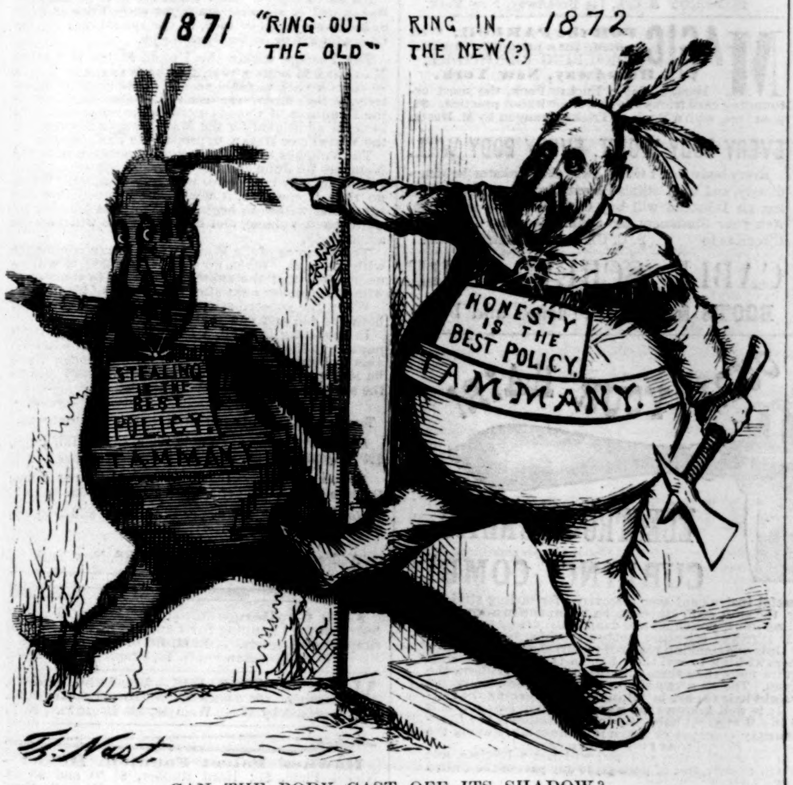
Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon any thing his friends would put to him. A friend asked him whether he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac, to which he promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Cancer."

The Great American Dessert—Fruit.

Angry looks can do no good,
  And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
  If spoken but in kindness.

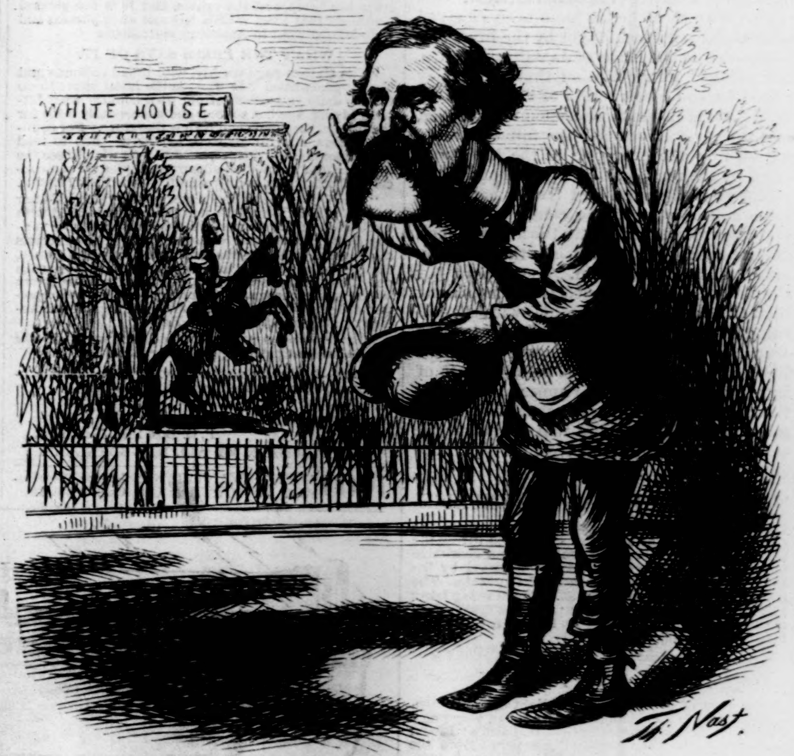
Masked Ball—A smothered cry.

The most courageous of birds is the crow: it never shows the white feather.



CAN THE BODY CAST OFF ITS SHADOW?

The Tammany Society has expelled Tweed as Sachem.—*Daily Papers.*



LITTLE JOHNNY T. HOFFMAN (THE ORPHAN BOY).

"Stay" (*some party*), "stay, for mercy's sake,
  And hear a helpless orphan's tale:
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake!
  'Tis want" (*to go to the White House*) "that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's" (Sweeny) "pride,
  And my brave father's" (Tweed) "hope and joy;
But in the" (*Tammany*) "proud" (?) "fight" they "died—
  And I am now an orphan boy."

Not quite "Amelia Opie."

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

DURING some remarks at a late meeting of the British Association, which followed the reading of a paper by the Abbé Richard upon certain flint implements found in Joshua's tomb at Galgula, and at Mount Sinai, the Abbé Moigno, the well-known editor of *Les Mondes*, said that he had spent nine months of a painful and dangerous leisure given him by the Franco-German and the civil wars in studying thoroughly the great and solemn question of the indefinite or very remote antiquity of man, in so far as it had been proved by the discovery of human remains, or those of human industry, found in the ground at a greater or lesser depth. He had carefully read, or rather studied in the most complete manner, all that had been published on that subject—the works of Lyell, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. Evans, Prestwich, Pengelly, Buchan, Vogt, Desor, Morlot, De Mortillet, etc. For many years he had read and followed all that had been written on these subjects; and he now made it his duty to declare solemnly, after this tiresome and patient study, that none of the discoveries, none of the facts brought forward, often with a great deal of precision, have the importance that has been attributed to them; that not only the existence of man in the pliocene, eocene, and miocene ages, as Dr. Evans had declared so authoritatively, is not at all proved, but that the quaternary soils in which human remains or remains of human industry have been found are certainly moving soils, movable on declivities, as is affirmed by the eminent geologist, M. Elie de Beaumont; that the soils of the stalagmitic caves, like the celebrated cave of Torquay, which so much occupied the attention of the British Association, have been overrun by water, or some other natural agent, in such a manner that the layers of mud originally laid on the stalagmites have slipped below them; but that even geology must remain quite apart from archæology and human paleontology, because its work had come to an end when man had appeared on the earth.

He added, while requesting indulgence for the liberty he was taking, that the question of man, in its connection with geology or paleontology, is exactly at the same point which this question had formerly: first, its relations with the history of Indian astronomy as practiced by the unfortunate Bailly, at the time when Laplace threw so brilliant a light on the errors of his illustrious fellow-laborer; second, in its relations with the discoveries of the zodiacs of Denderah and of Esne, from his investigations of which the immortal Champollion earned the name of *Cæsar Autocrator*. The arguments in favor of the existence of man several ages previous to the epoch fixed by the Holy Bible for the creation of Adam—an epoch which it is, however, impossible to determine, and which can be taken back to 10,000 years—had reached their maximum today; they would only decrease day by day until they vanished.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

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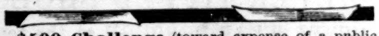

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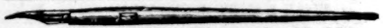

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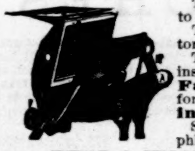

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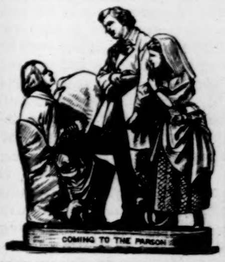

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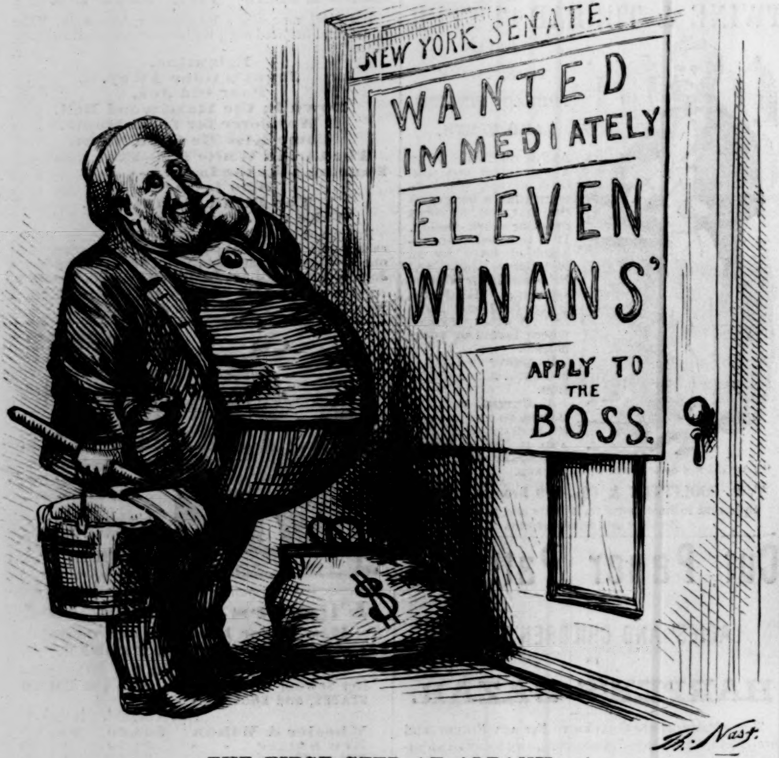

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"If TWEED can get Eleven of the thirty-two Senators to take this indulgent view, he will have a safe tenure of his seat for the present. From what we have been able to learn of the Republican Senators, we do not deem this impossible. It seems to be the opinion of competent judges acquainted with the members that this is likely to be one of the most corrupt Legislatures in the history of the State. Now TWEED is nobody's fool; there are few better judges of men; and if he secures his seat for half the session, he will perhaps engage enough corrupt Republicans in his interest to make it impossible to oust him. If the Legislature had been Democratic, we should have had reform. But being Republican, it may yield to TWEED, as so many Legislatures have done before. It is merely a question whether his remaining resources will permit him to bribe high enough. If his pecuniary means do not fall short, he will doubtless retain his seat in this Republican Senate."—*New York World*, December 30, 1871.

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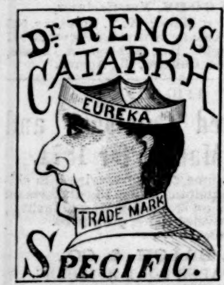

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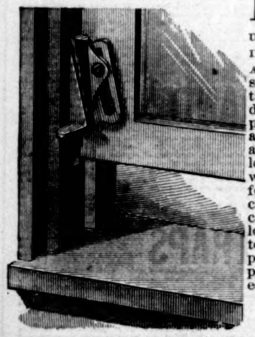

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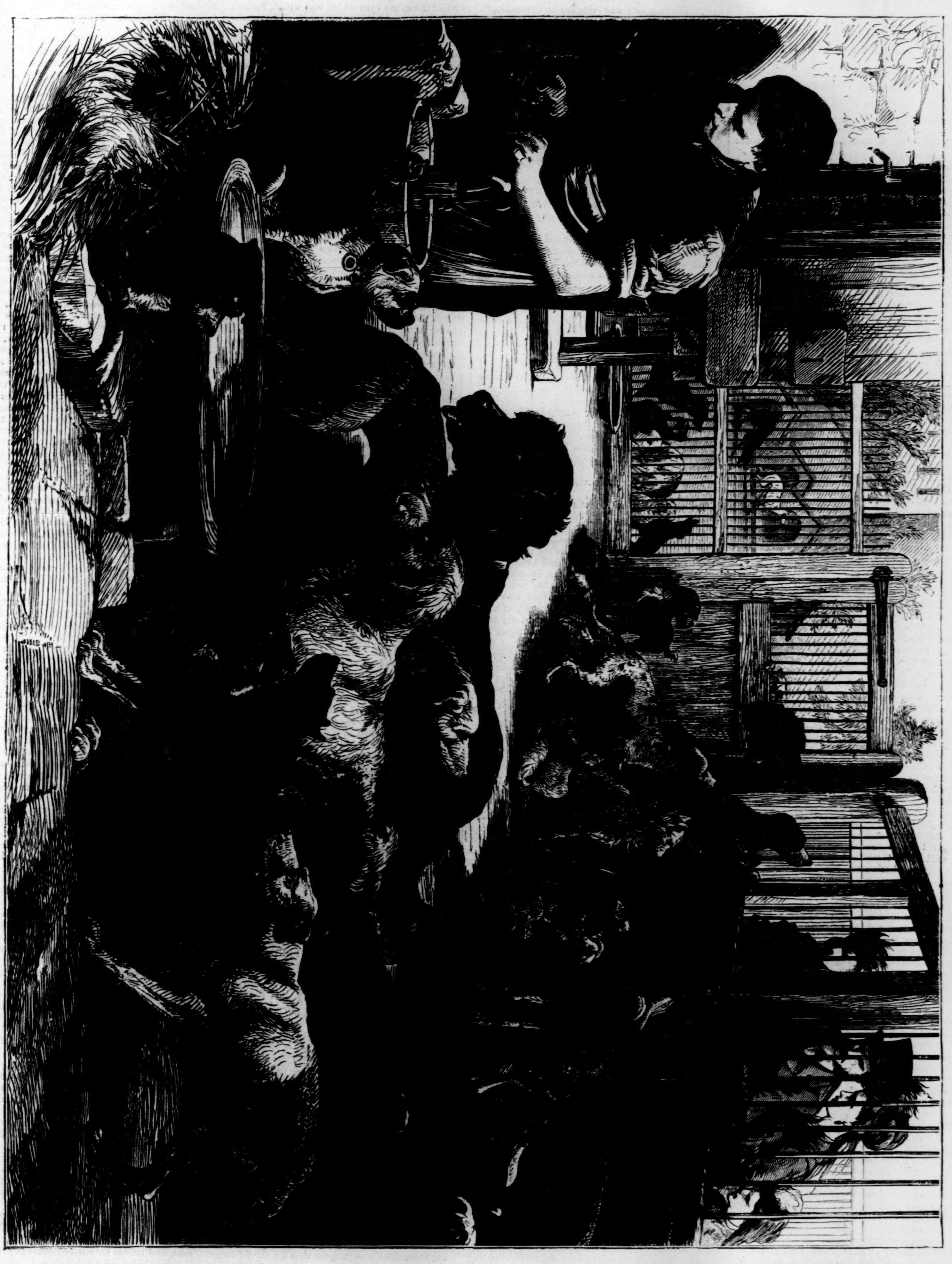
Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to No. 7 Wall St., N. Y.
CHARLES W. HASSLER

HOME FOR LOST DOGS.

IT seems a mockery of Christian charity that when the streets of London are full of starving people, when almost every paper, in this inclement season, contains a sad story of death by suffering and privation, there should be an extensive asylum in that city for the reception and protection of destitute dogs! The feeling that prompted the establishment of such an institution is doubtless noble and humane; but isn't it rather stretching sentimental humanity to care for dogs, and leave children to die of cold and hunger? A canine waif is carefully picked up and taken to the comfortable "Home," where it is fed and warmed and enviously tended until claimed by its owner or otherwise humanely disposed of; while a human waif, with an immortal soul to be saved or lost, is generally left to shiver and starve until it has done something for which it can be sent to jail.

In the Home, of which the accompanying illustration gives a clear idea, there are sixteen spacious pens, or stalls, on each side of a central avenue. It is situated in a locality where there are no dwelling-houses, whose inmates might be annoyed by the incessant yelping and barking of the fourfooted *détenus*. Attached to the Home is an extensive exercise-ground, a kitchen, where the dogs' food is prepared, and an infirmary. On the occasion of a recent visit the 200 inmates appeared to be in excellent health, only four of them being in the infirmary. Two of these, one of which was a very hideous bull-terrier, were suffering from ordinary colds; a third was a Maltese terrier, who had nothing the matter with her except that the other dogs bullied her because she was so small; while the fourth was a great black Newfoundland, also in excellent health, but troubled with an infirmity of temper which rendered solitary confinement advisable. The stray dogs are chiefly brought in by the police, who receive their traveling expenses from the commissioners. Regular forms of delivery and receipt are signed and delivered, and the business of the Home is transacted with a rigor of system that might serve as a model for asylums where human creatures are cared for.

The population of the Home shifts very rapidly. On an average, thirty or forty dogs are brought in daily, but as many as eighty have been received in one day. No dog can be sold or otherwise disposed of till he has been there three days. "Otherwise disposed of" is a euphemism for poison, which is applied to useless or unsalable dogs. They are fed twice a day, at 7 A.M. and at 4 P.M. The owner, on reclaiming his property, pays one shilling for the first day's keep, and sixpence for the succeeding days. Occasionally the visitor will find a well-bred, aristocratic dog at the Home; but, of course, mongrels predominate. The treatment varies with the quality of the waifs. A refined and elegant dog, whose owner will probably pay a good sum for its recovery, may be kept for several months before being sold or killed, while a cur rarely survives the three days required by the regulations.



HOME FOR LOST DOGS.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL, *continued.*

September 1.—I am composed enough to return to my Journal, and to let my mind dwell a little on all that I have thought and felt since Oscar has been here.

Now that I have lost Madame Pratolungo, I have no friend with whom I can talk over my little secrets. My aunt is all that is kind and good to me; but with a person so much older than I am—who has lived in such a different world from my world, and whose ideas seem to be so far away from mine—how can I talk about my follies and extravagances, and expect sympathy in return! My one confidential friend is my Journal—I can only talk about myself *to* myself, in these pages. My position feels sometimes like a very lonely one. I saw two girls telling all their secrets to each other on the sands to-day—and I am afraid I envied them.

Well, my dear Journal, how did I feel—after longing for Oscar—when Oscar came to me?

It is dreadful to own it; but my book locks up, and my book can be trusted with the truth. I felt ready to cry—I was so unexpectedly, so horribly, disappointed.

No. "Disappointed" is not the word. I can't find the word. There was a moment—I hardly dare write it: it seems so atrociously wicked—there was a moment when I almost wished myself blind again.

He took me in his arms; he held my hand in his. In the time when I was blind, how I should have felt it! how the delicious *tingle* would have run through me when he touched me! Nothing of the kind happened now. He might have been Oscar's brother for all the effect he produced on me. I have myself taken his hand since, and shut my eyes to try and renew my blindness, and put myself back completely as I was in the old time. The same result still. Nothing, nothing, nothing!

Is it that he is a little restrained with me, on his side? He certainly is! I felt it the moment he came into the room—I have felt it ever since.

No: it is not that. In the old time, when we were only beginning to love each other, he was restrained with me. But it made no difference then. I was not the insensible creature in those days that I have become since.

I can only account for it in one way. The restoration of my sight has made a new creature of me. I have gained a sense—I am no longer the same woman. This great change must have had some influence over me that I never suspected until Oscar came here. Can the loss of my sense of feeling be the price that I have paid for the recovery of my sense of sight?

When Grosse comes next I shall put that question to him.

In the mean while I have had a second disappointment. He is not nearly so beautiful as I thought he was when I was blind.

On the day when my bandage was taken off for the first time I could only see indistinctly. When I ran into the room at the rectory, I guessed it was Oscar rather than knew it was Oscar. My father's gray head and Mrs. Finch's woman's dress would, no doubt, have helped any body in my place to fix, as I did, on the right man. But this is all different now. I can see his features in detail, and the result is (though I won't own it to any of them) that I find my idea of him in the days of my blindness—oh, so unlike the reality! The one thing that is *not* a disappointment to me is his voice. When he can not see me I close my eyes and let my ears feel the old charm again—so far.

And this is what I have gained by submitting to the operation, and enduring my imprisonment in the darkened room!

What am I writing? I ought to be ashamed of myself! Is it nothing to have had all the beauty of land and sea, all the glory of cloud and sunshine, revealed to me? Is it nothing to be able to look at my fellow-creatures—to see the bright faces of children smile at me when I speak to them? Enough of myself! I am unhappy and ungrateful when I think of myself.

Let me write about Oscar.

My aunt approves of him. She thinks him handsome, and says he has the manners of a gentleman. This last is high praise from Miss Batchford. She despises the present generation of young men. "In my time," she said the other day, "I used to see young gentlemen. I only see young animals now; well-fed, well-washed, well-dressed; riding animals, rowing animals, betting animals—nothing more."

Oscar, on his side, seems to like Miss Batchford on better acquaintance. When I first presented him to her, he rather surprised me by changing color and looking very uneasy. He is almost distressingly nervous, on certain occasions. I suppose my aunt's grand manner daunted him.

[*Note.*—I really must break in here. Her aunt's "grand manner" makes me sick. It is nothing (between ourselves) but a hook-nose and a stiff pair of stays. What daunted Nugent Dubourg, when he first found himself in the old lady's presence, was the fear of discovery. He would, no doubt, have learned from his brother that Oscar and Miss Batchford had never met. You will see, if you look back, that it was, in the nature of things, impossible they should have met. But is it equally clear that Nugent could find out beforehand that Miss Batchford had been left in ignorance of what had happened at Dimchurch? He could do nothing of the sort—he could feel no assurance of his security from exposure, until he had tried the ground in his own proper person first. The risk here was certainly serious enough to make even Nugent Dubourg feel uneasy. And Lucilla talks of her aunt's "grand manner!" Poor innocent! I leave her to go on.—P.]

As soon as my aunt left us together the first words I said to Oscar referred (of course) to his letter about Madame Pratolungo.

He made a little sign of entreaty, and looked distressed.

"Why should we spoil the pleasure of our first meeting by talking of her?" he said. "It is so inexpressibly painful to you and to me. Let us return to it in a day or two. Not now, Lucilla—not now!"

His brother was the next subject in my mind. I was not at all sure how he would take my speaking about it. I risked a question, however, for all that. He made another sigh of entreaty, and looked distressed again.

"My brother and I understand each other, Lucilla. He will remain abroad for the present. Shall we drop that subject too? Let me hear your own news—I want to know what is going on at the rectory. I have heard nothing since you wrote me word that you were here with your aunt, and that Madame Pratolungo had gone abroad to her father. Is Mr. Finch well? Is he coming to Ramsgate to see you?"

I was unwilling to tell him of the misunderstanding at home.

"I have not heard from my father since I have been here," I said. "Now you have come back, I can write and announce your return, and get all the news from the rectory."

He looked at me rather strangely—in a way which led me to fear that he saw some objection to my writing to my father.

"I suppose you would like Mr. Finch to come here?" he said; and then stopped suddenly, and looked at me again.

"There is very little chance of his coming here," I answered.

Oscar seemed to be wonderfully interested about my father. "Very little chance?" he repeated. "Why?"

I was obliged to refer to the family quarrel—still, however, saying nothing of the unjust manner in which my father had spoken of my aunt.

"As long as I am with Miss Batchford," I said, "it is useless to hope that my father will come here. They are on bad terms; and I am afraid there is no prospect, at present, of their being friends again. Do you object to my writing home to say you have come to Ramsgate?" I asked.

"I!" he exclaimed, looking the picture of astonishment. "What could possibly make you think that? Write by all means—and leave a little space for me. I will add a few lines to your letter."

It is impossible to say how his answer relieved me. It was quite plain that I had stupidly misinterpreted him. Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes! shall I ever be able to depend on you as I could once depend on my touch?

[*Note.*—I must intrude myself again. I shall burst with indignation, while I am copying the Journal, if I don't relieve my mind at certain places in it. Remark, before you go any farther, how skillfully Nugent contrives to ascertain his exact position at Ramsgate, and see with what a fatal unanimity all the chances of his personating Oscar, without discovery, declare themselves in his favor! Miss Batchford, as you have seen, is entirely at his mercy. She not only knows nothing herself, but she operates as a check on Mr. Finch, who would otherwise have joined his daughter at Ramsgate, and have instantly exposed the conspiracy. On every side of him Nugent is, to all appearance, safe. I am away in one direction. Oscar is away in another. Mrs. Finch is anchored immovably in her nursery. Zillah has been sent back from London to the rectory. The Dimchurch doctor (who attended Oscar, and who might have proved an awkward witness) is settled in India, as you will see, if you refer to the twenty-second chapter. The London doctor with whom he consulted has long since ceased to have any relations with his former patient. As for Herr Grosse, if *he* appears on the scene, he can be trusted to shut his eyes professionally to all that is going on, and to let matters take their course in the only interest he recognizes—the interest of Lucilla's health. There is literally no obstacle in Nugent's way; and no sort of protection for Lucilla, except in the faithful instinct which persists in warning her that this is the wrong man—though it speaks in an unknown tongue. Will she end in understanding the warning before it is too late? My friend, this note is intended to relieve my mind—not yours. All *you* have to do is to read on. Here is the Journal. I won't stand another moment in your way.—P.]

September 2.—A rainy day. Very little said that is worth recording between Oscar and me.

My aunt, whose spirits are always affected by bad weather, kept me a long time in her sitting-room, amusing herself by making me exercise my sight. Oscar was present by special invitation, and assisted the old lady in setting this new seeing-sense of mine all sorts of tasks. He tried hard to prevail on me to let him see my writing. I refused. It is improving as fast as it can; but it is not good enough yet.

I notice here what a dreadfully difficult thing it is to get back—in such a case as mine—to the exercise of one's sight.

We have a cat and a dog in the house. Would it be credited, if I was telling it to the world instead of telling it to my Journal, that I actually mistook one for the other to-day?—after seeing so well, too, as I do now, and being able to write with so few false strokes in making my letters! It is nevertheless true that I did mistake the two animals; having trusted to nothing but my memory to inform my eyes which was which, instead of helping my memory by my touch. I have now set this right. I caught up puss, and shut my eyes (oh, that habit! when shall I get over it?), and felt her soft fur (so different from a dog's hair!), and opened my eyes again, and associated the feel of it forever afterward with the sight of a cat.

To-day's experience has also informed me that I make slow progress in teaching myself to judge correctly of distances.

In spite of this drawback, however, there is nothing I enjoy so much in using my sight as looking at a great wide prospect of any kind—provided I am not asked to judge how far or how near objects may be. It seems like escaping out of prison to look (after having been shut up in my blindness) at the long curve of the beach, and the bold promontory of the pier, and the grand sweep of the sea beyond—all visible from our windows. The moment my aunt begins to question me about distances she makes a toil of my pleasure. It is worse still when I am asked about the relative sizes of ships and boats. When I see nothing but a boat I fancy it larger than it is. When I see the boat in comparison with a ship, and then look back at the boat, I instantly go to the other extreme, and fancy it smaller than it is. The setting this right still vexes me almost as keenly as my stupidity vexed me some time since when I saw my first horse and cart from an upper window, and took it for a dog drawing a wheelbarrow! Let me add in my own defense that both horse and cart were figured at least five times their proper size in my blind fancy—which makes my mistake, I think, not so very stupid, after all.

Well, I amused my aunt. And what effect did I produce on Oscar?

If I could trust my eyes, I should say I produced exactly the contrary effect on *him*—I made him melancholy. But I don't trust my eyes. They must be deceiving me when they tell me that he looked, in my company, a moping, anxious, miserable man.

Or is it that he sees and feels something changed in Me? I could scream with vexation and rage against myself. Here is *my* Oscar—and yet he is not the Oscar I knew when I was blind. Contradictory as it seems, I used to understand how he looked at me when I was unable to see it. Now that I *can* see it, I ask myself, Is this really love that is looking at me in his eyes? or is it something else? How should I know? I knew when I had only my own fancy to tell me. But now, try as I may, I can not make the old fancy and the new sight serve me in harmony both together. I am afraid he sees that I don't understand him. Oh dear! dear! why did I not meet my good old Grosse, and become the new creature that he has made me, before I met Oscar? I should have had no blind memories and prepossessions to get over then. I shall become used to my new self, I hope and believe, with time—and that will accustom me to my new impressions of Oscar—and so it may all come right in the end. It is all wrong enough now. He put his arm round me, and gave me a little tender squeeze, while we were following Miss Batchford down to the dining-room this afternoon. Nothing in me answered to it. I should have felt it all over me a few months since.

Here is a tear on the paper. What a fool I am! Why can't I write about something else?

I sent my second letter to my father to-day, telling him of Oscar's return from abroad, and taking no notice of his not having replied to my first letter. The only way to manage my father is not to take notice, and to let him come right by himself. I showed Oscar my letter, with a space left at the end for his postscript. While he was writing it he asked me to get something which happened to be up stairs in my room. When I came back he had sealed the envelope, forgetting to show me his postscript. It was not worth while to open the letter again; he told me what he had written, and that did just as well.

[*Note.*—I must trouble you with a copy of what Nugent really did write. It shows why he sent her out of the room, and closed the envelope before she could come back. The postscript is also worthy of notice, in this respect—that it plays a part in a page of my narrative which is still to come.

Thus Nugent writes, in Oscar's name and character, to the rector of Dimchurch. (He would find the imitation of his brother's handwriting no obstacle in his way. A close similarity of handwritings was—as I have, I think, already mentioned—one among the other striking points of resemblance between the twins.)

"DEAR MR. FINCH,—Lucilla's letter will have told you that I have come to my senses, and that I am again paying my addresses to her as her affianced husband. My principal object in adding these lines is to propose that we should forget the past, and go on again as if nothing had happened.

"Nugent has behaved nobly. He absolves me from the engagements toward him into which I so rashly entered at our last interview before I left Browndown. Most generously and amply he has redeemed his pledge to Madame Pratolungo to discover the place of my retreat and to restore me to Lucilla. For the present he remains abroad.

"If you favor me with a reply to this, I must warn you to be careful how you write; for Lucilla is sure to ask to see your letter. Remember that she only supposes me to have returned to her after a brief absence from England, caused by a necessity for joining my brother on the Continent. It will be also desirable to say nothing on the subject of my unfortunate peculiarity of complexion. I have made it all right with Lucilla, and she is getting accustomed to me. Still, the subject is a sore one, and the less it is referred to the better. Truly yours,

"OSCAR."

Unless I add a word of explanation here, you will hardly appreciate the extraordinary skillfulness with which the deception is continued by means of this postscript.

Written in Oscar's character (and representing Nugent as having done all that he had promised me to do), it designedly omits the customary courtesy of Oscar's style. The object of this is to offend Mr. Finch—with what end in view you will presently see. The rector was the last man in existence to dispense with the necessary apologies and expressions of regret from a man engaged to his daughter, who had left her as Oscar had left her—no matter how the circumstances might appear to excuse him. The curt, off-hand postscript signed "Oscar" was the very thing to exasperate the wound already inflicted on Mr. Finch's self-esteem, and to render it at least probable that he would reconsider his intention of himself performing the marriage ceremony. In the event of his refusal, what would happen? A stranger, entirely ignorant of which was Nugent and which was Oscar, would officiate in his place. Do you see it now?

But even the cleverest people are not always capable of providing for every emergency. The completest plot generally has its weak place.

The postscript, as you have seen, was a little masterpiece. But it nevertheless exposed the writer to a danger which (as the Journal will tell you) he only appreciated at its true value when it was too late to alter his mind. Finding himself forced, for the sake of appearances, to permit Lucilla to inform her father of his arrival at Ramsgate, he was now obliged to run the risk of having that important piece of domestic news communicated—either by Mr. Finch or by his wife—to no less a person than myself. You will remember that worthy Mrs. Finch, when we parted at the rectory, had asked me to write to her while I was abroad—and you will see, after the hint I have given you, that clever Mr. Nugent is beginning already to walk upon delicate ground. I say no more: Lucilla's turn now.—P.]

September 3.—Oscar has (I suppose) forgotten something which he ought to have included in his postscript to my letter.

More than two hours after I had sent it to the post he asked if the letter had gone. For the moment he looked annoyed when I said, Yes. But he soon recovered himself. It mattered nothing (he said); he could easily write again. "Talking of letters," he added, "do you expect Madame Pratolungo to write to you?" (This time it was he who referred to her!) I told him that there was not much chance, after what had passed on her side and on mine, of her writing to me—and then tried to put some of those questions about her which he had once already requested me not to press yet. For the second time he entreated me to defer the discussion of that unpleasant subject for the present—and yet, with a curious inconsistency, he made another inquiry relating to the subject in the same breath.

"Do you think she is likely to be in correspondence with your father or your step-mother while she is out of England?" he asked.

"I should doubt her writing to my father," I said. "But she might correspond with Mrs. Finch."

He considered a little, and then turned the talk to the topic of our residence at Ramsgate next.

"How long do you stay here?" he inquired.

"It depends on Herr Grosse," I answered. "I will ask him when he comes next."

He turned away to the window—suddenly, as if he was a little put out.

"Are you tired of Ramsgate already?" I asked.

He came back to me and took my hand—my cold, insensible hand, that won't feel his touch as it ought!

"Let me be your husband, Lucilla," he whispered; "and I will live at Ramsgate if you like—for your sake."

Although there was every thing to please me in those words, there was something that startled me—I can not describe it—in his look and manner when he said them. I made no answer at the moment. He went on.

"Why should we not be married at once?" he asked. "We are both of age. We have only ourselves to think of."

[*Note.*—Alter his words as follows: "Why should we not be married before Madame Pratolungo can hear of my arrival at Ramsgate?"—and you will rightly interpret his motives. The situation is now fast reaching its climax of peril. Nugent's one chance is to persuade Lucilla to marry him before any discoveries can reach my ears, and before Grosse considers her sufficiently recovered to leave Ramsgate.—P.]

"You forget," I answered, more surprised than ever: "we have my father to think of. It was always arranged that he was to marry us at Dimchurch."

Oscar smiled—not at all the charming smile I used to imagine when I was blind!

"We shall wait a long time, I am afraid," he said, "if we wait until your father marries us," "What do you mean?" I asked.

"When we enter on the painful subject of Madame Pratolungo," he replied, "I will tell you. In the mean time, do you think Mr. Finch will answer your letter?"

"I hope so."

"Do you think he will answer my postscript?"

"I am sure he will!"

The same unpleasant smile showed itself again in his face. He abruptly dropped the conversation, and went to play *piquet* with my aunt.

All this happened yesterday evening. I went to bed, sadly dissatisfied with somebody. Was it with Oscar? or with myself? or with both? I fancy with both.

To-day we went out together for a walk on the cliffs. What a delight it was to move through the fresh briny air, and see the lovely sights on every side of me! Oscar enjoyed it too. All through the first part of our walk he was charming, and I was more in love with him than ever. On our return a little incident occurred which altered him for the worse, and which made my spirits sink again.

It happened in this way.

I proposed returning by the sands. Ramsgate is still crowded with visitors; and the animated scene on the beach in the later part of the day has attractions for me, after my blind life, which it does not (I dare say) possess for people who have always enjoyed the use of their eyes. Oscar, who has a nervous horror of crowds, and who shrinks from contact with people not so refined as himself, was surprised at my wishing to mix with what he called "the mob on the sands." However, he said he would go if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wish it. So we went.

There were chairs on the beach. We hired two, and sat down to look about us.

All sorts of diversions were going on. Monkeys, organs, girls on stilts, a conjurer, and a troop of negro minstrels were all at work to amuse the visitors. I thought the varied color and bustling enjoyment of the crowd, with the bright blue sea beyond and the glorious sunshine overhead, quite delightful—I declare I felt as if two eyes were not half enough to see with! A nice old lady, sitting near, entered into conversation with me, hospitably offering me biscuits and sherry out of her own bag. Oscar, to my disappointment, looked quite disgusted with all of us. He thought my nice old lady vulgar, and he called the company on the beach "a herd of snobs." While he was still muttering under his breath about the "mixture of low people," he suddenly cast a side-look at some person or thing—I could not at the moment tell which—and, rising, placed himself so as to intercept my view of the promenade on the sands immediately before me. I happened to have noticed, at the same moment, a lady approaching us in a dress of a peculiar color; and I pulled Oscar on one side, to look at her as she passed in front of me. "Why do you get in my way?" I asked. Before he could answer the question the lady passed, with two lovely children, and with a tall man at her side. My eyes, looking first at the lady and the children, found their way next to the gentleman—and saw, repeated in his face, the same black-blue complexion which had startled me in the face of Oscar's brother when I first opened my eyes at the rectory! For the moment I felt startled again—more, as I believe, by the unexpected repetition of the blue face in the face of a stranger than by the ugliness of the complexion itself. At any rate, I was composed enough to admire the lady's dress and the beauty of the children before they had passed beyond my range of view. Oscar spoke to me, while I was looking at them, in a tone of reproach for which, as I thought, there was no occasion and no excuse.

"I tried to spare you," he said. "You have yourself to thank, if that man has frightened you."

"He has *not* frightened me," I answered—sharply enough.

Oscar looked at me very attentively, and sat down again without saying a word more.

The good-humored old woman on my other side, who had seen and heard all that had passed, began to talk of the gentleman with the discolored face, and of the lady and the children who accompanied him. He was a retired Indian officer, she said. The lady was his wife, and the two beautiful children were his own children. "It seems a pity that such a handsome man should be disfigured in that way," my new acquaintance remarked. "But still it don't matter much, after all. There he is, as you see, with a fine woman for a wife, and with two lovely children. I know the landlady of the house where they lodge—and a happier family you couldn't lay your hand on in all England. That is my friend's account of them. Even a blue face don't seem such a dreadful misfortune, when you look at it in that light—does it, miss?"

I entirely agreed with the old lady. Our talk seemed, for some incomprehensible reason, to irritate Oscar. He got up again impatiently, and looked at his watch.

"Your aunt will be wondering what has become of us," he said. "Surely you have had enough of the mob on the sands by this time!"

I had not had enough of it, and I should have been quite content to have made one of the mob for some time longer. But I saw that Oscar would be seriously vexed if I persisted in keeping my place. So I took leave of my nice old lady, and left the pleasant sands—not very willingly.

He said nothing more until we had threaded our way out of the crowd. Then he returned, without any reason for it that I could discover, to the subject of the Indian officer, and to the remembrance which the stranger's complexion must have awakened in me of his brother's face.

"I don't understand your telling me you were not frightened when you saw that man," he said. "You were terribly frightened by my brother when you first saw him."

"I was terribly frightened by my own imagination *before* I saw him," I answered. "*After* I saw him I soon got over it."

"So you say," he rejoined.

There is something excessively provoking—at least to me—in being told to my face that I have said something which is not worthy of belief. It was not a very becoming act on my part (after what he had told me in his letter about his brother's infatuation) to mention his brother. I ought not to have done it. I did it, for all that.

"I say what I mean," I replied. "Before I knew what you told me about your brother I was going to propose to you, for your sake and for his, that he should live with us after we were married."

Oscar suddenly stopped. He had given me his arm to lead me through the crowd—he dropped it now.

"You say that because you are angry with me!" he said.

I denied being angry with him; I declared once more that I was only speaking the truth.

"You really mean," he went on, "that you could have lived comfortably with my brother's blue face before you every hour of the day?"

"Quite comfortably—if he would have been *my* brother too."

Oscar pointed to the house in which my aunt and I are living—within a few yards of the place on which we stood.

"You are close at home," he said, speaking in an odd, muffled voice, with his eyes on the ground. "I want a longer walk. We shall meet at dinner-time."

He left me—without looking up, and without saying a word more.

Jealous of his brother! There is something unnatural, something degrading, in such jealousy as that. I am ashamed of myself for thinking it of him. And yet what else could his conduct mean?

[*Note.*—It is for me to answer that question. Give the miserable wretch his due. His conduct meant, in one plain word—remorse. The only excuse left that he could make to his own conscience for the infamous part which he was playing was this—that his brother's personal disfigurement presented a fatal obstacle in the way of his brother's marriage. And now Lucilla's own words, Lucilla's own actions, had told him that Oscar's face was no obstacle to her seeing Oscar perpetually in the familiar intercourse of domestic life. The torture of self-reproach which this discovery inflicted on him drove him out of her presence. His own lips would have betrayed him if he had spoken a word more to her at that moment. This is no speculation of mine. I know what I am now writing to be the truth.—P.]

It is night again. I am in my bedroom—too nervous and too anxious to go to rest yet. Let me employ myself in finishing this private record of the events of the day.

Oscar came a little before dinner-time, haggard and pale, and so absent in mind that he hardly seemed to know what he was talking about. No explanations passed between us. He asked my pardon for the hard things he had said, and the ill temper he had shown earlier in the day. I readily accepted his excuses, and did my best to conceal the uneasiness which his vacant, preoccupied manner caused me. All the time he was speaking to me he was plainly thinking of something else—he was more unlike the Oscar of my blind remembrances than ever. It was the old voice talking in a new way: I can only describe it to myself in those terms.

As for his manner, I know it used to be always more or less quiet and retiring in the old days; but was it ever so hopelessly subdued and depressed as I have seen it to-day? Useless to ask! In the by-gone time I was not able to see it. My past judgment of him and my present judgment of him have been arrived at by such totally different means that it seems useless to compare them. Oh, how I miss Madame Pratolungo! What a relief, what a consolation, it would have been to have said all this to her, and to have heard what she thought of it in return!

There is, however, a chance of my finding my way out of some of my perplexities, at any rate—if I can only wait till to-morrow.

Oscar seems to have made up his mind at last to enter into the explanations which he has hitherto withheld from me. He has asked me to give him a private interview in the morning. The circumstances which led to his making this request have highly excited my curiosity. Something is evidently going on under the surface, in which my interests are concerned—and possibly Oscar's interests too.

It all came about in this way.

On returning to the house after Oscar had left me, I found that a letter from Grosse had arrived by the afternoon post. My dear old surgeon wrote to say that he was coming to see me—and added in a postscript that he would arrive the next day at luncheon-time. Past experience told me that this meant a demand on my aunt's housekeeping for all the good things that it could produce. (Ah, dear! I thought of Madame Pratolungo and the Mayonnaise. Will those times never come again?) Well—at dinner I announced Grosse's visit, adding significantly, "at luncheon-time."

My aunt looked up from her plate with a little start—not interested, as I was prepared to hear, in the serious question of luncheon, but in the opinion which my medical adviser was likely to give of the state of my health.

"I am anxious to hear what Mr. Grosse says about you to-morrow," the old lady began. "I shall insist on his giving me a far more complete report of you than he gave last time. The recovery of your sight appears to me, my dear, to be quite complete."

"Do you want me to be cured, aunt, because you want to get away?" I asked. "Are you weary of Ramsgate?"

Miss Batchford's quick temper flashed at me out of Miss Batchford's bright old eyes.

"I am weary of keeping a letter of yours," she burst out, with a look of disgust.

"A letter of mine!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. A letter which is only to be given to you when Mr. Grosse pronounces that you are quite yourself again."

Oscar—who had not taken the slightest interest in the conversation thus far—suddenly stopped, with his fork half-way to his mouth, changed color, and looked eagerly at my aunt.

"What letter?" I asked. "Who gave it to you? Why am I not to see it until I am quite myself again?"

Miss Batchford obstinately shook her head three times in answer to those three questions.

"I hate secrets and mysteries," she said, impatiently. "This is a secret and a mystery—and I long to have done with it. That is all. I have said too much already. I shall say no more."

All my entreaties were of no avail. My aunt's quick temper had evidently led her into committing an imprudence of some sort. Having done that, she was now provokingly determined not to make bad worse. Nothing that I could say would induce her to open her lips on the subject of the mysterious letter. "Wait till Mr. Grosse comes to-morrow." That was the only reply I could get.

As for Oscar, this little incident appeared to have an effect on him which added immensely to the curiosity that my aunt had roused in me. He listened with breathless attention while I was trying to induce Miss Batchford to answer my questions. When I gave it up he pushed away his plate and ate no more. On the other hand (though generally the most temperate of men), he drank a great deal of wine, both at dinner and after. In the evening he made so many mistakes in playing cards with my aunt that she dismissed him from the game in disgrace. He sat in a corner for the rest of the time, pretending to listen while I was playing the piano—really lost to me and my music; buried, fathoms deep, in some uneasy thoughts of his own.

When he took his leave he whispered these words in my ear, anxiously pressing my hand while he spoke:

"I must see you alone to-morrow, before Grosse comes. Can you manage it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At the stairs on the cliff at eleven o'clock."

On that he left me. But one question has pursued me ever since. Does Oscar know the writer of the mysterious letter? I firmly believe he does. To-morrow will prove whether I am right or wrong. How I long for to-morrow to come!

CHANTICLEER.

THE augurs of old Rome would have been hard put to it but for chanticleer. "It is not without reason," says Pliny, "that the consular purple pays these birds such singular honors. It is by feeding them that the omens by fowls are derived; it is these that regulate, day by day, the movements of our magistrates, and open or shut to them their own houses; it is these that give an impulse to the fasces of the Roman magistracy or withhold them; it is these that command victories or forbid them, and furnish auspices for victories to be gained in every part of the world. It is these that hold supreme rule over those who are the rulers of the earth, and whose entrails and fibres are as pleasing to the gods as the first-fruits of victory."

If the masters of the ancient world allowed the cock to govern their movements, it is not to be wondered at that a poor Congo chief came to grief through misinterpreting the crowing of a pet bird, of which he was the proud possessor—a bird to be proud of, indeed, if, as Father Merolla conjectures, he was the hero of the following strange story: An army of savages making a raid upon a Congo town, came upon a cock of extraordinary size, with a great iron ring about one of his legs, which made one of the wisest among them observe that the bird was bewitched, and had better be left alone. Too hungry to discuss the matter, some of the soldiers killed the cock, tore it in pieces, and put it in a pot to boil, and, when done, turned it out on a platter. Grace was said, according to custom, and they prepared to set to; but before they had touched a morsel, the boiled pieces of cock-flesh, although soddened, began to move about, and gradually reuniting, the cock stood up before their astonished eyes, jumped upon the ground, and after a short walk, just to stretch his legs, leaped upon a wall, became suddenly new feathered, flapped his wings three times, made a most hideous noise, and vanished—the frightened spectators congratulating themselves they had had the grace to say grace, as otherwise there could be no doubt they would have been killed by the resuscitated bird. This was a more wonderful bird than the one that spoke at the farm-house of Galerius, A.U.C. 676, the only instance of the kind upon record; which should not be the case if there is reason in law-making, for, by the old law of Savoy, a man was held justified in killing any one breaking into his house between sunset and sunrise, providing he produced a dog, a cat, or a cock belonging to the house that had witnessed the death of the intruder, and made a solemn declaration of innocence before it: his innocence being established if the animal did not contradict him, since Heaven would rather endow a dumb animal with speech than permit a murderer to escape by perjuring himself.

In the west of England a cock crowing at midnight is a sign that the angel of death is passing over the house, unless the bird be challenging a maiden disturber of his rest upon Christmas-eve, when he is merely assuring her that she will be married in due time; if he disdains to notice the knocking at the hen-house door, the damsel may sing, "All a green willow is my garland," sure that wooers will never trouble her peace of mind.

> "If the cock crows on going to bed,
> He's sure to rise with a watery head."

Willsford says if the bird goes to roost at unusual hours, or crows very often in the daytime or at sunset, a sudden change in the weather may be expected; "but when the hen crows, good men expect a storm within-doors and without." A correspondent of the *British Apollo*, alarmed by his hens thus asserting their belief in the equality of the sexes, inquired if there was any thing ominous in it, and was answered:

> "With crowing of your hens we will not twit ye,
> Since here they every day crow in the city,
> Thence thought no omen."

When ought a cock with a well-regulated mind to crow? According to Morier, the Persians consider nine o'clock in the morning, noon, nine in the evening, and midnight as the only times at which a properly behaved cock should crow; and any bird so depraved as to raise his defiant voice at unseasonable hours pays with his life for the irregularity. Pliny says the cock knows how to distinguish the stars, and marks the different periods of the day every three hours by his note. Old Tusser sings:

> "Cock croweth at midnight times few above six,
> With pause to his neighbor to answer betwix;
> At three o'clock thicker, and then, as ye know,
> Like all in to matins, near day they do crow."

This agrees with Shakspeare's first, second, and third cock. "The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet begins at curfew, and walks to the first cock," says Mad Tom.

> "Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed,
> The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock,"

cries old Capulet; and Ratcliffe, rousing his master "upon the stroke of four," says,

> "The early village cock
> Hath thrice done salutation to the morn."

Dr. John Fleming, after noting that the bird ordinarily begins to crow after midnight, and crows about daybreak, with usually one intermediate effort, says: "It seems impossible to overlook the connection between the times of crowing and the minimum temperature of the night; nor can the latter be viewed apart from the state of the dew-point, or maximum degree of dampness. Other circumstances, however, exercise an influence, for it can not be disputed that the times of crowing of different individuals are by no means similar, and that, in certain states of the weather, especially before rain, the crowing is continued all day." If the doctor be right, then even country cocks have no settled rules for crowing, while city birds are so utterly demoralized that they delight in raising their lively din at the most unconscionable hours, and justify the cock-hating poet's anathema:

> "Proud harbinger of day,
> Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
> Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
> My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
> Oh, to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
> Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear;
> Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
> Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
> And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear!"

NOTHING REMAINS AT REST.

IT is a fallacy to suppose there is any such thing as rest to matter. There is not a particle in the universe which is not on the move, nor a drop of fluid on the globe that is perfectly quiescent, nor a fibre in the vegetable kingdom in a state of inactivity. In animal bodies, from monads to the complicated organism of man, every part and parcel, even in the solids, are incessantly moving among themselves, and their component elements never cease to act in accordance with that universal law till death stops the machinery. Even then a new series of movements commence at that culminating point. Chemical dissolution of organic structures is but a liberation of molecules, the aggregation of which was necessary for a corporeal beginning and subsequent growth; and they then disperse to enter into new relations and new forms, and thus one never-ending circle of activity characterizes the material universe.

Death is a dissolution of the union that existed for a limited period of what is called life with organized matter. How that union commenced is as much of a Divine mystery as their separation. They are distinct in nature and character, although one can not manifest itself without the brain and nerves of the other.

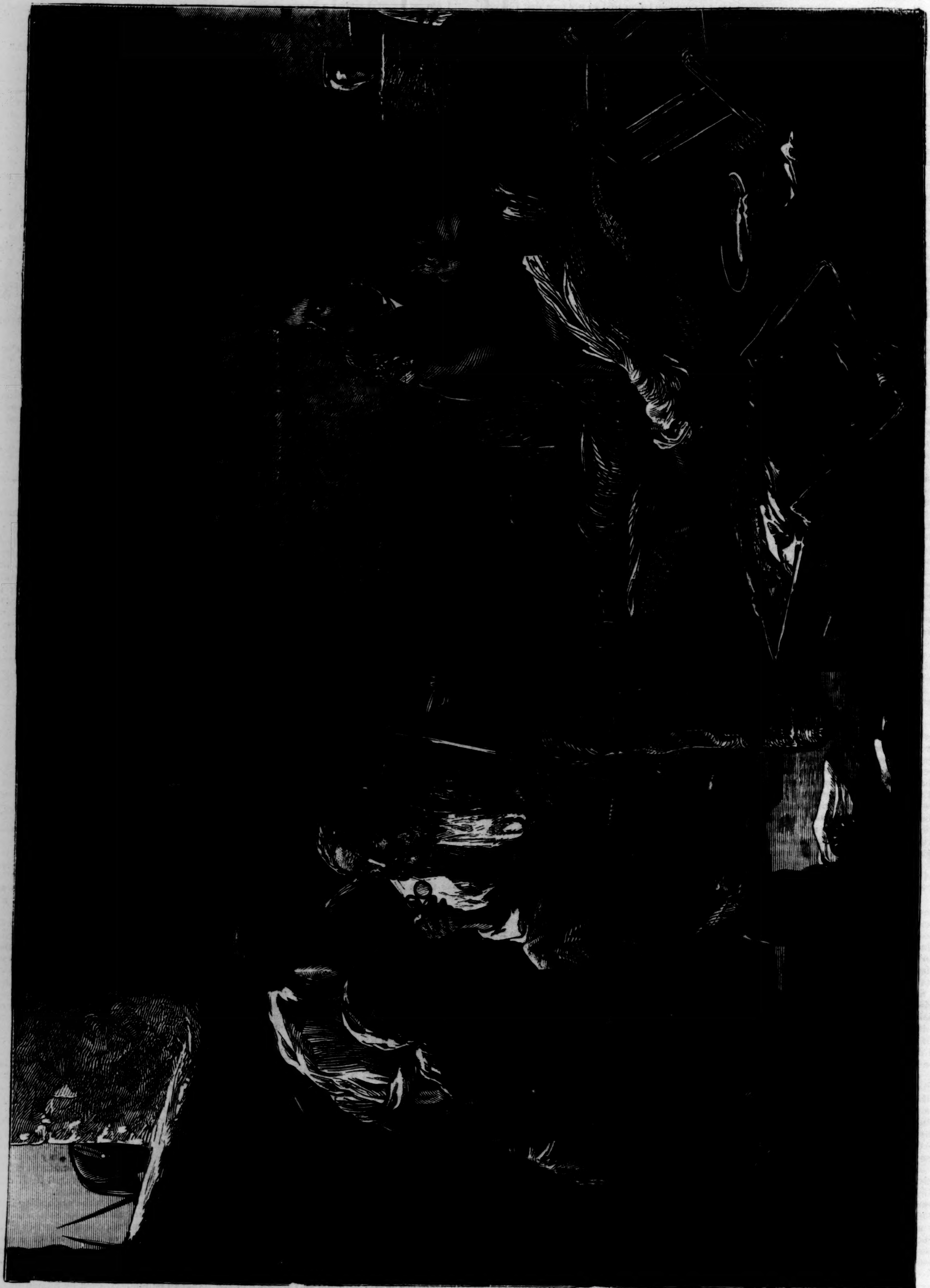
Astronomy reveals the astounding intelligence that there are no fixed or stationary bodies in the unsurveyed regions of celestial space. Even the fixed stars, as they were once considered, permanent landmarks in the heavens, are coursing with undefined rapidity in the train of countless globes of shining glory, on a circuit too distant to be followed even by human imagination, in the boundless realms only known to that God who controls the mighty whole.

Every thing, therefore, is moving. When motion ceases there will be a wreck of worlds, and a crush of an entire universe. Life is motion; inertia, to our finite minds, is death. Nature, however, neither modifies nor repeals a law, and consequently those now in force will operate with unerring certainty through the endless cycles of eternity.

SPANISH BRIGANDS SURPRISED.

THE original title of the fine picture, by Mr. HAYNES WILLIAMS, from which the engraving on this page was made, is "Desesperados y Inesperados," which, being rendered literally, means "Desperadoes and Unexpecteds." The scene depicted is as follows: Four men, having robbed some travelers on the highway, have succeeded in conveying their plunder to a cave, where they are examining the contents of a portmanteau. Four different types of character are represented: the wily, serpent-like cunning of the man who gets information; the brute force which would murder if necessary; the greedy old wretch who incites the others, and takes the proceeds; and the unfortunate fellow who, by some mischance, has connected himself with the thievish fraternity, and has been wounded in the fray. The three former are too occupied, and the latter too ill and near death, to notice the bayonet points at the hole which admits the light; but the fact is clearly revealed by the horror-stricken countenance of the woman who has discovered the presence of the "Guardias Civiles." FORD, in his "Hand-Book to Spain," devotes a chapter to the subject of brigandage. A great many of the tales which describe the insecurity of Peninsular highways are due either to the lively imaginations of the native peasantry or to the fears of ignorant foreign travelers. To the cockney, fresh from chimney-pot hats and black coats, numerous personages of perfectly unblemished character are apt to be taken for brigands of the conventional type. A respectable haberdasher, going on a commercial tour, with his fierce black eyes, unshaven beard, slouched hat, and cloak, looks to the suspicious Northerner uncommonly like the bravo of Venice. An experienced tourist, who is accustomed to make pedestrian tours in Spain, lately asserted that brigandage was a myth, and that the whole Peninsula was less dangerous than Clapham Common after nightfall; but he added that he left his rings at home, and trusted to the sun for information about the time. Contrariwise, FORD advises the traveler to be furnished with a decent bag of dollars, and especially to carry a watch of some kind, provided with a gaudy gilt chain and seals. Should these articles be demanded by a *ladrone en grande*, a frank surrender is the proper course to pursue.

We fear that FORD's description is already out of date; that the well-mounted, courteous plunderer of olden days has succumbed to civilization, and has been replaced, as at home, by a skulking, cowardly fellow lurking rather in the alleys of great cities than on desolate heaths and in romantic glens. The Guardias Civiles, who have done much to hinder brigandage, inasmuch as they regularly patrol the roads, were modeled from the French gendarmerie, and are nicknamed by the patriotic Iberians *Polizones—i. e., polissons*, scoundrels—or are styled "sons of LOUIS PHILIPPE."



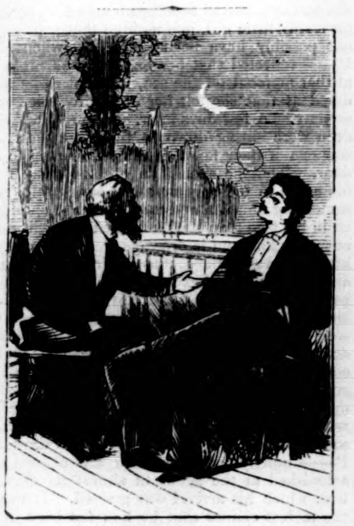
SPANISH BRIGANDS SURPRISED WHILE DIVIDING THEIR BOOTY

(Continued from No. 782, page 1214.)

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.



CHAPTER LX.

"A DEFEAT."

CECIL WALPOLE's Italian experience had supplied him with an Italian proverb, which says, "Tutto il mal non vien per nuocere," or, in other words, that no evil comes unmixed with good; and there is a marvelous amount of wisdom in the adage.

That there is a deep philosophy, too, in showing how carefully we should sift misfortune to the dregs, and ascertain what of benefit we might rescue from the dross, is not to be denied; and the more we reflect on it, the more should we see that the germ of all real consolation is intimately bound up in this reservation.

No sooner, then, did Walpole, in novelist phrase, "realize the fact" that he was to go to Guatemala, than he set very practically to inquire what advantages, if any, could be squeezed out of this unpromising incident.

The creditors—and he had some—would not like it! The dreary process of dunning a man across half the globe, the hopelessness of appeals that took two months to come to hand, and the inefficacy of threats that were wafted over miles of ocean! And certainly he smiled as he thought of these, and rather maliciously bethought him of the truculent importunity that menaced him with some form of publicity in the more insolent appeal to some minister at home. "Our tailor will moderate his language, our jeweler will appreciate the merits of polite letter-writing," thought he. "A few parallels of latitude become a great school-master."

But there were greater advantages even than these. This banishment—for it was nothing less—could not by possibility be persisted in, and if Lady Maude should consent to accompany him, would be very short-lived.

"The women will take it up," said he, "and with that charming clanship that distinguishes them, will lead the Foreign Secretary a life of misery till he gives us something better. 'Maude says the thermometer has never been lower than 132 degrees, and that there is no shade. The nights have no breeze, and are rather hotter than the days. She objects seriously to be waited on by people in feathers, and very few of them, and she remonstrates against alligators in the kitchen-garden, and wild-cats coming after the canaries in the drawing-room.'

"I hear the catalogue of misfortunes, which begins with nothing to eat, *plus* the terror of being eaten. I recognize the lament over lost civilization and a wasted life, and I see Downing Street besieged with ladies in deputations, declaring that they care nothing for parties or politics, but a great deal for the life of a dear young creature, who is to be sacrificed to appease some people belonging to the existing Ministry. I think I know how beautifully illogical they will be, but how necessarily useful; and now for Maude herself."

Of Lady Maude Bickerstaffe Walpole had seen next to nothing since his return; his own ill health had confined him to his room, and her inquiries after him had been cold and formal; and though he wrote a tender little note and asked for books, slying hinting what measure of bliss a five minutes' visit would confer on him, the books he begged for were sent, but not a line of answer accompanied them. On the whole, he did not dislike this little show of resentment. What he really dreaded was indifference. So long as a woman is piqued with you, something can always be done; it is only when she becomes careless and unmindful of what you do or say, or look or think, that the game looks hopeless. Therefore it was that he regarded this demonstration of anger as rather favorable than otherwise.

"Atlee has told her of the Greek! Atlee has stirred up her jealousy of the Titian Girl. Atlee has drawn a long indictment against me, and the fellow has done me good service in giving me something to plead to. Let me have a charge to meet, and I have no misgivings. What really unmans me is the distrust that will not even utter an allegation, and the indifference that does not want disproof."

He learned that her ladyship was in the garden, and he hastened down to meet her. In his own small way Walpole was a clever tactician; and he counted much on the ardor with which he should open his case, and the amount of impetuosity that would give her very little time for reflection.

"I shall at once assume that her fate is irrevocably knitted to my own, and I shall act as though the tie was indissoluble. After all, if she puts me to the proof, I have her letters—cold and guarded enough, it is true. No fervor, no gush of any kind, but calm dissertations on a future that must come, and a certain dignified acceptance of her own part in it. Not the kind of letters that a Q. C. could read with much rapture before a crowded court, and ask the assembled grocers, 'What happiness has life to offer to the man robbed of those precious pledges of affection—how was he to face the world, stripped of every attribute that cherished hope and fed ambition?'"

He was walking slowly toward her when he first saw her, and he had some seconds to prepare himself ere they met.

"I came down after you, Maude," said he, in a voice ingeniously modulated between the tone of old intimacy and a slight suspicion of emotion. "I came down to tell you my news"—he waited, and then added—"my fate!"

Still she was silent, the changed word exciting no more interest than its predecessor.

"Feeling as I do," he went on, "and how we stand toward each other, I can not but know that my destiny has nothing of good or evil in it, except as it contributes to your happiness." He stole a glance at her, but there was nothing in that cold, calm face that could guide him. With a bold effort, however, he went on: "My own fortune in life has but one test—is my existence to be shared with you or not? With *your* hand in mine, Maude"—and he grasped the marble-cold fingers as he spoke—"poverty, exile, hardships, and the world's neglect have no terrors for me. With your love, every ambition of my heart is gratified. Without it—"

"Well, without it—what?" said she, with a faint smile.

"You would not torture me by such a doubt? Would you rack my soul by a misery I have not words to speak of?"

"I thought you were going to say what it might be, when I stopped you."

"Oh, drop this cold and bantering tone, dearest Maude. Remember the question is now of my very life itself. If you can not be affectionate, at least be reasonable!"

"I shall try," said she, calmly.

Stung to the quick by a composure which he could not imitate, he was able, however, to repress every show of anger, and with a manner cold and measured as her own he went on: "My lord advises that I should go back to diplomacy, and has asked the Ministry to give me Guatemala. It is nothing very splendid. It is far away in a remote part of the world; not overwell paid, but at least I shall be chargé d'affaires, and by three years—four at most—of this banishment I shall have a claim for something better."

"I hope you may, I'm sure," said she, as he seemed to expect something like a remark.

"That is not enough, Maude, if the hope be not a wish—and a wish that includes self-interest."

"I am so dull, Cecil: tell me what you mean."

"Simply this, then: does your heart tell you that you could share this fortune, and brave these hardships? In one word, will you say what will make me regard this fate as the happiest of my existence? will you give me this dear hand as my own—my own?" and he pressed his lips upon it rapturously as he spoke.

She made no effort to release her hand; nor for a second or two did she say one word. At last, in a very measured tone, she said, "I should like to have back my letters."

"Your letters? Do you mean, Maude, that—that you would break with me?"

"I mean certainly that I should not go to this horrid place—"

"Then I shall refuse it," broke he in, impetuously.

"Not that only, Cecil," said she, for the first time faltering; "but except being very good friends, I do not desire that there should be more between us."

"No engagement?"

"No, no engagement. I do not believe there ever was an actual promise, at least on my part. Other people had no right to promise for either of us—and—and, in fact, the present is a good opportunity to end it."

"To end it?" echoed he, in intense bitterness—"to end it?"

"And I should like to have my letters," said she, calmly, while she took some freshly plucked flowers from a basket on her arm, and appeared to seek for something at the bottom of the basket.

"I thought you would come down here, Cecil," said she, "when you had spoken to my uncle. Indeed, I was sure you would, and so I brought these with me." And she drew forth a somewhat thick bundle of notes and letters tied with a narrow ribbon. "These are yours," said she, handing them.

Far more piqued by her cold self-possession than really wounded in feeling, he took the packet without a word. At last he said, "This is your own wish—your own, unprompted by others?"

She stared almost insolently at him for answer.

"I mean, Maude—oh, forgive me if I utter that dear name once more!—I mean there has been no influence used to make you treat me thus?"

"You have known me to very little purpose all these years, Cecil Walpole, to ask me such a question."

"I am not sure of that. I know too well what misrepresentation and calumny can do any where; and I have been involved in certain difficulties which, if not explained away, might be made accusations—grave accusations."

"I make none—I listen to none."

"I have become an object of complete indifference, then? You feel no interest in me either way? If I dared, Maude, I should like to ask the date of this change—when it began?"

"I don't well know what you mean. There was not, so far as I am aware, any thing between us, except a certain esteem and respect, of which convenience was to make something more. Now convenience has broken faith with us, but we are not the less very good friends—excellent friends if you like."

"Excellent friends! I could swear to the friendship!" said he, with a malicious energy.

"So at least I mean to be," said she, calmly.

"I hope it is not I shall fail in the compact. And now will my quality of friend entitle me to ask one question, Maude?"

"I am not sure till I hear it."

"I might have hoped a better opinion of my discretion: at all events I will risk my question. What I would ask is, how far Joseph Atlee is mixed up with your judgment of me? Will you tell me this?"

"I will only tell you, Sir, that you are overvain of that discretion you believe you possess."

"Then I am right!" cried he, almost insolently. "I *have* hit the blot."

A glance, a mere glance of haughty disdain, was the only reply she made.

"I am shocked, Maude," said he at last. "I am ashamed that we should spend in this way perhaps the very last few minutes we shall ever pass together. Heart-broken as I am, I should desire to carry away one memory at least of her whose love was the loadstar of my existence."

"I want my letters, Cecil," said she, coldly.

"So that you came down here with mine, prepared for this rupture, Maude? It was all prearranged in your mind?"

"More discretion, more discretion, or good taste—which is it?"

"I ask pardon, mostly humbly I ask it; your rebuke was quite just. I was presuming upon a past which has no relation to the present. I shall not offend any more. And now, what was it you said?"

"I want my letters."

"They are here," said he, drawing a thick envelope fully crammed with letters from his pocket and placing it in her hand. "Scarcely as carefully or as nicely kept as mine, for they have been read over too many times—and with what rapture, Maude! How pressed to my heart and to my lips—how treasured! Shall I tell you?"

There was that of exaggerated passion—almost rant—in these last words that certainly did not impress them with reality; and either Lady Maude was right in doubting their sincerity or cruelly unjust; for she smiled faintly as she heard them.

"No, don't tell me," said she, faintly. "I am already so much flattered by a courteous anticipation of my wishes that I ask for nothing more."

He bowed his head lowly; but his smile was one of triumph, as he thought how, this time at least, he had wounded her.

"There are some trinkets, Cecil," said she, coldly, "which I have made into a packet, and you will find them on your dressing-table. And—it may save you some discomfort if I say that you need not give yourself trouble to recover a little ring with an opal I once gave you, for I have it now."

"May I dare?"

"You may not dare. Good-by." And she gave her hand. He bent over it for a moment, scarcely touched it with his lips, and turned away.

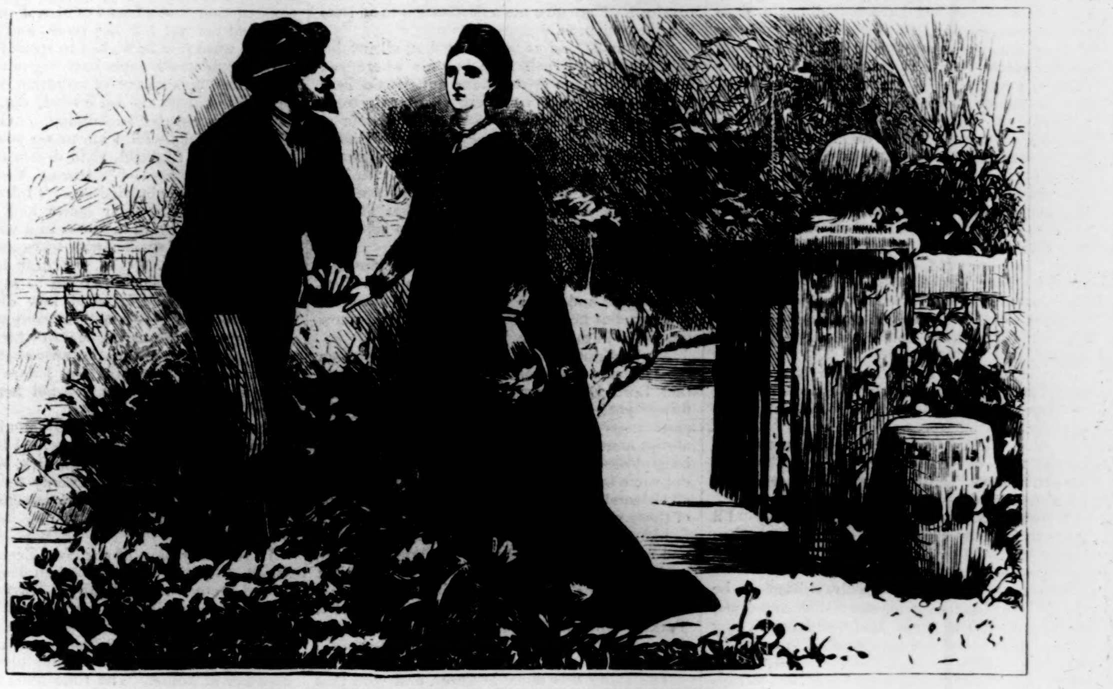
CHAPTER LXI.

A "CHANGE OF FRONT."

OF all the discomfitures in life there was one which Cecil Walpole did not believe could possibly befall him. Indeed, if it could have been made a matter of betting, he would have wagered all he had in the world that no woman should ever be able to say she refused his offer of marriage.

He had canvassed the matter very often with himself, and always arrived at the same conclusion: that if a man were not a mere coxcomb, blinded by vanity and self-esteem, he could always know how a woman really felt toward him; and that where the question admitted of a doubt—where, indeed, there was even a flaw in the absolute certainty—no man with a due sense of what was owing to himself would risk his dignity by the possibility of a refusal. It was a part of his peculiar ethics that a man thus rejected was damaged, pretty much as a bill that has been denied acceptance. It was the same wound to credit, the same outrage on character. Considering, therefore, that nothing obliged a man to make an offer of his hand till he had assured himself of success, it was to his thinking a mere gratuitous pursuit of insult to be refused. That no especial delicacy kept these things secret, that women talked of them freely—ay, triumphantly—that they made the staple of conversation at afternoon tea and the club, with all the flippant comments that dear friends know how to contribute as to your vanity and presumption, he was well aware. Indeed, he had been long an eloquent contributor to that scandal literature which amuses the leisure of fashion, and helps on the tedium of an ordinary dinner. How Lady Maude would report the late scene in the garden to the Countess of Mecherscroft, who would tell it to her company at her country house! How the Lady Georginas would discuss it over luncheon, and the Lord Georges talk of it out shooting! What a host of pleasant anecdotes would be told of his inordinate puppyism and self-esteem! How even the dullest fellows would dare to throw a stone at him! What a target for a while he would be for every marksman at any range to shoot at! All these his quick-witted ingenuity pictured at once before him.

"I see it all," cried he, as he paced his room



"I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE BACK MY LETTERS."

in self-examination. "I have suffered myself to be carried away by a burst of momentary impulse. I brought up all my reserves, and have failed utterly. Nothing can save me now but a 'change of front.' It is the last bit of generalship remaining—a change of front—a change of front!" And he repeated the words over and over, as though hoping they might light up his ingenuity. "I might go and tell her that all I had been saying was mere jest; that I could never have dreamed of asking her to follow me into barbarism; that to go to Guatemala was equivalent to accepting a yellow fever—it was courting disease, perhaps death; that my insistence was a mere mockery, in the worst possible taste; but that I had already agreed with Lord Danesbury our engagement should be canceled; that his lordship's memory of our conversation would corroborate me in saying I had no intention to propose such a sacrifice to her; and indeed I had but provoked her to say the very things and use the very arguments I had already employed to myself as a sort of aid to my own heart-felt convictions. Here would be a 'change of front' with a vengeance.

"She will already have written off the whole interview: the dispatch is finished," cried he, after a moment. "It is a change of front the day after the battle. The people will read of my manœuvre with the bulletin of victory before them.

"Poor Frank Touchet used to say," cried he, aloud, "'Whenever they refuse my checks at the bank, I always transfer my account;' and fortunately the world is big enough for these tactics for several years. That's a change of front too, if I knew how to adapt it. I must marry another woman—there's nothing else for it. It is the only escape; and the question is, who shall she be?" The more he meditated over this change of front, the more he saw that his destiny pointed to the Greek. If he could see clearly before him to a high career in diplomacy, the Greek girl, in every thing but fortune, would suit him well. Her marvelous beauty, her grace of manner, her social tact and readiness, her skill in languages, were all the very qualities most in request. Such a woman would make the full complement, by her fascinations, of all that her husband could accomplish by his abilities. The little indiscretions of old men—especially old men—with these women, the lapses of confidence they made them, the dropping admissions of this or that intention, made up what Walpole knew to be high diplomacy.

"Nothing worth hearing is ever got by a man," was an adage he treasured as deep wisdom. Why kings resort to that watering-place, and accidentally meet certain ministers going somewhere else; why kaisers affect to review troops here, that they may be able to talk statecraft there; how princely compacts and contracts of marriage are made at sulphur springs: all these and such like leaked out as small-talk with a young and pretty woman, whose frivolity of manner went bail for the safety of the confidence, and went far to persuade Walpole that though bank stock might be a surer investment, there were paying qualities in certain women that in the end promised larger returns than mere money, and higher rewards than mere wealth. "Yes," cried he to himself, "this is the real change of front—this has all in its favor."

Nor yet all. Strong as Walpole's self-esteem was, and high his estimate of his own capacity, he had—he could not conceal it—a certain misgiving as to whether he really understood that girl or not. "I have watched many a bolt from her bow," said he, "and I think I know their range. But now and then she has shot an arrow into the clear sky, and far beyond my sight to follow it."

That scene in the wood, too. Absurd enough that it should obtrude itself at such a moment—but it was the sort of indication that meant much more to a man like Walpole than to men of other experiences. Was she flirting with this young Austrian soldier? No great harm if she were; but still there had been passages between himself and her which should have bound her over to more circumspection. Was there not a shadowy sort of engagement between them? Lawyers deem a mere promise to grant a lease as equivalent to a contract. It would be a curious question in morals to inquire how far the licensed perjuries of courtship are statutory offenses. Perhaps a sly consciousness on his own part that he was not playing perfectly fair made him, as it might do, more than usually tenacious that his adversary should be honest. What chance the innocent public would have with two people who were so adroit with each other, was his next thought; and he actually laughed aloud as it occurred to him. "I only wish my lord would invite us here before we sail. If I could but show her to Maude, half an hour of these women together would be the heaviest vengeance I could ask her! I wonder how could that be managed?"

"A dispatch, Sir, his lordship begs you to read," said a servant, entering. It was an open envelope, and contained these words on a slip of paper:

"W. shall have Guatemala. He must go out by the mail of November 15. Send him here for instructions." Some words in cipher followed, and an under-secretary's initials.

"Now, then, for the 'change of front.' I'll write to Nina by this post. I'll ask my lord to let me tear off this portion of the telegram, and I shall inclose it."

The letter was not so easily written as he thought—at least he made more than one draft, and was at last in great doubt whether a long statement or a few and very decided lines might be better. How he ultimately determined, and what he said, can not be given here: for, unhappily, the conditions of my narrative require I should ask my reader to accompany me to a very distant spot and other interests, which were then occupying the attention of an almost forgotten acquaintance of ours, the redoubtable Joseph Atlee.

CHAPTER LXII.

WITH A PASHA.

Joseph Atlee had a very busy morning of it on a certain November day at Pera, when the post brought him tidings that Lord Danesbury had resigned the Irish Viceroyalty, and been once more named to his old post as embassador at Constantinople.

"My uncle desires me," wrote Lady Maude, "to impress you with the now all-important necessity of obtaining the papers you know of, and, so far as you are able, to secure that no authorized copies of them are extant. Kulbash Pasha will, my lord says, be very tractable when once assured that our return to Turkey is a certainty; but should you detect signs of hesitation or distrust in the Grand Vizier's conduct, you will hint that the investigation as to the issue of the Galatz shares—'preference shares'—may be reopened at any moment, and that the Ottoman Bank agent, Schäffer, has drawn up a memoir which my uncle now holds. I copy my lord's words for all this, and sincerely hope you will understand it, which, I confess, *I* do not at all. My lord cautioned me not to occupy your time or attention by any reference to Irish questions, but leave you perfectly free to deal with those larger interests of the East that should now engage you. I forbear, therefore, to do more than mark with a pencil the part in the debates which might interest you especially, and merely add the fact, otherwise, perhaps, not very credible, that Mr. Walpole *did* write the famous letter imputed to him, *did* promise the amnesty, or whatever be the name of it, and *did* pledge the honor of the Government to a transaction with these Fenian leaders. With what success to his own prospects, the *Gazette* will speak that announces his appointment to Guatemala.

"I am myself very far from sorry at our change of destination. I prefer the Bosphorus to the Bay of Dublin, and like Pera better than the Phœnix. It is not alone that the interests are greater, the questions larger, and the consequences more important to the world at large, but that, as my uncle has just said, you are spared the peddling impertinence of Parliament interfering at every moment, and questioning your conduct, from an invitation to Cardinal Cullen to the dismissal of a chief constable. Happily, the gentlemen at Westminster know nothing about Turkey, and have the prudence not to ventilate their ignorance, except in secret committee. I am sorry to have to tell you that my lord sees great difficulty in what you propose as to yourself. F. O., he says, would not easily consent to your being named even a third secretary without your going through the established grade of attaché. All the unquestionable merits he knows you to possess would count for nothing against an official regulation. The course my lord would suggest is this: to enter now as a mere attaché, to continue in this position some three or four months, come over here for the general election in February, get into 'the House,' and after some few sessions, one or two, rejoin diplomacy, to which you might be appointed as a secretary of legation. My uncle named to me three, if not four, cases of this kind—one, indeed, stepped at once into a mission, and became a minister, and though, of course, the opposition made a fuss, they failed in their attempt to break the appointment, and the man will probably be soon an embassador. I accept the little yataghan, but sincerely wish the present had been of less value. There is one enormous emerald in the handle which I am much tempted to transfer to a ring. Perhaps I ought, in decency, to have your permission for the change. The burnous is very beautiful, but I could not accept it—an article of dress is in the category of things impossible. Have you no Irish sisters, or even cousins? Pray give me a destination to address it to in your next.

"My uncle desires me to say that, all invaluable as your services have become where you are, he needs you greatly here, and would hear with pleasure that you were about to return. He is curious to know who wrote 'L'Orient et Lord D.' in the last *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The savagery of the attack implies a personal rancor. Find out the author, and reply to him in the *Edinburgh*. My lord suspects he may have had access to the papers he has already alluded to, and is the more eager to repossess them."

A telegraphic dispatch in cipher was put into his hand as he was reading. It was from Lord Danesbury, and said: "Come back as soon as you can, but not before making K. Pasha know his fate is in my hands."

As the Grand Vizier had already learned from the Ottoman embassador at London the news that Lord Danesbury was about to resume his former post at Constantinople, his Turkish impassiveness was in no way imperiled by Atlee's abrupt announcement. It is true, he would have been pleased had the English Government sent out some one new to the East and a stranger to all Oriental questions. He would have liked one of those veterans of diplomacy versed in the old-fashioned ways and knaveries of German courts, and whose shrewdest ideas of a subtle policy are centred in a few social spies and a "Cabinet Noir." The Pasha had no desire to see there a man who knew all the secret machinery of a Turkish administration, what corruption could do, and where to look for the men who could employ it.

The thing was done, however, and with that philosophy of resignation to a fact in which no nation can rival his own, he muttered his polite congratulations on the event, and declared that the dearest wish of his heart was now accomplished.

"We had half begun to believe you had abandoned us, Mr. Atlee," said he. "When England commits her interests to inferior men, she usually means to imply that they are worth nothing better. I am rejoiced to see that we are at last awakened from this delusion. With his Excellency Lord Danesbury here, we shall be soon once more where we have been."

"Your fleet is in effective condition, well armed, and well disciplined?"

"All, all," smiled the Pasha.

"The army reformed, the artillery supplied with the most efficient guns, and officers of European services encouraged to join your staff?"

"All."

"Wise economies in your financial matters, close supervision in the collection of the revenue, and searching inquiries where abuses exist?"

"All."

"Especial care that the administration of justice should be beyond even the malevolence of distrust, that men of station and influence should be clear-handed and honorable, not a taint of unfairness to attach to them?"

"Be it all so," ejaculated the Pasha, blandly.

"By-the-way, I am reminded by a line I have just received from his Excellency with reference to Sulina, or was it Galatz?"

The Pasha could not decide, and he went on:

"I remember: it is Galatz. There is some curious question there of a concession for a line of railroad, which a Servian commissioner had the skill to obtain from the cabinet here by a sort of influence which our Stock Exchange people in London scarcely regard as regular."

The Pasha nodded to imply attention, and smoked on as before.

"But I weary your Excellency," said Atlee, rising, "and my real business here is accomplished."

"Tell my lord that I await his arrival with impatience; that of all pending questions none shall receive solution till he comes; that I am the very least of his servants." And with an air of most dignified sincerity he bowed him out, and Atlee hastened away to tell his chief that he had "squared the Turk," and would sail on the morrow.

WASTED PRESENTIMENTS.

Every body likes a good ghost story; and still more popular, perhaps, are those quasi-supernatural histories which treat of presentiments realized, of dreams fulfilled, of words lightly spoken, but carried out in a manner that the speaker little expected. A list of such stories is at every body's fingers' ends; but it has been my lot to meet with several instances of another class of stories, much less frequently commented on, but to my mind even more curious; cases, I mean, in which a peculiar warning has been all but, and yet not quite, borne out by subsequent events; so that the intimation could not be passed over as altogether trivial, and yet missed its mark. Several such occurrences have been related to me by witnesses in whose testimony I have full confidence, and I will proceed to give them without further preface.

Doctor J——, a retired physician in delicate health, resided, some years ago, in one of the principal towns in the west of England. He was one night seized suddenly with violent illness, and within an hour or two was pronounced to be in a hopeless state. Doctor J—— being a Roman Catholic, the Reverend Doctor V——, a priest of that communion, was sent for to administer the last rites of religion; and, soon finding that his presence could be of no further use to the unconscious sufferer, he bethought himself how he could best procure female companionship for the poor wife, who was quite stunned by the sudden blow. With this intention, he hastened, in the early morning, to the house of an excellent elderly lady, a pious member of his congregation, and a friend of Mrs. J——'s. The lady had not yet left her room, and he simply sent up word that he wished to speak to her. In a few moments she came hurrying into the room, with every appearance of agitation, and before he could explain his sad errand, she seized his hand, breathlessly exclaiming, "Oh, Doctor V——, how thankful I am to see you! I have had the most frightful, vivid dream about Doctor and Mrs. J——!" Doctor V—— might well start, but she hurried on. "I dreamed that I went to call at their house, and that Mrs. J—— came down to meet me in a widow's cap, with her face all swollen with tears, and she said to me, 'Oh, Mrs. M——, my dear husband is just dead; and he desired me to say that you will be the next.'" "And how did you tell her?" Doctor V——'s auditors were wont to ask at this part of the narration; to which the reverend gentleman invariably answered, "I dare say it was very cowardly, and I dare say it was very foolish; but I did not tell her at all: I bolted!"

So far the story is like many another tale of the marvelous, but the usual sequel is wanting; for though Doctor J—— died, Mrs. M—— lived on for many years, and certainly was not "the next," unless in some mysterious sense confined to the world of spirits.

In the early days of our New Zealand colony Mr. P——, a younger son of an English peer, settled there with his family. Having hurt his arm, he was advised to try rest and change of air, and accordingly he set out for a trip to the other island, leaving his young wife, whose numerous and constantly increasing nursery duties kept her at home. The time fixed for his return was drawing near, when Mrs. P—— was one night awakened by a scream from her eldest child, a little girl four or five years old, who was sleeping in the same bed with her mother. The child had awakened suddenly in a paroxysm of terror, and for some time no soothings were of any avail: all she would do was to point persistently to one corner of the room, while she sobbed out, "Oh! poor papa! poor papa! all dripping with water! all dripping with water!" Of course she was first petted and then laughed at, scolded for a silly little girl, and assured that papa could not possibly have been there; but when Mrs. P—— reflected that her husband was probably at that moment on the sea, it is not to be wondered at that she felt her heart grow sick with anxiety. A few days later, as she and her children were sitting down to their breakfast, she saw one of their few neighbors riding up to the door. That he should have come away from his home in the busy morning hours betokened something unusual, and no sooner had she looked in his face than she exclaimed: "Tell me at once, my husband is drowned!" "How did you know?" he responded, thus confirming her fears; and he handed to her a copy of a local newspaper, in which she read that the steamer by which her husband had intended to return had foundered at sea. The date tallied with her child's dream, and that circumstance seemed to her conclusive; so that when her friend tried to point out to her that there was no proof of her husband's death, she only answered that she had received a fearful warning, and gave herself up to her sorrow. At the end of a few days Mr. P—— quietly walked in, and was a good deal astonished at the agony of almost terrified joy with which his arrival was greeted. It was by the merest chance that he had not been in the lost vessel; he had taken his passage, and had actually gone on board, when he was struck with the extreme lowness of the bulwarks, and thought that, should there be bad weather, he, with his still helpless arm, might be in some danger of being washed overboard. He therefore returned to the shore, and arranged to come by the next ship instead. So there the story ends, except that we will hope no time was lost in administering a dose of physic to the troublesome little dreamer.

The next story, perhaps, ought hardly to be placed in the same category with the others, since it is possible that the warning may have prevented its own fulfillment.

My great-grandmother was an active Lady Bountiful to a very rustic country population, over whose affairs, temporal and spiritual, she exercised a benevolent if slightly tyrannical sway. Among her most frequent pensioners was Soft Billy, as he was called—a poor, half-witted lad, generally quite harmless, but subject to occasional fits of temper, in which he was hard to deal with. One night she dreamed that she was walking along a lane in the neighborhood, when, from a gap in the hedge, Soft Billy suddenly jumped down into the path before her, brandishing a reaping-hook. His flaming eyes and distorted face showed that his "dark hour" was upon him, and in another second he had flown at her, his fingers were griping her throat with deadly strength, the steel flashed before her eyes, the very bitterness of death was rushing over her, and she awoke—awoke quivering all over, the cold perspiration standing on her forehead, and her heart beating to suffocation. It was long before she could force herself to meet Soft Billy, even in the presence of others, and for months she avoided the lane which she had traversed in her dream. At last some sudden case of distress in the village called for her presence, some sick child was to be physicked, or some wife-beating husband to be brought to book; and my great-grandmother set forth, never recollecting, till she had gone some distance, that she must inevitably pass through the dreaded lane. On she went, laughing at her own fears, till suddenly she saw before her the very gap which had appeared in her dream, and which she had never noticed before, and at that moment, from that very gap, down jumped Soft Billy, and in his hand he brandished a reaping-hook. The dream, in all its horrors, seemed on the verge of fulfillment; but my great-grandmother was a strong-minded woman, and, though her heart was throbbing with terror, she neither fainted nor screamed: she walked straight up to the idiot, and gave him a kindly greeting. "I am glad to see you, Billy; I am walking to the end of the lane, and now you shall take care of me." The lad, highly flattered, was meek and amiable in a moment, and they walked the rest of the way together, she keeping up an incessant chatter in her most cheery tones, though her heart was doubtless beating at every swing of the ungainly figure, and every flourish of the deadly weapon in the poor, purposeless fingers. At the cottage door she thanked him, and wished him good-by; and it will readily be believed that she procured another escort for her walk home.

Now for my last story, which I had from the lips of a venerable old Presbyterian minister, the last man to indulge his imagination.

He was in the habit of going every Sunday afternoon to conduct the worship at a little village on the coast of Scotland. One Saturday night he dreamed a vivid dream. He saw the village, and the bay, the waves tossing and beating in a storm, and he saw a pleasure-boat upset, and dashed to pieces against the rocks. Two men were buffeting with the water, fighting for their lives; one a fair, slight youth, the other a middle-aged sailor. As the dreamer looked he saw them both clutch at and cling to a floating spar; it swayed and sank under the double weight, and while the thought passed through his mind—"it can never support them both"—he saw the sailor deliberately raise his fist and strike his companion a blow which stunned him. The young man loosed his hold, and, as he sank into the sea, the sleeper awoke.

A few Sundays afterward he was greeted with the news that a pleasure-boat had been upset, that the body of a young English traveler had been washed on shore, and that an elderly seaman was the only survivor. The man was a good deal injured, and was in bed at a public-house, to which the corpse of the poor young traveler had also been conveyed. The minister at once begged to be taken thither, and so strongly was he impressed with the conviction that his dream had had a literal fulfillment that he entered the room of the sick man with the fullest intention of taxing him with murder. But when he approached the bed he saw a face totally unlike the one which had haunted his sleep, and every feature of which was vividly impressed on his memory. His visit to the poor dead youth had a like result.

OLD AND NEW.

A TOUSLED letter with broken seal;
  A dusty zithern with slackened strings;
A shattered nest and a rotten keel;
  Distrust that sucketh the lives of kings;
A heart that is cold to woe or weal;
  A bird that flutters on tired wings;
The slave's dull pain that will not heal;
  And stones too heavy for him that slings;
  And a pulse too quick for the earth's slow swings;
  An ancient woman, whose quaverings
  Shake the sense from her utterings,
  With an "Oh for the light of the faded springs!
  And alack for the fate of forgotten things!
And ah for the sorrow of what has been!
The world's a flower with a worm within!"

A morn fresh sprung from the loins of night;
  A song that is silver in all its rings;
A heart that waketh for pure delight;
  And the first blue flower that April brings;
And blind eyes looking at last on light;
  A foot that is free in its wanderings;
A sweet bride hid in a cloud of white;
  And a hand that is loose on its garnerings;
  A lover that laughs at reckonings;
  A child just out of its leading-strings;
  And a true-eyed maiden who fearless flings
  The sun-lit hair from her brow, and sings:
  "And it's hey for the light of the coming springs!
  And it's ho for the bliss of unsounded things!
And it's ay for the rapture that is to be
In the world new-blossomed for Love and me!"

BLIGHTED BY A WATER-BUTT.

ON a pleasant autumnal evening, not many years ago, two personages might have been observed sitting in two back gardens in St. Benedict's Road, Highbury, and separated only by a brick wall.

One was a female, young, fair, and of prepossessing appearance; the other a male, also young, but short, stout, snub-nosed, insignificant, and unprepossessing.

The name of the lady was Amelia—Amelia Chuttney, only daughter of a retired major in the Indian army; that of the gentleman was Digby Chick, his position being that of copying clerk in a solicitor's office in Throgmorton Street, City.

Had any casual observers been glancing into those gardens at the moment this narrative begins, they would have seen Mr. Chick busily engaged in propping a square box against the wall which separated his own from the other garden. That done, he mounted cautiously, as if to try his weight, and finding the arrangement sufficiently strong and perfectly satisfactory, he dismounted, and producing a pocket-comb, proceeded to tittivate his hair after the fashion of sundry small and fussy gentlemen who are anxious that their appearance should create an impression. That done, Mr. Chick again mounted the box, and holding on to the wall with both hands, proceeded to gaze into his neighbor's garden. At this juncture, however, his frail support gave way suddenly, bringing his chin into such smart contact with the wall as to graze it severely, and make his eyes water by reason of the force of the concussion.

But Mr. Chick was of a persevering nature, and one not easily damped by reverses; and so, without more ado, he quietly re-erected his platform, and again looked over the wall at his fair neighbor, who was engaged with a book, and either did not or would not appear to see him.

"Ha! hum!" coughed Mr. Chick.

There being no notice taken of this salutation, after a few moments Mr. Chick repeated his cough in a louder key.

This time the young lady looked up from her book in the direction of the sound.

"Good-evening, miss," said Digby.

"Good-evening, Mr. Chick."

"Is papa out or at home, miss?" asked Digby.

"He's asleep in the back parlor. I'll go and wake him if you wish to speak to him," returned the young lady, rising.

"Pray don't think of such a thing, miss; it ain't him I wish to speak to; it's you."

"Me—Mr. Chick!"

"You, Miss Chuttney! Don't wake your papa on any account—pray don't. He's a most estimable gentleman, I am well aware; but perhaps he might object to my climbing up the wall and looking over into his garden, and—and talking to you, miss."

"I think it is not improbable, Mr. Chick."

"And I think it extremely probable. Oh, Miss Chuttney, it may perhaps be presumptive of me to say so, but probably you are not aware that I adore you."

"Sir!"

"Don't speak to me like that, miss. It's quite true, I can assure you. My position at present is a humble one, but my prospects are good. I have expectations, great expectations, from an old aunt of mine in the country—extremely elderly person, nearly a hundred now; but the longest lane has a turning, and she can't live forever, you know."

"Sir!"

"Don't say 'Sir' to me in that tone, if you please, Miss Chuttney; call me any thing but 'Sir.'"

"What would you have me call you?"

"Call me Digby, if you like."

"But I don't like, and therefore I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Oh, Miss Chuttney, I am not naturally of a mercenary disposition—quite the contrary, I assure you; but I can not offer you my heart and hand with eighteen shillings a week in it, and nothing in perspective; that is the sole reason why I allude to my venerable aunt. By-the-bye, miss, ain't aunts with a little money fine institutions?"

"Mr. Chick, you will oblige me by getting down from that wall, and leaving off your absurd conversation."

"Absurd conversation! Is Love an absurdity?"

"It is in some instances, especially when we conceive a passion for what can never be ours."

"Just my sentiments to a T, miss; *then it is* an absurdity. Isn't it strange, too, that there are lots of people who never know when they are making themselves ridiculous?"

"It is, indeed," returned Amelia, smiling to herself.

"Excuse me, miss, but I am straying from my subject, and my arms are beginning to ache from hanging so long on to this wall, as the box I was standing on gave way about five minutes ago. Oh, give me some hope—say that you do not regard me with such aversion!"

"Sir!"

"There you go again. It's true, I am not much to look at. I haven't got altogether the aristocratic or military cut about me, I know; but then, you see, every body can't be in the army. I had a brother once, and he enlisted into a foot regiment, and was drummed out for deserting in a fortnight, so that's something toward it; but if I am not a gentleman, at any rate, I am not a worthless fellow, like some swells—all shirt collar and cuffs, miss."

"Really, Sir, this conversation—"

"I know what you are going to say; but do listen to me for a moment. There's your pa waking up, for I just now heard him sneeze, so I must be very brief. Oh, Miss Chuttney! I love you to distraction—I am your devoted slave. Don't refuse me all at once—don't nip my young affections in the bud! There *is* a future in store for us: think of what I told you about my aunt, and give me some hope."

"Mr. Chick!"

"Miss Chuttney!"

"Will you oblige me in this one instance?"

"Certainly I will—you may command me."

"Very well. I see that papa is coming into the garden; so go away, and leave off this nonsense."

"Nonsense, Miss Chuttney!"

Here the major's voice struck in, gruffly,

"Amelia, my love, who are you talking to, eh? I thought I heard voices."

"Voices, papa! surely you must have been dreaming. Go away, Mr. Chick!"

As the major appeared at the lawn window of his house Mr. Chick disappeared from the wall as if he had been shot, and vanished in-doors.

Weeks passed away, during which time Mr. Chick embraced every opportunity, whenever Miss Chuttney was alone in the garden, of declaring his passion for her, much to her disgust; but he was a most irrepressible and pertinacious lover, and no amount of discouragement served to damp his ardor in the least; and the young lady, although at times greatly annoyed, was somewhat amused at his constancy; when, to her great surprise, one evening she found the following epistle, addressed to her, deposited on the dust-bin at the back of the house:

"ADORED MISS CHUTTNEY,—Trusting that my feelings toward you are reciprocated, I take the liberty of proposing a plan for your approval, which is calculated to insure our mutual happiness. You are, of course, acquainted with the sentiments I profess toward you, as every evening for the past two months I have declared them to you from the top of the garden wall; but I can fully understand that you are afraid of offending your excellent and respected parent, who does not appear to view me with a favorable eye—in fact, quite the reverse, for he scowls fiercely at me whenever we meet, which is very seldom, as I make it my business to avoid him.

"Now, as you are aware that we are both of an age to be responsible for our actions, I ask you, without any further preface, to elope with me. This is Saturday. If you agree to my proposition, we can carry it into execution on Monday evening. The reason why I say Monday is, that I have obtained a week's holiday from my employers, and therefore we could spend our honey-moon at Margate or Ramsgate. I have purchased a rope-ladder, which we can secure to the balcony outside your room; and if you can arrange to leave the garden gate unlocked that night, our escape can be very easily effected.

"Oh, Miss Chuttney! I implore you to agree to this, and render me a happy man. Just a line, saying 'Yes' or 'No,' addressed to me, and left on the dust-bin, will be sufficient; and after dusk I will obtain it with a fishing-rod. Let the answer be 'Yes!' unless you wish to drive me into a mad-house. Your own

"DIGBY."

"Really, this persecution is becoming intolerable," said the young lady to herself, after reading the above effusion. "I've a great mind to show this letter to papa. Shall I, or shall I not? *Pray, lit-tle fin-ger, tell me true, shall I show this let-ter to pa-pa or no! Yes!—no! Yes!—no! Yes!* The oracle says yes! and so I will."

And having come to this conclusion, she went in-doors for the purpose.

The indignation and surprise of the major may be imagined, as his daughter informed him, circumstantially, of Mr. Chick's protestations of devotion, and wound up by reading the letter to him.

"Confound his impudence!" said the major, striding about the room. "A low-born, undersized, sneaking little vagabond like he is, to dare to aspire to the hand of my child! Amelia, you ought to have told me of this impertinence before. Hang me, if I won't horsewhip him into a jelly! I'll—I'll—"

"Papa dear! don't do any thing rashly. For my part, I think the poor fellow is a little insane."

"A *little* insane! Why, he must be a raving mad lunatic to think of you, my dear; but I trust you have given him no encouragement, Milly?"

"Not I, papa."

"Very well. Now, then, shall I horsewhip him, or shall I catch him in his own toils, and frighten him within an inch of his life?"

"I fancy that the best plan would be to frighten him, papa."

"So be it—I am inclined to think so too; but to do so, I shall require a little of your assistance."

"My assistance?"

"Your assistance, Milly. Get your pen and ink—you must answer this letter at once."

His daughter obtained the writing materials, and sat down to the table.

"Now, papa, you must tell me what to say."

"Say that you agree to his proposal."

Amelia wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, and then walking up, said,

"Very well, papa, I have done so."

"Now fold up your note, and go out at once and place it on the dust-bin. When you return, I'll explain my plan to you."

The plot of the major met with his daughter's approval; and having mutually agreed what course to pursue, they waited for the Monday evening somewhat impatiently.

The Monday evening at length arrived—eight, nine, ten o'clock came and went, and shortly after that hour the lights in the major's house were all extinguished. At about half past eleven, Mr. Chick, carrying his boots in his hand, crept noiselessly down stairs, opened the back-door, and stepped out into the garden, and reviewed the position with a self-satisfied air.

"Every thing seems propitious for our flight. It's a lovely night, and there's no moon," said Digby to himself. "In about half an hour it will be time to commence operations."

Being afraid to go back into the house, lest he might wake the other inmates, he sat down upon a garden seat, thinking what an uncommonly lucky fellow he was, until he was aroused from his reverie by an earwig crawling down his back.

Twelve o'clock struck from a neighboring church.

"The time has come," muttered Digby, as he mounted the wall and dropped his rope quietly into his neighbor's garden. That done, he let himself gently down on to the lid of the dust-bin, and from thence to the ground.

"All's well so far," said our hero; "but where's Amelia? Surely she can't be asleep."

So he picked up a few small pebbles, and threw them one by one against the window of her room. After a short delay, the French window above was very cautiously opened, and the muffled-up form of Amelia appeared in the balcony.

"Hush! Is that you, Mr. Chick?" said a voice whose accents rang like music in his ears.

"Yes, it's me, your own Digby, darling. Hush! there's a big dog next door, and we mustn't wake him, or he'll bark. Are you quite ready?"

"Quite."

"Is the garden gate open?"

"No; but I have the key."

"Ah! that's right. Have you such a thing as a piece of stout string up there?"

"I dare say I can find a piece. I'll see."

Amelia disappeared from the balcony, but returned almost immediately.

"Here it is."

"Let one end of it down to me, and I'll fasten it to the rope, and you can draw it up and secure it. There are two large hooks to fasten it to the balcony."

Amelia followed Digby's directions, and in a few seconds the ladder was firmly secured.

"Now, my darling, all you have to do is to descend."

"Oh, Mr. Chick, I'm so frightened. Suppose I were to fall? I really daren't venture alone. Oh, do come up and assist me!"

"Certainly I will," replied Digby; and he mounted the ladder.

At this moment the dog before alluded to began to bark violently, and directly afterward the garden gate was heard to open, and a heavy footstep to approach.

"Oh, dear me!" almost shrieked Amelia, "whatever will become of us? It's the policeman. How very unfortunate! He has a duplicate key, and sometimes walks round the garden at night to see that all is right."

"What shall I do?" asked Digby, in agony.

"Crouch down on the top of the water-butt, and very likely he'll not see you; and give me the ladder."

Our hero did as he was told, and Amelia pushed to her window and put out the light, as the heavy footsteps came nearer and nearer.

The policeman, who evidently fancied that all was well, seemed about to depart, when suddenly the lid of the water-butt tipped aside, and splash-dash went poor Digby into five feet of water.

"Hallo!" said the policeman to himself; "what's that? Burglars, or I'm very much mistaken. Blessed if they ain't in the water-butt! Now, then, young fellow, I can see you. Come out of that, will you?"

Now nothing was easier to say than this, but few things more difficult of accomplishment. If any should doubt the truth of this assertion, let them try the experiment.

"Hush!" said poor Digby, as well as he was able, from the interior of the water-butt. "Hush! I can assure you, policeman, that it's all right."

"Oh, of course it is," returned the officer, ironically; "nothing could be righter. How else should you be in that water-butt?"

"Help me out, there's a good fellow."

"That's cool," answered the policeman.

"It's a great deal worse than that; it's awfully cold in here. I say, policeman, *do* help me out; I'm not a thief."

"Of course not, my lad—nobody ever gives hisself that character."

"It's all a mistake; it is indeed."

"That I believe, or else you wouldn't be in there."

Just then the window above was opened, and the major appeared in his dressing-gown and night-cap.

"What's the matter, eh? What's the meaning of all this riot and disturbance in the middle of the night? Amelia, my love, bring me my seven-shot revolver. Policeman, what does all this mean, eh?"

"Well, Sir, it means just this—there's been an attempt made to break into your house; but I've got the burglar, and he's inside the water-butt."

"Bless my heart! you don't say so?" said the major. "Climb up on the stand, policeman, and seize the ruffian by the hair of his head; then turn your bull's-eye on to his face, and let's see what he's like."

The policeman clambered up the side of the butt, and followed the major's instructions implicitly.

"Why, hang me," roared the major, "if it isn't the young fellow who lives next door!"

"Yes, major, it's me," said the unhappy Digby, rendered desperate by the situation.

"Then, Sir, what the devil are you doing inside my water-butt?"

"Excuse me, major. I'm very sorry; but it's quite an accident. I didn't mean to do it. Let me out, and I'll never get inside it again."

"Ha! an idea strikes me," gasped the major, as though overpowered by the force of it. "Amelia, this is your doing. I feel certain that you are responsible for this. Go and shut yourself in the drawing-room directly, and don't quit it until I give you leave."

"Don't be angry with her, major. It's all my fault—it is indeed."

"Confound your impudence, Sir! You admit as much, do you? Policeman, keep him there—don't let him escape. Hang it! I'll—I'll murder him! Somebody give me my revolver, and I'll blow him to atoms!"

"Oh, major!" cried poor Digby, "spare me, spare me! I had no idea of this."

"Stop him making that noise—we shall alarm the whole neighborhood. Dip his head under water, and give him another ducking, policeman."

Up came the victim to the surface again, puffing and blowing.

"Major, major—spare me! Think of my youth and inexperience. Don't cut me off in my prime; but let me go this time, and I promise you that I'll never attempt such a thing again. Oh, major! reflect—*you* were a *young* man once."

"What, Sir! Do you mean to say that I am an old man now?"

"Oh no, major—I don't say any thing of the kind. Quite the contrary, major—quite the contrary."

"Now, Sir, I'll give you one chance for your life, and mind you speak the truth. Equivocate in the slightest degree, and you are a dead man! Were you not attempting to elope with my daughter? Give him another dip, policeman, to assist him to an answer."

"Yes, yes—I was!" blurted out poor Digby, almost suffocated by this immersion.

"Oh, you precious scoundrel! You were, were you? Now, then, if I let you go this time, will you ever repeat this attempt?"

"Never, major—never," was the gurgled-out reply.

"Never address another word to my daughter, and never look at her again?"

"Never—never again. Only let me go now."

"Shall I help him out of his bath, Sir?" asked the policeman.

"All in good time; I haven't quite done with him yet," was the reply.

"Pray don't keep me in here much longer, major, or I shall catch my death of cold. It's a family complaint—my grandmother was subject to rheumatics and ague."

"Confound your grandmother, Sir; you should have thought of that before. Listen! I have one condition to propose—accept it, and we will rescue you from a watery grave; refuse it, and I'll put the lid back in its place, and sit upon it until you're suffocated."

"Name it, major, for pity's sake, and let me go."

"It is this: You must promise to quit your apartments next door early to-morrow morning, and never show your confounded physiognomy in this locality again; for if ever I meet you within two miles of my house, I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."

"And serve him right, Sir," struck in the policeman.

"Just so. Officer, you're a man of sound common-sense, and a credit to the force. Now, Sir, your answer?"

"I will agree to any thing, major."

"Very well. Policeman, help him out and let him go."

After considerable exertions on the part of the constable, poor Digby was at length extricated from his uncomfortable quarters.

"Now, Sir," said the major, "begone! and never let me see your face again."

Digby didn't wait to be told twice, but immediately disappeared into the adjoining garden.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the major, when Digby had departed. "It's all right, Amelia; you won't be troubled by him again, I'll wager. Policeman, step inside and have some brandy; and mind, not a word about this little affair must be breathed to any body."

"Depend upon me, Sir," said the policeman. "Not a syllable escapes my lips."

And he looked very solemn and confidential as he spoke; but he told the whole story to me the next day, and no doubt to every body he knew besides.